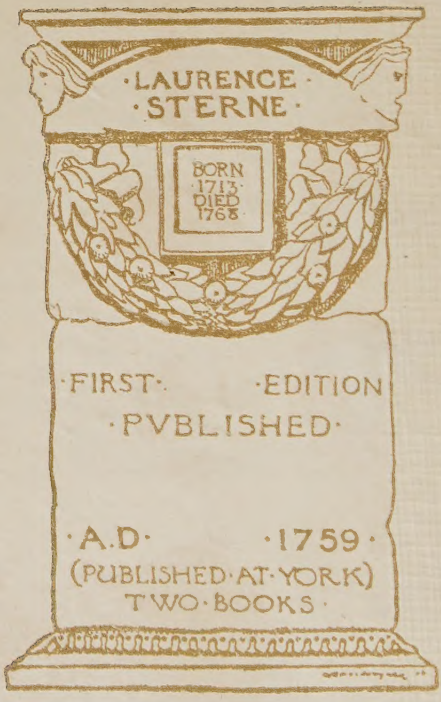
·LAURENCE·
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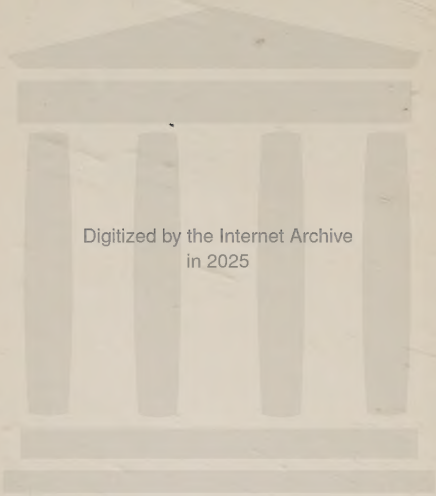
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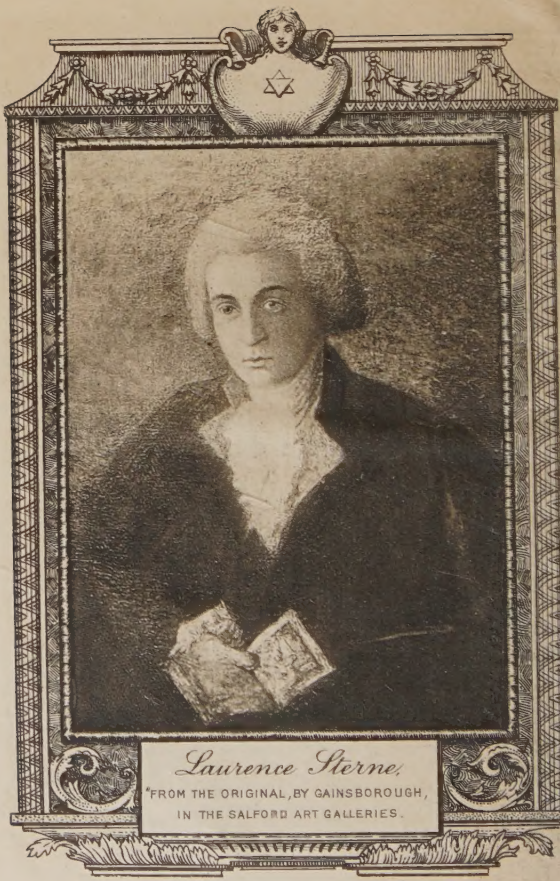
THE TEMPLE CLASSICS

Edited by
ISRAEL
GOLLANCZ
M.A.

First Edition, March 1899
Second Edition, May 1902
Third Edition, December 1906



Laurence Sterne,

FROM THE ORIGINAL, BY GAINSBOROUGH,
IN THE SALFORD ART GALLERIES.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS of TRISTRAM SHANDY by LAURENCE STERNE

VOLUME II

MDCCCCVI PUBLISHED · BY · J · M · DENT · AND · CO : ALDINE · HOUSE · LONDON · W · C

THE LIFE
AND
OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM
SHANDY
LAURENCE
STERNE
VOLUME II

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Dixero si quid fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.——— HOR.

—Si quis calumnietur levius esse quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Christianum—non Ego, sed Democritus dixit.— ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba joculatoria, risum moventia, sciebat, anathema esto.—
SECOND COUNCIL OF CARTHAGE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN,

LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER.

My Lord,

I humbly beg leave to offer you these two Volumes; they are the best my talents, with such bad health as I have, could produce:—had Providence granted me a larger stock of either, they had been a much more proper present to your Lordship.

I beg your Lordship will forgive me, if, at the same time I dedicate this work to you, I join Lady Spencer, *in the liberty I take of inscribing the story of* Le Fever *to her name; for which I have no*

other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the story is a humane one.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most devoted

and most humble Servant,

LAUR. STERNE.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

BOOK V

CHAPTER I

IF it had not been for those two mettlesome tits, and that madcap of a postillion who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning——there was a slope of three miles and a half——we scarce touched the ground——the motion was most rapid——most impetuous——'twas communicated to my brain——my heart partook of it——"By the great God of day," said I, looking towards the sun, and thrusting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaise, as I made my vow, "I will lock up my study-door the moment I get home, and throw the key of it ninety feet below the surface of the earth, into the draw-well at the back of my house." **A vow**

The London waggon confirmed me in my resolution; it hung tottering upon the hill, scarce progressive, drag'd—drag'd up by *eight heavy beasts*—"by main

Exclaiming against imitators

strength!——quoth I, nodding——but your betters draw the same way——and something of everybody's! ——O rare!"

Tell me, ye learned, shall we for ever be adding so much to the *bulk*—so little to the *stock?*

Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another?

Are we for ever to be twisting, and untwisting the same rope? for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace?

Shall we be destined to the days of eternity, on holy-days, as well as working-days, to be shewing the *relicks of learning*, as monks do the relicks of their saints—without working one—one single miracle with them?

Who made Man, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment—that great, that most excellent, and most noble creature of the world—the *miracle* of nature, as Zoroaster in his book περι φύσεως called him—the SHEKINAH of the divine presence, as Chrysostom——the *image* of God, as Moses——the *ray* of divinity, as Plato—the *marvel* of *marvels*, as Aristotle—to go sneaking on at this pitiful—pimping——pettifogging rate?

I scorn to be as abusive as Horace upon the occasion———but if there is no catachresis in the wish, and no sin in it, I wish from my soul, that every imitator in *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a good farcical house, large enough to hold—aye—and sublimate them, *shag rag and bob-tail*, male and female, all together: and this leads me to the affair of *Whiskers*——but, by what chain of ideas—I leave as a legacy in *mort-main* to Prudes and Tartufs, to enjoy and make the most of.

UPON WHISKERS

The old gentleman's story

I'm sorry I made it——'twas as inconsiderate a promise as ever entered a man's head——A chapter upon whiskers! alas! the world will not bear it—'tis a delicate world——but I knew not of what mettle it was made—nor had I ever seen the under-written fragment; otherwise, as surely as noses are noses, and whiskers are whiskers still (let the world say what it will to the contrary); so surely would I have steered clear of this dangerous chapter.

THE FRAGMENT

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

———You are half asleep, my good lady, said the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze, as he pronounced the word *Whiskers*——shall we change the subject? By no means, replied the old lady—I like your account of those matters; so throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself——I desire, continued she, you will go on.

The old gentleman went on as follows:——— Whiskers! cried the queen of *Navarre*, dropping her knotting ball, as *La Fosseuse* uttered the word—— Whiskers, madam, said *La Fosseuse*, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a courtesy as she repeated it.

La Fosseuse's voice was naturally soft and low, yet 'twas an articulate voice: and every letter of the

The much-loved Sieur De Croix

word *Whiskers* fell distinctly upon the queen of *Navarre's* ear——Whiskers! cried the queen, laying a greater stress upon the word, and as if she had still distrusted her ears——Whiskers! replied *La Fosseuse*, repeating the word a third time——There is not a cavalier, madam, of his age in *Navarre*, continued the maid of honour, pressing the page's interest upon the queen, that has so gallant a pair——Of what? cried *Margaret*, smiling—Of whiskers, said *La Fosseuse*, with infinite modesty.

The word *Whiskers* still stood its ground, and continued to be made use of in most of the best companies throughout the little kingdom of *Navarre*, notwithstanding the indiscreet use which *La Fosseuse* had made of it: the truth was, *La Fosseuse* had pronounced the word, not only before the queen, but upon sundry other occasions at court, with an accent which always implied something of a mystery—And as the court of *Margaret*, as all the world knows, was at that time a mixture of gallantry and devotion ——and whiskers being as applicable to the one, as the other, the word naturally stood its ground—— it gain'd full as much as it lost; that is, the clergy were for it——the laity were against it——and for the women,——*they* were divided.

The excellency of the figure and mien of the young Sieur *De Croix*, was at that time beginning to draw the attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palace gate, where the guard was mounted. The lady *De Baussiere* fell deeply in love with him,——*La Battarelle* did the same—it was the finest weather for it, that ever was remembered in *Navarre*——*La Guyol*, *La Maronette*, *La Sabatiere*, fell in love with the Sieur *De Croix* also——*La Rebours*, and *La Fosseuse* knew better——*De Croix*

has no whiskers

had failed in an attempt to recommend himself to *La Rebours ;* and *La Rebours* and *La Fosseuse* were inseparable.

The queen of *Navarre* was sitting with her ladies in the painted bow-window, facing the gate of the second court, as *De Croix* passed through it——He is handsome, said the Lady *Baussiere.*——He has a good mien, said *La Battarelle*——He is finely shaped, said *La Guyol*—I never saw an officer of the horse-guards in my life, said *La Maronette,* with two such legs.——Or who stood so well upon them, said *La Sabatiere*——But he has no whiskers, cried *La Fosseuse*——Not a pile, said *La Rebours.*

The queen went directly to her oratory, musing all the way, as she walked through the gallery, upon the subject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy —*Ave Maria!*——what can *La Fosseuse* mean? said she, kneeling down upon the cushion.

La Guyol, La Battarelle, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, retired instantly to their chambers——Whiskers! said all four of them to themselves, as they bolted their doors on the inside.

The Lady *Carnavallette* was counting her beads with both hands, unsuspected, under her farthingal ——from St. *Antony* down to St. *Ursula* inclusive, not a saint passed through her fingers without whiskers; St. *Francis,* St. *Dominick,* St. *Bennet,* St. *Basil,* St. *Bridget,* had all whiskers.

The Lady *Baussiere* had got into a wilderness of conceits, with moralizing too intricately upon *La Fosseuse's* text——She mounted her palfrey, her page followed her——the host passed by—the Lady *Baussiere* rode on.

One denier, cried the order of mercy—one single denier, in behalf of a thousand patient captives, whose

Legible looks

eyes look towards heaven and you for their redemption.

——The Lady *Baussiere* rode on.

Pity the unhappy, said a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron, in his withered hands——I beg for the unfortunate—good my Lady, 'tis for a prison—for an hospital—'tis for an old man—a poor man undone by shipwreck, by suretyship, by fire——I call God and all his angels to witness——'tis to clothe the naked ——to feed the hungry——'tis to comfort the sick and the broken-hearted.

The Lady *Baussiere* rode on.

A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the ground.

——The Lady *Baussiere* rode on.

He ran begging bare-headed on one side of her palfrey, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c.——Cousin, aunt, sister, mother,——for virtue's sake, for your own, for mine, for Christ's sake, remember me——pity me.

——The Lady *Baussiere* rode on.

Take hold of my whiskers, said the Lady *Baussiere* ——The page took hold of her palfrey. She dismounted at the end of the terrace.

There are some trains of certain ideas which leave prints of themselves about our eyes and eye-brows; and there is a consciousness of it, somewhere about the heart, which serves but to make these etchings the stronger—we see, spell, and put them together without a dictionary.

Ha, ha! he, hee! cried *La Guyol* and *La Sabatiere*, looking close at each other's prints——Ho, ho! cried *La Battarelle* and *Maronette*, doing the same:—Whist! cried one—st, st,—said a second—hush, quoth a third—poo, poo, replied a fourth—gramercy!

ied the Lady *Carnavallette ;*——'twas she who be- hisker'd St. *Bridget.*

Danger of accessory ideas

La Fosseuse drew her bodkin from the knot of her air, and having traced the outline of a small whisker, ith the blunt end of it, upon one side of her upper p, put it into *La Rebours'* hand—*La Rebours* shook er head.

The Lady *Baussiere* coughed thrice into the inside f her muff—*La Guyol* smiled—Fy, said the Lady *aussiere.* The queen of *Navarre* touched her eye ith the tip of her fore-finger—as much as to say, understand you all.

'Twas plain to the whole court the word was ined: *La Fosseuse* had given it a wound, and it as not the better for passing through all these defiles ——It made a faint stand, however, for a few months, the expiration of which, the Sieur *De Croix,* finding high time to leave *Navarre* for want of whiskers—— e word in course became indecent, and (after a few forts) absolutely unfit for use.

The best word, in the best language of the best orld, must have suffered under such combinations. ——The curate of *d'Estella* wrote a book against em, setting forth the dangers of accessory ideas, and arning the *Navarois* against them.

Does not all the world know, said the curate *Estella* at the conclusion of his work, that Noses ran e same fate some centuries ago in most parts of *urope,* which Whiskers have now done in the king- m of *Navarre ?*—The evil indeed spread no farther en—but have not beds and bolsters, and nightcaps d chamber-pots stood upon the brink of destruc- n ever since? Are not trouse, and placket-holes, d pump-handles—and spigots and faucets, in danger ll from the same association ?——Chastity, by nature,

My father's calculations

the gentlest of all affections—give it but its head—— 'tis like a ramping and a roaring lion.

The drift of the curate *d'Estella's* argument was not understood.—They ran the scent the wrong way.—The world bridled his ass at the tail.—And when the *extremes* of DELICACY, and the *beginnings* of CONCUPISCENCE, hold their next provincial chapter together, they may decree that bawdy also.

CHAPTER II

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother *Bobby's* death, he was busy calculating the expence of his riding post from *Calais* to *Paris*, and so on to *Lyons*.

'Twas a most inauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by *Obadiah's* opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeast—and to ask whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning and ride in search of some.—With all my heart, *Obadiah*, said my father (pursuing his journey)—take the coach-horse, and welcome.——But he wants a shoe, poor creature! said *Obadiah*.——Poor creature! said my uncle *Toby*, vibrating the note back again, like a string in unison. Then ride the *Scotch* horse, quoth my father hastily.—He cannot bear a saddle upon his back, quoth *Obadiah*, for the whole world.——The devil's in that horse; then take PATRIOT, cried my father, and shut the door.——PATRIOT is sold, said *Obadiah*. Here's for you! cried my father, making a pause, and looking in my uncle *Toby's* face, as if the thing had not been a matter of

fact.—Your worship ordered me to sell him last *April*, said *Obadiah*.—Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father——I had much rather walk than ride, said *Obadiah*, shutting the door.

are doubly interrupted

What plagues, cried my father, going on with his calculation.——But the waters are out, said *Obadiah*, —opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of *Sanson's*, and a book of the post-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compasses, with one foot of them fixed upon *Nevers*, the last stage he had paid for—purposing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as soon as *Obadiah* quitted the room: but this second attack of *Obadiah's*, in opening the door and laying the whole country under water, was too much——He let go his compasses—or rather with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table; and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to *Calais* (like many others) as wise as he had set out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey, to within a stride of the compasses of the very same stage of *Nevers*. ——By your leave, Mons. *Sanson*, cried my father, striking the point of his compasses through *Nevers* into the table—and nodding to my uncle *Toby* to see what was in the letter—twice of one night, is too much for an *English* gentleman and his son, Mons. *Sanson*, to be turned back from so lousy a town as *Nevers*—What think'st thou, *Toby?* added my father in a sprightly tone.——Unless it be a garrison town, said my uncle *Toby*——for then——I shall be a fool, said my father, smiling to himself, as long as I live.—So giving a second nod—and keeping his compasses still upon *Nevers* with

He learns of Bobby's death

one hand, and holding his book of the post-roads in the other—half calculating and half listening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle *Toby* hummed over the letter.

——— ——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— ——— —he's gone! said my uncle *Toby*.——Where——Who? cried my father. ——My nephew, said my uncle *Toby*.——What—without leave—without money—without governor? cried my father in amazement. No:——he is dead, my dear brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—Without being ill? cried my father again.—I dare say not, said my uncle *Toby*, in a low voice, and fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, he has been ill enough, poor lad! I'll answer for him——for he is dead.

When *Agrippina* was told of her son's death, *Tacitus* informs us, that, not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, she abruptly broke off her work.—My father stuck his compasses into *Nevers*, but so much the faster.—What contrarieties! his, indeed, was matter of calculation!—*Agrippina's* must have been quite a different affair; who else could pretend to reason from history?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deserves a chapter to itself.—

Chapter III

——— ——And a chapter it shall have, and a devil of a one too—so look to yourselves.

'Tis either *Plato*, or *Plutarch*, or *Seneca*, or *Xenophon*, or *Epictetus*, or *Theophrastus*, or *Lucian*—or some one

Grief occasions happiness

perhaps of later date—either *Cardan*, or *Budæus*, or *Petrarch*, or *Stella*—or possibly it may be some divine or father of the church, St. *Austin*, or St. *Cyprian*, or *Barnard*, who affirms that it is an irresistible and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children—and *Seneca* (I'm positive) tells us somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel—And accordingly we find, that *David* wept for his son *Absalom*—*Adrian* for his *Antinous*—*Niobe* for her children, and that *Apollodorus* and *Crito* both shed tears for *Socrates* before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwise; and indeed differently from most men either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the *Hebrews* and the *Romans*—or slept it off, as the *Laplanders*—or hanged it, as the *English*, or drowned it, as the *Germans*—nor did he curse it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, or rhyme it, or lillabullero it.——

——He got rid of it, however.

Will your worships give me leave to squeeze in a story between these two pages?

When *Tully* was bereft of his dear daughter *Tullia*, at first he laid it to his heart,—he listened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it.—O my *Tullia!* my daughter! my child!—still, still, still,—'twas O my *Tullia!*—my *Tullia!* Methinks I see my *Tullia*, I hear my *Tullia*, I talk with my *Tullia*.—But as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion—no body upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.

My father was as proud of his eloquence as Marcus Tullius Cicero could be for his life, and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at present, with as much reason: it was indeed his strength—and his

Counting unhatched chickens

weakness too.——His strength—for he was by nature eloquent; and his weakness—for he was hourly a dupe to it; and, provided an occasion in life would but permit him to shew his talents, or say either a wise thing, a witty, or a shrewd one—(bating the case of a systematic misfortune)—he had all he wanted.—A blessing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which let it loose with a good grace, were pretty equal: sometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two; for instance, where the pleasure of the harangue was as *ten*, and the pain of the misfortune but as *five*—my father gained half in half, and consequently was as well again off, as if it had never befallen him.

This clue will unravel what otherwise would seem very inconsistent in my father's domestic character; and it is this, that, in the provocations arising from the neglects and blunders of servants, or other mishaps unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding: he was sanguine in all his projects; so talked about his pad every day with as absolute a security, as if it had been reared, broke,—and bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in *Obadiah*, it so fell out, that my father's expectations were answered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my uncle *Toby* expected my father would be the death of *Obadiah*—and that there never would be an end of the disaster.——See here! you rascal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, what you

have done!——It was not me, said *Obadiah*.——How do I know that? replied my father.

Fine things said of death

Triumph swam in my father's eyes, at the repartee—the *Attic* salt brought water into them—and so *Obadiah* heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philosophy has a fine saying for every thing.—For *Death* it has an entire set; the misery was, they all at once rushed into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to string them together, so as to make any thing of a consistent show out of them.—He took them as they came.

"'Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute in *Magna Charta*—it is an everlasting act of parliament, my dear brother,—*All must die.*

"If my son could not have died, it had been matter of wonder,—not that he is dead.

"Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring with us.

"—*To die*, is the great debt and tribute due unto nature: tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves; and the proudest pyramid of them all, which wealth and science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon." (My father found he got great ease, and went on)—"Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? and when those principles and powers, which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their several evolutions, they fall back."—Brother *Shandy*, said my uncle *Toby*, laying down his pipe at the word *evolutions*—Revolutions, I meant, quoth my father,—by heaven! I meant revolutions, brother *Toby*—evolutions is nonsense.——'Tis not nonsense—said my uncle *Toby*.——But is it not nonsense to break the

Sic transit gloria mundi

thread of such a discourse upon such an occasion? cried my father—do not—dear *Toby*, continued he, taking him by the hand, do not—do not, I beseech thee, interrupt me at this crisis.——My uncle *Toby* put his pipe into his mouth.

"Where is *Troy* and *Mycenæ*, and *Thebes* and *Delos*, and *Persepolis* and *Agrigentum?*"—continued my father, taking up his book of post-roads, which he had laid down.—"What is become, brother *Toby*, of *Nineveh* and *Babylon*, of *Cizicum* and *Mitylenæ?* The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now no more; the names only are left, and those (for many of them are wrong spelt) are falling themselves by piece-meals to decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, and involved with every thing in a perpetual night: the world itself, brother *Toby*, must—must come to an end.

"Returning out of *Asia*, when I sailed from *Ægina* towards *Megara*," (*when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby*) "I began to view the country round about. *Ægina* was behind me, *Megara* was before, *Pyræus* on the right hand, *Corinth* on the left.—What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence——Remember, said I to myself again—remember thou art a man."—

Now my uncle *Toby* knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of *Servius Sulpicius's* consolatory letter to *Tully*.—He had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity.—And as my father, whilst he was concerned in the *Turkey* trade, had been three or four different times in the *Levant*, in one of which he had staid a whole year and an half at *Zant*, my uncle *Toby* naturally concluded, that, in some one of these periods, he had taken a trip

across the *Archipelago* into *Asia*; and that all this sailing affair with *Ægina* behind, and *Megara* before, and *Pyræus* on the right hand, &c. &c., was nothing more than the true course of my father's voyage and reflections.—'Twas certainly in his *manner*, and many an undertaking critic would have built two stories higher upon worse foundations.—And pray, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption—but waiting till he finished the account—what year of our Lord was this?—'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.—That's impossible, cried my uncle *Toby*.—Simpleton! said my father,—'twas forty years before Christ was born. The sauces of life

My uncle *Toby* had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the wandering *Jew*, or that his misfortunes had disordered his brain.—"May the Lord God of heaven and earth protect him and restore him," said my uncle *Toby*, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.

—My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great spirit.

"There is not such great odds, brother *Toby*, betwixt good and evil, as the world imagines"——(this way of setting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my uncle *Toby's* suspicions.)——"Labour, sorrow, grief, sickness, want, and woe, are the sauces of life."—Much good may it do them—said my uncle *Toby* to himself.———

"My son is dead!—so much the better;—'tis a shame in such a tempest to have but one anchor."

"But he is gone for ever from us!—be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald—he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunken."

Death a simple matter

"The *Thracians* wept when a child was born"—(and we were very near it, quoth my uncle *Toby*)—"and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world; and with reason.——Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it,—it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hands."

"Shew me the man, who knows what life is, who dreads it, and I'll shew thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty."

Is it not better, my dear brother *Toby*, (for mark—our appetites are but diseases)—is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat?—not to thirst, than to take physic to cure it?

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, from love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh?

There is no terrour, brother *Toby*, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions—and the blowing of noses and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains, in a dying man's room.—Strip it of these, what is it?—'Tis better in battle than in bed, said my uncle *Toby*.—Take away its herses, its mutes, and its mourning,—its plumes, scutcheons, and other mechanic aids—What is it?——*Better in battle!* continued my father, smiling, for he had absolutely forgot my brother *Bobby*—'tis terrible no way—for consider, brother *Toby*,—when we *are*—death is *not*;—and when death *is*—we are *not*. My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe to consider the proposition; my father's eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man—away it went,—and hurried my uncle *Toby's* ideas along with it.——

Ways in which death has been met

For this reason, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect, how little alteration, in great men, the approaches of death have made.—*Vespasian* died in a jest upon his close-stool—*Galba* with a sentence—*Septimus Severus* in a dispatch—*Tiberius* in dissimulation, and *Cæsar Augustus* in a compliment.—I hope 'twas a sincere one—quoth my uncle *Toby*.

—'Twas to his wife,—said my father.

Chapter IV

——And lastly—for all the choice anecdotes which history can produce of this matter, continued my father, —this, like the gilded dome which covers in the fabric —crowns all.—

'Tis of *Cornelius Gallus*, the prætor, which, I dare say, brother *Toby*, you have read,—I dare say I have not, replied my uncle.——He died, said my father, as * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * —And if it was with his wife, said my uncle *Toby*—there could be no hurt in it—That's more than I know—replied my father.

Chapter V

MY mother was going very gingerly in the dark along the passage which led to the parlour, as my uncle *Toby* pronounced the word *wife*.—'Tis a shrill penetrating sound of itself, and *Obadiah* had helped it by leaving the door a little a-jar, so that my mother heard enough of it to imagine herself the subject of the conversation; so laying the edge of her finger across her two lips—holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twist of

Parlour door a-jar

her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink)—she listened with all her powers:——the listening slave, with the Goddess of Silence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude I am determined to let her stand for five minutes: till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as *Rapin* does those of the church) to the same period.

Chapter VI

THOUGH in one sense, our family was certainly a simple machine, as it consisted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be said for it, that these wheels were set in motion by so many different springs, and acted one upon the other from such a variety of strange principles and impulses——that though it was a simple machine, it had all the honour and advantages of a complex one,——and a number of as odd movements within it, as ever were beheld in the inside of a *Dutch* silk-mill.

Amongst these there was one, I am going to speak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether so singular, as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or dissertation, was going forwards in the parlour, there was generally another at the same time, and upon the same subject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary message, or letter, was delivered in the parlour—or a discourse suspended till a servant went out—or the lines of discontent were observed to hang upon the brows of my father or mother—or, in short, when any thing was supposed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or listen-

ng to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not absolutely shut, but somewhat a-jar—as it stands just now,—which, under covert of the bad hinge (and that possibly might be one of the many reasons why it was never mended), it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all these cases, a passage was generally left, not indeed as wide as the *Dardanelles*, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade, as was sufficient to save my father the trouble of governing his house;—my mother at this moment stands profiting by it.—*Obadiah* did the same thing, as soon as he had left the letter upon the table which brought the news of my brother's death, so that before my father had well got over his surprise, and entered upon his harangue,—had *Trim* got upon his legs, to speak his sentiments upon the subject.

Contrasting orators

A curious observer of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all *Job's* stock—though by the by, *your curious observers are seldom worth a groat*—would have given the half of it, to have heard Corporal *Trim* and my father, two orators so contrasted by nature and education, haranguing over the same bier.

My father—a man of deep reading—prompt memory—with *Cato*, and *Seneca*, and *Epictetus*, at his fingers ends.—

The corporal—with nothing—to remember—of no deeper reading than his muster-roll—or greater names at his fingers end, than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and allusion, and striking the fancy as he went along (as men of wit and fancy do) with the entertainment and pleasantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit or antithesis, or point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one side, and the picture on the other, going straight for-

One result of wearing mourning

wards as nature could lead him, to the heart. O *Trim!* would to heaven thou had'st a better historian!—would thy historian had a better pair of breeches!——O ye critics! will nothing melt you?

Chapter VII

———My young master in *London* is dead! said *Obadiah*.—

———A green sattin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which *Obadiah's* exclamation brought into *Susannah's* head.—Well might *Locke* write a chapter upon the imperfections of words.—Then, quoth *Susannah*, we must all go into mourning. But note a second time: the word *mourning*, notwithstanding *Susannah* made use of it herself—failed also of doing its office; it excited not one single idea, tinged either with grey or black,—all was green.——The green sattin night-gown hung there still.

—O! 'twill be the death of my poor mistress, cried *Susannah*.—My mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a procession! her red damask,—her orange tawney,—her white and yellow lutestrings,—her brown taffata,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, and comfortable under-petticoats.—Not a rag was left behind.—"*No,—she will never look up again,*" said *Susannah*.

We had a fat, foolish scullion—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity;—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.—He is dead, said *Obadiah*,—he is certainly dead!—So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

——Here is sad news, *Trim*, cried *Susannah*, wiping

ner eyes as *Trim* stepp'd into the kitchen,—master *Bobby* is dead and *buried*—the funeral was an interpo- ation of *Susannah's*—we shall have all to go into mourning, said *Susannah*.

Are we not—gone! in a moment?

I hope not, said *Trim*.—You hope not! cried *Susannah* earnestly.—The mourning ran not in *Trim's* nead, whatever it did in *Susannah's*.—I hope—said *Trim*, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true.—I heard the letter read with my own ears, nswered *Obadiah*; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox-moor.—Oh! he's lead, said *Susannah*.—As sure, said the scullion, as 'm alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said *Trim*, fetching a sigh.—Poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!

—He was alive last *Whitsontide!* said the coachman.—*Whitsontide!* alas! cried *Trim*, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude n which he read the sermon,—what is *Whitsontide*, *Jonathan* (for that was the coachman's name), or *Shrovetide*, or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—and are we not —(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment?—'Twas infinitely striking! *Susannah* burst nto a flood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones. —*Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, the cook-maid, all melted.—The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a ish-kettle upon her knees, was rous'd with it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state,—and possibly the preservation of the whole world—or what is the same

Trim's further illustration

thing, the distribution and balance of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke of the corporal's eloquence—I do demand your attention—your worships and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your ease.

I said, "we were not stocks and stones"—'tis very well. I should have added, nor are we angels I wish we were,—but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations;—and what a junketing piece of work of it there is, betwixt these and our seven senses, especially some of them, for my own part, I own it, I am ashamed to confess. Let it suffice to affirm, that of all the senses, the eye (for I absolutely deny the touch, though most of your *Barbati*, I know, are for it) has the quickest commerce with the soul,—gives a smarter stroke, and leaves something more inexpressible upon the fancy than words can either convey—or sometimes get rid of.

—I've gone a little about—no matter, 'tis for health —let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of *Trim's* hat.—"Are we not here now,—and gone in a moment?"—There was nothing in the sentence—'twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if *Trim* had not trusted more to his hat than his head —he had made nothing at all of it.

———"Are we not here now;" continued the corporal, "and are we not"—(dropping his hat plumb upon the ground—and pausing, before he pronounced the word)—"gone! in a moment?" The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.——Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which

was the type and fore-runner, like it,—his hand seemed to vanish from under it,—it fell dead,—the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corpse,—and *Susannah* burst into a flood of tears. To be meditated upon

Now—Ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect.——Had he flung it, or thrown it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven,—or in the best direction that could be given to it,—had he dropped it like a goose—like a puppy—like an ass—or in doing it, or even after he had done, had he looked like a fool—like a ninny—like a nincompoop—it had fail'd, and the effect upon the heart had been lost.

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with the *engines* of eloquence,—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it,——and then harden it again to *your purpose*——

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass, and, having done it, lead the owners of them, whither ye think meet—

Ye, lastly, who drive——and why not, Ye also who are driven, like turkeys to market with a stick and a red clout—meditate—meditate, I beseech you, upon *Trim's* hat.

Chapter VIII

STAY——I have a small account to settle with the reader before *Trim* can go on with his harangue.—It shall be done in two minutes.

Amongst many other book-debts, all of which I shall discharge in due time,—I own myself a debtor

Trim continues his harangue

to the world for two items, a chapter upon *chamber-maids and button-holes*, which, in the former part of my work, I promised and fully intended to pay off this year: but some of your worships and reverences telling me, that the two subjects, especially so connected together, might endanger the morals of the world,—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me,—and that they will accept of the last chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't please your reverences, but a chapter of *chamber-maids, green gowns, and old hats.*

Trim took his off the ground,—put it upon his head,—and then went on with his oration upon death, in manner and form following.

Chapter IX

———To us, *Jonathan*, who know not what want or care is—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters—(bating in my own case his majesty King *William* the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in *Ireland* and *Flanders*)—I own it, that from *Whitsontide* to within three weeks of *Christmas*,—'tis not long—'tis like nothing;—but to those, *Jonathan*, who know what death is, and what havock and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about—'tis like a whole age.—O *Jonathan!* 'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to consider, continued the corporal (standing perpendicularly), how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time!—And trust me, *Susy*, added the corporal, turning to *Susannah*, whose eyes were swimming in water,—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim.—

Susannah placed it to the right side of the page—she wept—but she court'sied too.—Are we not, continued *Trim*, looking still at *Susannah*—are we not like a flower of the field—a tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation—else no tongue could have described *Susannah's* affliction—is not all flesh grass?—'Tis clay—'tis dirt.—They all looked directly at the scullion,—the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle.—It was not fair.——

A few suppositions

—What is the finest face that ever man looked at!—I could hear *Trim* talk so for ever, cried *Susannah*,—what is it! (*Susannah* laid her hand upon *Trim's* shoulder)—but corruption?——*Susannah* took it off.

Now I love you for this—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you which makes you dear creatures what you are—and he who hates you for it———all I can say of the matter is—That he has either a pumpkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart,—and whenever he is dissected 'twill be found so.

Chapter X

WHETHER *Susannah*, by taking her hand too suddenly from off the corporal's shoulder (by the whisking about of her passions)——broke a little the chain of his reflexions——

Or whether the corporal began to be suspicious, he had got into the doctor's quarters, and was talking more like the chaplain than himself———

Or whether - - - - - - - - - - -

Or whether——for in all such cases a man of invention and parts may with pleasure fill a couple of pages with suppositions——which of all these was the cause, let the curious physiologist, or the curious any body deter-

Grief's various manifestations

mine——'tis certain, at least, the corporal went on thu with his harangue.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, value not death at all:—not this . . added the corporal snapping his fingers,—but with an air which no one bu the corporal could have given to the sentiment.—I battle, I value death not this . . . and let him nc take me cowardly, like poor *Joe Gibbins*, in scourin his gun.—What is he? A pull of a trigger—a pus of a bayonet an inch this way or that—makes th difference.—Look along the line—to the right—see *Jack's* down! well,—'tis worth a regiment of horse t him.—No—'tis *Dick*. Then *Jack's* no worse.—Neve mind which,—we pass on,—in hot pursuit the woun itself which brings him is not felt,—the best way is t stand up to him,—the man who flies, is in ten time more danger than the man who marches up into hi jaws.—I've look'd him, added the corporal, an hundre times in the face,—and know what he is.—He' nothing, *Obadiah*, at all in the field.—But he's ver frightful in a house, quoth *Obadiah*.——I never min it myself, said *Jonathan*, upon a coach-box.—I must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed, replie *Susannah*.—And could I escape him by creepin into the worst calf's skin that ever was made into knapsack, I would do it there—said *Trim*—but tha is nature.

——Nature is nature, said *Jonathan*.—And that the reason, cried *Susannah*, I so much pity my mistres —She will never get the better of it.—Now I pity th captain the most of any one in the family, answere *Trim*.——Madam will get ease of heart in weeping,— and the Squire in talking about it,—but my poor mast will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear hi sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he di

for lieutenant *Le Fever*.—An' please your honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him as I laid besides him. I cannot help it, *Trim*, my master would say,——'tis so melancholy an accident—I cannot get it off my heart.—Your honour fears not death yourself. —I hope, *Trim*, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing.——Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of *Le Fever's* boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall asleep.

The corporal's affection for the captain

I like to hear *Trim's* stories about the captain, said *Susannah*.—He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said *Obadiah*, as ever lived.—Aye, and as brave a one too, said the corporal, as ever stept before a platoon.—There never was a better officer in the king's army,—or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole,—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people.——He would not hurt a chicken.——I would sooner, quoth *Jonathan*, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year—than some for eight.—Thank thee, *Jonathan!* for thy twenty shillings,—as much, *Jonathan*, said the corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.——I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me,—and could I be sure my poor brother *Tom* was dead,—continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—was I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the captain.——*Trim* could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master.——The whole kitchen was affected. Do tell us the story of the poor lieutenant, said *Susannah*.—— With all my heart, answered the corporal.

Tristram hates disputes

Susannah, the cook, *Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, and corporal *Trim*, formed a circle about the fire; and as soon as the scullion had shut the kitchen door,—the corporal began.

Chapter XI

I AM a *Turk* if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if Nature had plaistered me up, and set me down naked upon the banks of the river *Nile*, without one.——Your most obedient servant, Madam —I've cost you a great deal of trouble,—I wish it may answer;—but you have left a crack in my back,—and here's a great piece fallen off here before,—and what must I do with this foot?——I shall never reach *England* with it.

For my own part, I never wonder at any thing;—and so often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always suspect it, right or wrong,—at least I am seldom hot upon cold subjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has slipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and search for it, as for a thing we have both lost, and can neither of us do well without,—I'll go to the world's end with him:——But I hate disputes,—and therefore (bating religious points, or such as touch society) I would almost subscribe to any thing which does not choak me in the first passage, rather than be drawn into one——But I cannot bear suffocation,——and bad smells worst of all.——For which reasons, I resolved from the beginning, That if ever the army of martyrs was to be augmented,—or a new one raised,—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

Chapter XII

—BUT to return to my mother.

My father on Socrates

My uncle *Toby's* opinion, Madam, "that there could be no harm in *Cornelius Gallus*, the *Roman* prætor's lying with his wife;"——or rather the last word of that opinion,—(for it was all my mother heard of it) caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole sex:——You shall not mistake me,—I mean her curiosity,—she instantly concluded herself the subject of the conversation, and with that prepossession upon her fancy, you will readily conceive every word my father said, was accommodated either to herself, or her family concerns.

——Pray, Madam, in what street does the lady live, who would not have done the same?

From the strange mode of *Cornelius's* death, my father had made a transition to that of *Socrates*, and was giving my uncle *Toby* an abstract of his pleading before his judges;——'twas irresistible:——not the oration of *Socrates*,—but my father's temptation to it.——He had wrote the [1] Life of *Socrates* himself the year before he left off trade, which, I fear, was the means of hastening him out of it;——so that no one was able to set out with so full a sail, and in so swelling a tide of heroic loftiness upon the occasion, as my father was. Not a period in *Socrates's* oration, which closed with a shorter word than *transmigration*, or *annihilation*,—or a worse thought in the middle of it than *to be—or not to be*,—the entering upon a new and untried state of things,

[1] This book my father would never consent to publish; 'tis in manuscript, with some other tracts of his, in the family, all, or most of which will be printed in due time.

A far-fetched sentiment

—or, upon a long, a profound and peaceful sleep, without dreams, without disturbance?——*That we and our children were born to die,—but neither of us born to be slaves.*——No—there I mistake; that was part of *Eleazer's* oration, as recorded by *Josephus* (*de Bell. Judaic.*)——*Eleazer* owns he had it from the philosophers of *India;* in all likelihood *Alexander* the Great, in his irruption into *India*, after he had over-run *Persia*, amongst the many things he stole,—stole that sentiment also; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himself (for we all know he died at *Babylon*), at least by some of his maroders, into *Greece*,—from *Greece* it got to *Rome*,—from *Rome* to *France*,—and from *France* to *England:*——So things come round.——

By land carriage, I can conceive no other way.——

By water the sentiment might easily have come down the *Ganges* into the *Sinus Gangeticus*, or *Bay of Bengal*, and so into the *Indian Sea;* and following the course of trade (the way from *India* by the *Cape of Good Hope* being then unknown), might be carried with other drugs and spices up the *Red Sea* to *Joddah*, the port of *Mekka*, or else to *Tor* or *Sues*, towns at the bottom of the gulf; and from thence by karrawans to *Coptos*, but three days journey distant, so down the *Nile* directly to *Alexandria*, where the SENTIMENT would be landed at the very foot of the great stair-case of the *Alexandrian* library,——and from that store-house it would be fetched.——Bless me! what a trade was driven by the learned in those days!

CHAPTER XIII

——NOW my father had a way, a little like that of *Job's* (in case there ever was such a man——if not, there's an end of the matter.——

Though, by the bye, because your learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise æra in which so great a man lived;—whether, for instance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.——to vote, therefore, that he never lived *at all*, is a little cruel,—'tis not doing as they would be done by,—happen that as it may)——My father, I say, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, especially upon the first sally of his impatience,—of wondering why he was begot,—wishing himself dead;—sometimes worse:——And when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers—Sir, you scarce could have distinguished him from *Socrates* himself.——Every word would breathe the sentiments of a soul disdaining life, and careless about all its issues; for which reason, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abstract of *Socrates's* oration, which my father was giving my uncle *Toby*, was not altogether new to her.—She listened to it with composed intelligence, and would have done so to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occasion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philosopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a security to be so won by working upon the passions of his judges.—"I have friends—I have relations,—I have three desolate children,"—says *Socrates*.—

My mother's mistake

——Then, cried my mother, opening the door,——you have one more, Mr. *Shandy*, than I know of.

By heaven! I have one less,—said my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

Chapter XIV

Fiddling

——They are *Socrates's* children, said my uncle *Toby*. He has been dead a hundred years ago, replied my mother.

My uncle *Toby* was no chronologer—so not caring to advance one step but upon safe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and rising up, and taking my mother most kindly by the hand, without saying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finish the ecclaircissement himself.

Chapter XV

HAD this volume been a farce, which, unless every one's life and opinions are to be looked upon as a farce as well as mine, I see no reason to suppose —the last chapter, Sir, had finished the first act of it, and then this chapter must have set off thus.

Ptr..r..r..ing—twing—twang—prut—trut——'tis a cursed bad fiddle.—Do you know whether my fiddle's in tune or no?—trut..prut.—They should be *fifths*. ——'Tis wickedly strung—tr...a.e.i.o.u.-twang.—The bridge is a mile too high, and the sound post absolutely down,—else—trut . . prut—hark! 'tis not so bad a tone.—Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle, dum. There is nothing in playing before good judges, —but there's a man there—no—not him with the bundle under his arm—the grave man in black.—'Sdeath! not the gentleman with the sword on.—Sir, I had rather play a *Caprichio* to *Calliope* herself, than draw my bow across my fiddle before that very man;

and yet I'll stake my *Cremona* to a *Jew's* trump, which is the greatest musical odds that ever were laid, that I will this moment stop three hundred and fifty leagues out of tune upon my fiddle, without punishing one single nerve that belongs to him—Twaddle diddle, tweddle diddle,—twiddle diddle,——twoddle diddle, —twuddle diddle,—— prut trut — krish — krash — krush.—I've undone you, Sir,—but you see he's no worse,—and was *Apollo* to take his fiddle after me, he can make him no better. A Tristrapædia

Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle—hum—dum—drum.

—Your worships and your reverences love music—and God has made you all with good ears—and some of you play delightfully yourselves—trut-prut,—prut-trut.

O! there is—whom I could sit and hear whole days,—whose talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt,—who inspires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the most hidden springs of my heart into motion.

—If you would borrow five guineas of me, Sir,—which is generally ten guineas more than I have to spare—or you Messrs. Apothecary and Taylor, want your bills paying,—that's your time.

Chapter XVI

THE first thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were a little settled in the family, and *Susannah* had got possession of my mother's green sattin night-gown,—was to sit down coolly, after the example of *Xenophon*, and write a Tristra-*pædia*, or system of education for me; collecting first for that purpose his own scattered thoughts, counsels, and notions; and binding them together, so as to form an

Matters grow under our hands

INSTITUTE for the government of my childhood and adolescence. I was my father's last stake—he had lost my brother *Bobby* entirely,—he had lost, by his own computation, full three-fourths of me—that is, he had been unfortunate in his three first great casts for me—my geniture, nose, and name,—there was but this one left; and accordingly my father gave himself up to it with as much devotion as ever my uncle *Toby* had done to his doctrine of projectils.—The difference between them was, that my uncle *Toby* drew his whole knowledge of projectils from *Nicholas Tartaglia*—My father spun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain,—or reeled and cross-twisted what all other spinners and spinsters had spun before him, that 'twas pretty near the same torture to him.

In about three years, or something more, my father had got advanced almost into the middle of his work.—Like all other writers, he met with disappointments.—He imagined he should be able to bring whatever he had to say, into so small a compass, that when it was finished and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's hussive.—Matter grows under our hands.—Let no man say,—"Come—I'll write a duodecimo."

My father gave himself up to it, however, with the most painful diligence, proceeding step by step in every line, with the same kind of caution and circumspection (though I cannot say upon quite so religious a principle) as was used by *John de la Casse*, the lord archbishop of *Benevento*, in compassing his *Galatea*; in which his Grace of *Benevento* spent near forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the size or the thickness of a *Rider's* Almanack.—How the holy man managed the affair, unless he spent the greatest part of his time in combing his whiskers or playing at *primero* with his chaplain,—would pos

any mortal not let into the true secret;—and therefore 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement of those few in it, who write not so much to be fed—as to be famous. First thoughts are of the devil

I own had *John de la Casse*, the archbishop of *Benevento*, for whose memory (notwithstanding his *Galatea*) I retain the highest veneration,—had he been, Sir, a slender clerk—of dull wit—slow parts—costive head, and so forth,—he and his *Galatea* might have jogged on together to the age of *Methuselah* for me,—the phænomenon had not been worth a parenthesis.—

But the reverse of this was the truth: *John de la Casse* was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet with all these great advantages of nature, which should have pricked him forwards with his *Galatea*, he lay under an impuissance at the same time of advancing above a line and a half in the compass of a whole summer's day; this disability in his Grace arose from an opinion he was afflicted with,—which opinion was this,—*viz.*, that, whenever a Christian was writing a book (not for his private amusement, but) where his intent and purpose was, *bonâ fide*, to print and publish it to the world, his first thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one.—This was the state of ordinary writers; but when a personage of venerable character and high station, either in church or state, once turned author,—he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand—all the devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.—'Twas Term-time with them,—every thought, first and last, was captious;—how specious and good soever,—'twas all one;—in whatever form or colour it presented itself to the imagination,—'twas still a stroke of one or other of 'em levell'd at him, and was to be fenced off.—So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the

and to be rejected

contrary, was not so much a state of *composition*, as a state of *warfare;* and his probation in it, precisely that of any other man militant upon earth,—both depending alike, not half so much upon the degrees of his WIT—as his RESISTANCE.

My father was hugely pleased with this theory of *John de la Casse*, archbishop of *Benevento;* and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the best acres in the *Shandy* estate, to have been the broacher of it.—How far my father actually believed in the devil, will be seen, when I come to speak of my father's religious notions, in the progress of this work: 'tis enough to say here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal sense of the doctrine—he took up with the allegory of it; and would often say, especially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of *John de la Casse's* parabolical representation,—as was to be found in any one poetic fiction or mystic record of antiquity.—Prejudice of education, he would say, *is the devil*,—and the multitudes of them which we suck in with our mother's milk—*are the devil and all.*——We are haunted with them, brother *Toby*, in all our lucubrations and researches; and was a man fool enough to submit tamely to what they obtruded upon him,—what would his book be? Nothing,—he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance,—nothing but a farrago of the clack of nurses, and of the nonsense of the old women (of both sexes) throughout the kingdom.

This is the best account I am determined to give of the slow progress my father made in his *Tristra-pædia;* at which (as I said) he was three years, and something more, indefatigably at work, and, at last, had scarce completed, by his own reckoning, one half of his

undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother: and what was almost as bad, by the very delay, the first part of the work, upon which my father had spent the most of his pains, was rendered entirely useless, ——every day a page or two became of no consequence.—— How some men rise

——Certainly it was ordained as a scourge upon the pride of human wisdom, That the wisest of us all should thus outwit ourselves, and eternally forego our purposes in the intemperate act of pursuing them.

In short, my father was so long in all his acts of resistance,—or in other words,—he advanced so very slow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at such a rate, that if an event had not happened,——which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, shall not be concealed a moment from the reader——I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a sun-dial, for no better purpose than to be buried under ground.

Chapter XVII

——'TWAS nothing,—I did not lose two drops of blood by it——'twas not worth calling in a surgeon, had he lived next door to us——thousands suffer by choice, what I did by accident.——Doctor *Slop* made ten times more of it, than there was occasion:——some men rise, by the art of hanging great weights upon small wires,—and I am this day (*August* the 10th, 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.——O 'twould provoke a stone, to see how things are carried on in this world!——The chamber-maid had left no

An awkward accident

******* *** under the bed :——Cannot you contrive, master, quoth *Susannah*, lifting up the sash with one hand, as she spoke, and helping me up into the window-seat with the other,—cannot you manage, my dear, for a single time, to **** *** ** *** ******* ?

I was five years old.——*Susannah* did not consider that nothing was well hung in our family,——so slap came the sash down like lightning upon us ;—Nothing is left,—cried *Susannah*,—nothing is left—for me, but to run my country.——

My uncle *Toby's* house was a much kinder sanctuary ; and so *Susannah* fled to it.

Chapter XVIII

WHEN *Susannah* told the corporal the misadventure of the sash, with all the circumstances which attended the *murder* of me,—(as she called it)—the blood forsook his cheeks, — all accessaries in murder being principals,—*Trim's* conscience told him he was as much to blame as *Susannah*,—and if the doctrine had been true, my uncle *Toby* had as much of the bloodshed to answer for to heaven, as either of 'em ;—so that neither reason or instinct, separate or together, could possibly have guided *Susannah's* steps to so proper an asylum. It is in vain to leave this to the Reader's imagination :——to form any kind of hypothesis that will render these propositions feasible, he must cudgel his brains sore,—and to do it without,—he must have such brains as no reader ever had before him.——Why should I put them either to trial or to torture ? 'Tis my own affair : I'll explain it myself.

Chapter XIX

Why the window fell

'TIS a pity, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, resting with his hand upon the corporal's shoulder, as they both stood surveying their works,—that we have not a couple of field-pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt;——'twould secure the lines all along there, and make the attack on that side quite complete:——get me a couple cast, *Trim*.

Your honour shall have them, replied *Trim*, before to-morrow morning.

It was the joy of *Trim's* heart,—nor was his fertile head ever at a loss for expedients in doing it, to supply my uncle *Toby* in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for; had it been his last crown, he would have sate down and hammered it into a paderero, to have prevented a single wish in his Master. The corporal had already,—what with cutting off the ends of my uncle *Toby's* spouts—hacking and chiseling up the sides of his leaden gutters,—melting down his pewter shaving-bason,—and going at last, like *Lewis* the Fourteenth, on to the top of the church, for spare ends, &c. ——he had that very campaign brought no less than eight new battering cannons, besides three demi-culverins, into the field; my uncle *Toby's* demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had set the corporal at work again; and no better resource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nursery window: and as the sash pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of use, he had taken them away also, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had dismantled every sash-window in my uncle *Toby's* house long before, in the very same way,—

Trim's courage

though not always in the same order; for sometimes the pullies have been wanted, and not the lead,—so then he began with the pullies,—and the pullies being picked out, then the lead became useless,—and so the lead went to pot too.

——A great MORAL might be picked handsomely out of this, but I have not time—'tis enough to say, wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the sash window.

CHAPTER XX

THE corporal had not taken his measures so badly in this stroke of artilleryship, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himself, and left *Susannah* to have sustained the whole weight of the attack, as she could;—true courage is not content with coming off so.——The corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train,—'twas no matter,——had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened,—*at least in* Susannah's *hands;*——How would your honours have behaved?——He determined at once, not to take shelter behind *Susannah*,—but to give it; and with this resolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole *manœuvre* before my uncle *Toby*.

My uncle *Toby* had just then been giving *Yorick* an account of the battle of *Steenkirk*, and of the strange conduct of count *Solmes* in ordering the foot to halt, and the horse to march where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king's commands, and proved the loss of the day.

There are incidents in some families so pat to the purpose of what is going to follow,—they are scarce

exceeded by the invention of a dramatic writer;—I mean of ancient days.——— and that of uncle Toby

Trim, by the help of his forefinger, laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand striking a-cross it at right angles, made a shift to tell his story so, that priests and virgins might have listened to it;—and the story being told,—the dialogue went on as follows.

Chapter XXI

——I would be picquetted to death, cried the corporal, as he concluded *Susannah's* story, before I would suffer the woman to come to any harm,—'twas my fault, an' please your honour,—not hers.

Corporal *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*, putting on his hat which lay upon the table,——if any thing can be said to be a fault, when the service absolutely requires it should be done,—'tis I certainly who deserve the blame,——you obeyed your orders.

Had count *Solmes*, *Trim*, done the same at the battle of *Steenkirk*, said *Yorick*, drolling a little upon the corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat,——he had saved thee;——Saved! cried *Trim*, interrupting *Yorick*, and finishing the sentence for him after his own fashion,——he had saved five battalions, an' please your reverence, every soul of them:——there was *Cutts's*—continued the corporal, clapping the forefinger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand,——there was *Cutts's*,——*Mackay's*,——*Angus's*,——*Graham's*,——and *Leven's*, all cut to pieces;——and so had the *English* life-guards too, had it not been for some regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their

How to meet the French

faces, before any one of their own platoons discharged a musket,——they'll go to heaven for it,—added *Trim*.—*Trim* is right, said my uncle *Toby*, nodding to *Yorick*,——he's perfectly right. What signified his marching the horse, continued the corporal, where the ground was so straight, that the *French* had such a nation of hedges, and copses, and ditches, and fell'd trees laid this way and that to cover them; (as they always have).——Count *Solmes* should have sent us, ——we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them for their lives.——There was nothing to be done for the horse:——he had his foot shot off however for his pains, continued the corporal, the very next campaign at *Landen*.—Poor *Trim* got his wound there, quoth my uncle *Toby*.——'Twas owing, an' please your honour, entirely to count *Solmes*,——had he drubb'd them soundly at *Steenkirk*, they would not have fought us at *Landen*.——Possibly not,——*Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*;——though if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to intrench themselves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you.——There is no way but to march coolly up to them,——receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell.——Ding dong, added *Trim*, ——Horse and foot, said my uncle *Toby*.——Helter skelter, said *Trim*.——Right and left, cried my uncle *Toby*.——Blood an' ounds, shouted the corporal;—— the battle raged,——*Yorick* drew his chair a little to one side for safety, and after a moment's pause, my uncle *Toby* sinking his voice a note,—resumed the discourse as follows.

Chapter XXII

A quaint procession

KING *William*, said my uncle *Toby*, addressing himself to *Yorick*, was so terribly provoked at count *Solmes* for disobeying his orders, that he would not suffer him to come into his presence for many months after.——I fear, answered *Yorick*, the squire will be as much provoked at the corporal as the King at the count.——But 'twould be singularly hard in this case, continued he, if corporal *Trim*, who has behaved so diametrically opposite to count *Solmes*, should have the fate to be rewarded with the same disgrace:——too oft in this world, do things take that train.——I would spring a mine, cried my uncle *Toby*, rising up,——and blow up my fortifications, and my house with them, and we would perish under their ruins, ere I would stand by and see it.——*Trim* directed a slight,——but a grateful bow towards his master,——and so the chapter ends.

Chapter XXIII

——Then, *Yorick*, replied my uncle *Toby*, you and I will lead the way abreast,——and do you, corporal, follow a few paces behind us.——And *Susannah*, an' please your honour, said *Trim*, shall be put in the rear. ——'Twas an excellent disposition,—and in this order, without either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched slowly from my uncle *Toby's* house to *Shandy-hall*.

——I wish, said *Trim*, as they entered the door,—instead of the sash weights, I had cut off the church spout, as I once thought to have done.—You have cut off spouts enow, replied *Yorick*.——

Chapter XXIV

Point of view

AS many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him soever in different airs and attitudes, —not one, or all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, speak, or act, upon any untried occasion or occurrence of life. — There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing,—it baffled, Sir, all calculations.——The truth was, his road lay so very far on one side, from that wherein most men travelled,—that every object before him presented a face and section of itself to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it seen by the rest of mankind.—In other words, 'twas a different object, and in course was differently considered:

This is the true reason, that my dear *Jenny* and I, as well as all the world besides us, have such eternal squabbles about nothing.—She looks at her outside,—I, at her in—. How is it possible we should agree about her value?

Chapter XXV

'TIS a point settled,—and I mention it for the comfort of[1] *Confucius*, who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain story—that provided he keeps along the line of his story, — he may go backwards and forwards as he will,—'tis still held to be no digression.

This being premised, I take the benefit of the *act of going backwards* myself.

[1] Mr. *Shandy* is supposed to mean ******** *** Esq.; member for ******,——and not the *Chinese* Legislator.

Chapter XXVI

Shandy-hall aroused

FIFTY thousand pannier loads of devils—(not of the Archbishop of *Benevento's*,—I mean of *Rabelais's* devils) with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made so diabolical a scream of it, as I did—when the accident befel me: it summoned up my mother instantly into the nursery,—so that *Susannah* had but just time to make her escape down the back stairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the story myself,—and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity; yet *Susannah*, in passing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in short-hand with the cook—the cook had told it with a commentary to *Jonathan*, and *Jonathan* to *Obadiah*; so that by the time my father had rung the bell half a dozen times, to know what was the matter above,—was *Obadiah* enabled to give him a particular account of it, just as it had happened.—I thought as much, said my father, tucking up his night-gown;—and so walked up stairs.

One would imagine from this———(though for my own part I somewhat question it)—that my father, before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable character in the *Tristra-pædia*, which to me is the most original and entertaining one in the whole book;—and that is the *chapter upon sash-windows*, with a bitter *Philippick* at the end of it, upon the forgetfulness of chamber-maids.—I have but two reasons for thinking otherwise.

First, Had the matter been taken into consideration, before the event happened, my father certainly would

My father acts unexpectedly

have nailed up the sash window for good an' all;—which, considering with what difficulty he composed books,—he might have done with ten times less trouble, than he could have wrote the chapter: this argument I foresee holds good against his writing a chapter, even after the event; but 'tis obviated under the second reason, which I have the honour to offer to the world in support of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon sash-windows and chamber-pots, at the time supposed,—and it is this.

——That, in order to render the *Tristra-pædia* complete,—I wrote the chapter myself.

Chapter XXVII

MY father put on his spectacles—looked,—took them off,—put them into the case—all in less than a statutable minute; and without opening his lips, turned about and walked precipitately down stairs: my mother imagined he had stepped down for lint and basilicon; but seeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and *Obadiah* following him with a large reading-desk, she took it for granted 'twas an herbal, and so drew him a chair to the bedside, that he might consult upon the case at his ease.

——If it be but right done,—said my father, turning to the *Section—de sede vel subjecto circumcisionis*,——for he had brought up *Spenser de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus*—and *Maimonides*, in order to confront and examine us all together.—

——If it be but right done, quoth he:—only tell us, cried my mother, interrupting him, what herbs?——For that, replied my father, you must send for Dr. *Slop*.

My mother went down, and my father went on, reading the section as follows, and finds comfort in precedents

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * ———Very well,—said my father,
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * —nay, if it has that convenience———and so without stopping a moment to settle it first in his mind, whether the *Jews* had it from the *Egyptians*, or the *Egyptians* from the *Jews*,—he rose up, and rubbing his forehead two or three times across with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footsteps of care, when evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded,—he shut the book, and walked down stairs.—Nay, said he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every step as he set his foot upon it—if the EGYPTIANS,—the SYRIANS,—the PHOENICIANS,—the ARABIANS,—the CAPPADOCIANS,———if the COLCHI, and TROGLODYTES did it———if SOLON and PYTHAGORAS submitted,—what is TRISTRAM?———Who am I, that I should fret or fume one moment about the matter?

CHAPTER XXVIII

DEAR *Yorick*, said my father, smiling (for *Yorick* had broke his rank with my uncle *Toby* in coming through the narrow entry, and so had stept first into the parlour)—this *Tristram* of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites.—Never was the son of *Jew*, *Christian*, *Turk*, or *Infidel* initiated into them in so oblique and slovenly a manner.—But he is no worse, I trust, said *Yorick*.—There has been certainly, continued my father, the deuce and all to do

He discusses the subject

in some part or other of the ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was formed.—That, you are a better judge of than I, replied *Yorick*.—Astrologers, quoth my father, know better than us both;—the trine and sextil aspects have jumped awry,—or the opposite of their ascendents have not hit it, as they should,—or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been at *bo-peep*,—or something has been wrong above, or below with us.

'Tis possible, answered *Yorick*.—But is the child, cried my uncle *Toby*, the worse?—The *Troglodytes* say not, replied my father. And your theologists, *Yorick*, tell us—Theologically? said *Yorick*,—or speaking after the manner of [1] apothecaries?—[2] statesmen?—or [3] washer-women?

——I'm not sure, replied my father,—but they tell us, brother *Toby*, he's the better for it.——Provided, said *Yorick*, you travel him into *Egypt*.——Of that, answered my father, he will have the advantage, when he sees the *Pyramids*.——

Now every word of this, quoth my uncle *Toby*, is *Arabick* to me.——I wish, said *Yorick*, 'twas so, to half the world.

—[4] Ilus, continued my father, circumcised his whole army one morning.—Not without a court martial? cried my uncle *Toby*.——Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle *Toby's* remark, but turning to *Yorick*,—are greatly divided still who *Ilus* was;—some say *Saturn*;—some the Supreme

[1] Χαλεπῆς νόσου, καὶ δυσιάτου ἀπαλλαγὴ, ἣν ἄνθρακα καλοῦσιν.—Philo.

[2] Τα τεμνόμενα τῶν ἐθνῶν πολυγονώτατα, καὶ πολυανθρωπότατα εἶναι.

[3] Καθαριότητος εἵνεκεν.—Bochart.

[4] Ὁ Ιλος, τὰ ἀιδοῖα περιτέμνεται, τάυτὸ ποῖησαι καὶ τοὺς ἁμ' αυτῷ συμμάχους καταναγκάσας.—Sanchuniatho.

Being;—others, no more than a brigadier general under *Pharaoh-neco.*——Let him be who he will, said my uncle *Toby*, I know not by what article of war he could justify it.

Yorick reads of Gymnast and Tripet

The controvertists, answered my father, assign two-and-twenty different reasons for it:—others, indeed, who have drawn their pens on the opposite side of the question, have shewn the world the futility of the greatest part of them.—But then again, our best polemic divines—I wish there was not a polemic divine, said *Yorick*, in the kingdom;—one ounce of practical divinity—is worth a painted ship-load of all their reverences have imported these fifty years.—Pray, Mr. *Yorick*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—do tell me what a polemic divine is?——The best description, captain *Shandy*, I have ever read, is of a couple of 'em, replied *Yorick*, in the account of the battle fought single hands betwixt *Gymnast* and captain *Tripet;* which I have in my pocket.——I beg I may hear it, quoth my uncle *Toby* earnestly.—You shall, said *Yorick*.—And as the corporal is waiting for me at the door,—and I know the description of a battle will do the poor fellow more good than his supper,—I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.—With all my soul, said my father. ——*Trim* came in, erect and happy as an emperor; and having shut the door, *Yorick* took a book from his right-hand coat-pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows.

Chapter XXIX

——"which words being heard by all the soldiers which were there, divers of them being inwardly terrified, did shrink back and make room for the assailant: all this did *Gymnast* very well remark and consider; and

Patience needed

therefore, making as if he would have alighted from off his horse, as he was poising himself on the mounting side, he most nimbly (with his short sword by his thigh) shifting his feet in the stirrup, and performing the stirrup-leather feat, whereby, after the inclining of his body downwards, he forthwith launched himself aloft into the air, and placed both his feet together upon the saddle, standing upright, with his back turned towards his horse's head,—Now (said he) my case goes forward. Then suddenly in the same posture wherein he was, he fetched a gambol upon one foot, and turning to the left-hand, failed not to carry his body perfectly round, just into his former position, without missing one jot.——Ha! said *Tripet*, I will not do that at this time,—and not without cause. Well, said *Gymnast*, I have failed,—I will undo this leap; then with a marvellous strength and agility, turning towards the right-hand, he fetched another frisking gambol as before; which done, he set his right-hand thumb upon the bow of the saddle, raised himself up, and sprung into the air, poising and upholding his whole weight upon the muscle and nerve of the said thumb, and so turned and whirled himself about three times: at the fourth, reversing his body, and overturning it upside down, and fore-side back, without *touching any thing*, he brought himself betwixt the horse's two ears, and then giving himself a jerking swing, he seated himself upon the crupper——"

(This can't be fighting, said my uncle *Toby*.——The corporal shook his head at it.——Have patience, said *Yorick*.)

"Then (*Tripet*) pass'd his right leg over his saddle, and placed himself *en croup*.—But, said he, 'twere better for me to get into the saddle; then putting the thumbs of both hands upon the crupper before him, and

hereupon leaning himself, as upon the only supporters f his body, he incontinently turned heels over head in he air, and strait found himself betwixt the bow of the addle in a tolerable seat; then springing into the air vith a summerset, he turned him about like a wind-mill, nd made above a hundred frisks, turns, and demi-pom-nadas."—Good God! cried *Trim*, losing all patience, —one home thrust of a bayonet is worth it all.——I hink so too, replied *Yorick*.——

Bits from the Tristra-pædia

I am of a contrary opinion, quoth my father.

Chapter XXX

——No,—I think I have advanced nothing, replied ny father, making answer to a question which *Yorick* ad taken the liberty to put to him,—I have advanced othing in the *Tristra-pædia*, but what is as clear as any ne proposition in *Euclid*.—Reach me, *Trim*, that book rom off the scrutoir:——it has oft-times been in my ind, continued my father, to have read it over both to ou, *Yorick*, and to my brother *Toby*, and I think it a little nfriendly in myself, in not having done it long ago: ——shall we have a short chapter or two now,—and a hapter or two hereafter, as occasions serve; and so on, ll we get through the whole? My uncle *Toby* and *Yorick* made the obeisance which was proper; and the orporal, though he was not included in the compliment, id his hand upon his breast, and made his bow at the ame time.——The company smiled. *Trim*, quoth my ather, has paid the full price for staying out the *enter-ainment*.——He did not seem to relish the play, replied *Yorick*.——'Twas a Tom-fool-battle, an' please your everence, of captain *Tripet's* and that other officer, aking so many summersets, as they advanced;——

The social unit

the *French* come on capering now and then in that way,—but not quite so much.

My uncle *Toby* never felt the consciousness of his existence with more complacency than what the corporal's, and his own reflections, made him do at that moment;——he lighted his pipe,——*Yorick* drew his chair closer to the table,—*Trim* snuff'd the candle,—my father stirr'd up the fire,—took up the book,—cough'd twice, and begun.

Chapter XXXI

THE first thirty pages, said my father, turning over the leaves,—are a little dry; and as they are not closely connected with the subject,——for the present we'll pass them by: 'tis a prefatory introduction, continued my father, or an introductory preface (for I am not determined which name to give it) upon political or civil government; the foundation of which being laid in the first conjunction betwixt male and female, for procreation of the species——I was insensibly led into it.——'Twas natural, said *Yorick*.

The original of society, continued my father, I'm satisfied is, what *Politian* tells us, *i.e.*, merely conjugal; and nothing more than the getting together of one man and one woman;—to which, (according to *Hesiod*) the philosopher adds a servant:——but supposing in the first beginning there were no men servants born ——he lays the foundation of it, in a man,—a woman —and a bull.——I believe 'tis an ox, quoth *Yorick*, quoting the passage (οἶκον μὲν πρώτιστα, γυναῖκα τε, βοῦν τ' ἀροτῆρα).——A bull must have given more trouble than his head was worth.——But there is a

Father and child

etter reason still, said my father (dipping his pen into is ink); for the ox being the most patient of animals, nd the most useful withal in tilling the ground for their ourishment,—was the properest instrument, and emblem oo, for the new joined couple, that the creation could ave associated with them.—And there is a stronger eason, added my uncle *Toby*, than them all for the ox. —My father had not power to take his pen out of his nk-horn, till he had heard my uncle *Toby's* reason.— For when the ground was tilled, said my uncle *Toby*, nd made worth inclosing, then they began to secure it y walls and ditches, which was the origin of forti- ication.——True, true, dear *Toby*, cried my father, triking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave *Trim* a nod, to snuff the candle, and esumed his discourse.

——I enter upon this speculation, said my father arelessly, and half shutting the book, as he went on, nerely to shew the foundation of the natural relation etween a father and his child; the right and jurisdic- ion over whom he acquires these several ways—

1st, by marriage.

2d, by adoption.

3d, by legitimation.

And 4th, by procreation; all which I consider in heir order.

I lay a slight stress upon one of them, replied *Yorick* ——the act, especially where it ends there, in my pinion lays as little obligation upon the child, as it onveys power to the father.—You are wrong,—said ny father argutely, and for this plain reason * * *

Trim catechised

mother.—But the reason, replied *Yorick*, equally holds good for her.——She is under authority herself, said my father;—and besides, continued my father, nodding his head, and laying his finger upon the side of his nose, as he assigned his reason,—*she is not the principal agent*, Yorick.—In what, quoth my uncle *Toby?* stopping his pipe.—Though by all means, added my father (not attending to my uncle *Toby*) "*The son ought to pay her respect*," as you may read, *Yorick*, at large in the first book of the Institutes of *Justinian*, at the eleventh title and the tenth section.—I can read it as well, replied *Yorick*, in the Catechism.

Chapter XXXII

TRIM can repeat every word of it by heart, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—Pugh! said my father, not caring to be interrupted with *Trim's* saying his Catechism. He can, upon my honour, replied my uncle *Toby*.—Ask him, Mr. *Yorick*, any question you please.——

—The fifth Commandment, *Trim*—said *Yorick*, speaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modest Catechumen. The corporal stood silent.—You don't ask him right, said my uncle *Toby*, raising his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command:—— The fifth————cried my uncle *Toby*.—I must begin with the first, an' please your honour, said the corporal.——

—*Yorick* could not forbear smiling.—Your reverence does not consider, said the corporal, shouldering his stick like a musket, and marching into the middle of the room, to illustrate his position,—that 'tis exactly the same thing, as doing one's exercise in the field.—

"*Join your right-hand to your firelock*," cried the corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.— Science and wisdom

"*Poise your firelock*," cried the corporal, doing the duty still both of adjutant and private man.

"*Rest your firelock;*"—one motion, an' please your reverence, you see leads into another.—If his honour will begin but with the *first*—

THE FIRST—cried my uncle *Toby*, setting his hand upon his side— * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE SECOND—cried my uncle *Toby*, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his sword at the head of a regiment.—The corporal went through his *manual* with exactness; and having *honoured his father and mother*, made a low bow, and fell back to the side of the room.

Every thing in this world, said my father, is big with jest,—and has wit in it, and instruction too,—if we can but find it out.

—Here is the *scaffold work* of INSTRUCTION, its true point of folly, without the BUILDING behind it.

—Here is the glass for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, gerund-grinders, and bear-leaders to view themselves in, in their true dimensions.—

Oh! there is a husk and shell, *Yorick*, which grows up with learning, which their unskilfulness knows not how to fling away!

—SCIENCES MAY BE LEARNED BY ROTE, BUT WISDOM NOT.

Yorick thought my father inspired.—I will enter into obligations this moment, said my father, to lay out all my aunt *Dinah's* legacy in charitable uses (of which, by the bye, my father had no high opinion), if the corporal has any one determinate idea annexed

Shandy on health

to any one word he has repeated.—Prythee, *Trim*, quoth my father, turning round to him,—What dost thou mean, by "*honouring thy father and mother?*"

Allowing them, an' please your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, *Trim?* said *Yorick*.—He did indeed, replied my uncle *Toby*.—Then, *Trim*, said *Yorick*, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the *Decalogue;* and I honour thee more for it, corporal *Trim*, than if thou hadst had a hand in the *Talmud* itself.

Chapter XXXIII

O BLESSED health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter, thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for;—and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

I have concentrated all that can be said upon this important head, said my father, into a very little room, therefore we'll read the chapter quite through.

My father read as follows:

"The whole secret of health depending upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture"—You have proved that matter of fact, I suppose, above, said *Yorick*. Sufficiently, replied my father.

In saying this, my father shut the book,—not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his fore-finger

n the chapter :——nor pettishly,—for he shut the book owly; his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon ne upper-side of the cover, as his three fingers supported ne lower side of it, without the least compressive iolence.——

Heat, moisture, and the moon

I have demonstrated the truth of that point, quoth ny father, nodding to *Yorick*, most sufficiently in the receding chapter.

Now could the man in the moon be told, that a man n the earth had wrote a chapter, sufficiently demonstrating, That the secret of all health depended upon ne due contention for mastery betwixt the *radical heat* nd the *radical moisture*,—and that he had managed the oint so well, that there was not one single word wet or ry upon radical heat or radical moisture, throughout ne whole chapter,—or a single syllable in it, *pro* or *con*, irectly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt these wo powers in any part of the animal œconomy——

"O thou eternal Maker of all beings!"—he would ry, striking his breast with his right hand (in case he ad one)—"Thou whose power and goodness can nlarge the faculties of thy creatures to this infinite egree of excellence and perfection,—What have we Moonites done?"

Chapter XXXIV

WITH two strokes, the one at *Hippocrates*, the other at Lord *Verulam*, did my father chieve it.

The stroke at the prince of physicians, with which he egan, was no more than a short insult upon his sorrowul complaint of the *Ars longa*,—and *Vita brevis*.—— ife short, cried my father,—and the art of healing

Bacon on health

tedious! And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themselves,—and the stage-loads of chymical nostrums, and peripatetic lumber, with which, in all ages, they have first flatter'd the world, and at last deceived it?

——O my lord *Verulam!* cried my father, turning from *Hippocrates*, and making his second stroke at him, as the principal of nostrum-mongers, and the fittest to be made an example of to the rest,——What shall I say to thee, my great lord *Verulam?* What shall I say to thy internal spirit,—thy opium,—thy salt-petre,——thy greasy unctions,—thy daily purges,—thy nightly clysters, and succedaneums?

——My father was never at a loss what to say to any man, upon any subject; and had the least occasion for the exordium of any man breathing: how he dealt with his lordship's opinion,——you shall see;——but when—I know not:——we must first see what his lordship's opinion was.

Chapter XXXV

"THE two great causes, which conspire with each other to shorten life, says lord *Verulam*, are first——

"The internal spirit, which, like a gentle flame, wastes the body down to death:—And secondly, the external air, that parches the body up to ashes:—which two enemies attacking us on both sides of our bodies together, at length destroy our organs, and render them unfit to carry on the functions of life."

This being the state of the case, the road to Longevity was plain; nothing more being required, says his lordship, but to repair the waste committed by the

aternal spirit, by making the substance of it more thick nd dense, by a regular course of opiates on one side, nd by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by nree grains and a half of salt-petre every morning efore you got up.——

The whole secret

Still this frame of ours was left exposed to the nimical assaults of the air without;—but this was enced off again by a course of greasy unctions, which o fully saturated the pores of the skin, that no spicula ould enter;——nor could any one get out.——This ut a stop to all perspiration, sensible and insensible, hich being the cause of so many scurvy distempers— course of clysters was requisite to carry off redundant umours,—and render the system complete.

What my father had to say to my lord of *Verulam's* piates, his salt-petre, and greasy unctions and clysters, ou shall read,—but not to-day—or to-morrow: time resses upon me,—my reader is impatient—I must get orwards.——You shall read the chapter at your leisure if you chuse it), as soon as ever the *Tristra-pædia* is ublished.——

Sufficeth it at present, to say, my father levelled the ypothesis with the ground, and in doing that, the earned know, he built up and established his own.——

Chapter XXXVI

THE whole secret of health, said my father, beginning the sentence again, depending evidently pon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and adical moisture within us;—the least imaginable skill ad been sufficient to have maintained it, had not he schoolmen confounded the talk, merely (as *Van Helmont*, the famous chymist, has proved) by all along

Uncle Toby interested

mistaking the radical moisture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

Now the radical moisture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and balsamous substance; for the fat and tallow, as also the phlegm or watery parts, are cold; whereas the oily and balsamous parts are of a lively heat and spirit, which accounts for the observation of *Aristotle*, "*Quod omne animal past coitum est* triste."

Now it is certain, that the radical heat lives in the radical moisture, but whether *vice versâ*, is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the other decays also; and then is produced, either an unnatural heat, which causes an unnatural dryness——or an unnatural moisture, which causes dropsies.——So that if a child, as he grows up, can but be taught to avoid running into fire or water, as either of 'em threaten his destruction, ——'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.——

Chapter XXXVII

THE description of the siege of *Jericho* itself, could not have engaged the attention of my uncle *Toby* more powerfully than the last chapter;—his eyes were fixed upon my father throughout it;—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moisture, but my uncle *Toby* took his pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head; and as soon as the chapter was finished, he beckoned to the corporal to come close to his chair, to ask him the following question,—*aside.* —— * * * * * * * * * * * * * *. It was at the siege of *Limerick*, an' please your honour, replied the corporal, making a bow.

The poor fellow and I, quoth my uncle *Toby*, Arabick to my father
ddressing himself to my father, were scarce able to
awl out of our tents, at the time the siege of
imerick was raised, upon the very account you
ention.——Now what can have got into that pre-
ous noddle of thine, my dear brother *Toby?* cried
y father, mentally.——By Heaven! continued he,
ommuning still with himself, it would puzzle an
Edipus to bring it in point.——

I believe, an' please your honour, quoth the corporal,
at if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we
t fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon
ith which I plyed your honour off;—And the geneva,
rim, added my uncle *Toby*, which did us more good
an all——I verily believe, continued the corporal,
e had both, an' please your honour, left our lives
the trenches, and been buried in them too.——The
oblest grave, corporal! cried my uncle *Toby*, his eyes
arkling as he spoke, that a soldier could wish to lie
own in.——But a pitiful death for him! an' please
our honour, replied the corporal.

All this was as much *Arabick* to my father, as the
es of the *Colchi* and *Troglodites* had been before
my uncle *Toby;* my father could not determine
hether he was to frown or to smile.——

My uncle *Toby*, turning to *Yorick*, resumed the case
Limerick, more intelligibly than he had begun it,—
d so settled the point for my father at once.

Chapter XXXVIII

T was undoubtedly, said my uncle *Toby*, a great
happiness for myself and the corporal, that we had
along a burning fever, attended with a most raging

In fever before Limerick

thirst, during the whole five-and-twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwise what my brother calls the radical moisture, must, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better.——My father drew in his lungs top-full of air, and looking up, blew it forth again, as slowly as he possibly could.——

———It was Heaven's mercy to us, continued my uncle *Toby*, which put it into the corporal's head to maintain that due contention betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture, by reinforcing the fever, as he did all along, with hot wine and spices; whereby the corporal kept up (as it were) a continual firing, so that the radical heat stood its ground from the beginning to the end, and was a fair match for the moisture, terrible as it was.——Upon my honour, added my uncle *Toby*, you might have heard the contention within our bodies, brother *Shandy*, twenty toises.—If there was no firing, said *Yorick*.

Well—said my father, with a full aspiration, and pausing a while after the word——Was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one permitted it, I would condemn some of the worst malefactors, provided they had had their clergy———————

———*Yorick*, foreseeing the sentence was likely to end with no sort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breast, and begged he would respite it for a few minutes, till he asked the corporal a question.——Prithee, *Trim*, said *Yorick*, without staying for my father's leave,—tell us honestly—what is thy opinion concerning this self-same radical heat and radical moisture?

With humble submission to his honour's better judgment, quoth the corporal, making a bow to my uncle *Toby*—Speak thy opinion freely, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*.—The poor fellow is my servant,—not my slave—added my uncle *Toby*, turning to my father.——

The corporal put his hat under his left arm, and th his stick hanging upon the wrist of it, by a black ong split into a tassel about the knot, he marched up the ground where he had performed his catechism ; en touching his under-jaw with the thumb and fingers his right-hand before he opened his mouth,——he livered his notion thus. Dr. Slop interrupts

Chapter XXXIX

UST as the corporal was humming, to begin—in waddled Dr. *Slop*.—'Tis not two-pence matter—e corporal shall go on in the next chapter, let who ll come in.——

Well, my good doctor, cried my father sportively, r the transitions of his passions were unaccountably dden,—and what has this whelp of mine to say to e matter ?

Had my father been asking after the amputation of e tail of a puppy-dog—he could not have done it in more careless air : the system which Dr. *Slop* had d down, to treat the accident by, no way allowed of ch a mode of enquiry.—He sat down.

Pray, Sir, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in a manner which uld not go unanswered,—in what condition is the y ?—'Twill end in a *phimosis*, replied Dr. *Slop*.

I am no wiser than I was, quoth my uncle *Toby*—urning his pipe into his mouth.——Then let the rporal go on, said my father, with his medical cture.—The corporal made a bow to his old friend, r. *Slop*, and then delivered his opinion concerning dical heat and radical moisture, in the following ords.

Chapter XL

Trim's "medical lecture"

THE city of *Limerick*, the siege of which was begun under his majesty king *William* himself, the year after I went into the army—lies, an' please your honours, in the middle of a devilish wet, swampy country.—'Tis quite surrounded, said my uncle *Toby*, with the *Shannon*, and is, by its situation, one of the strongest fortified places in *Ireland*.——

I think this is a new fashion, quoth Dr. *Slop*, of beginning a medical lecture.—'Tis all true, answered *Trim*.—Then I wish the faculty would follow the cut of it, said *Yorick*.—'Tis all cut through, an' please your reverence, said the corporal, with drains and bogs; and besides, there was such a quantity of rain fell during the siege, the whole country was like a puddle,—'twas that, and nothing else, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his honour and myself; now there was no such thing, after the first ten days, continued the corporal, for a soldier to lie dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water;—nor was that enough, for those who could afford it, as his honour could, without setting fire every night to a pewter dish full of brandy, which took off the damp of the air, and made the inside of the tent as warm as a stove.——

And what conclusion dost thou draw, corporal *Trim*, cried my father, from all these premises?

I infer, an' please your worship, replied *Trim*, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water—and that the radical heat, of those who can go to the expence of it, is burnt brandy,—the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your honour, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of geneva——

and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us spirits, and drive away the vapours—we know not what it is to fear death. Sarcasm

I am at a loss, Captain *Shandy*, quoth Dr. *Slop*, to determine in which branch of learning your servant shines most, whether in physiology or divinity.—*Slop* had not forgot *Trim's* comment upon the sermon.—

It is but an hour ago, replied *Yorick*, since the corporal was examined in the latter, and pass'd muster with great honour.——

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Dr. *Slop*, turning to my father, you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being—as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation.—It is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways, but principally in my opinion by *consubstantials*, *impriments*, and *occludents*.——Now this poor fellow, continued Dr. *Slop*, pointing to the corporal, has had the misfortune to have heard some superficial empiric discourse upon this nice point.——That he has,—said my father.——Very likely, said my uncle.—I'm sure of it—quoth *Yorick*.——

Chapter XLI

DOCTOR *Slop* being called out to look at a cataplasm he had ordered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the *Tristra-pædia*. ——Come! cheer up, my lads; I'll shew you land———for when we have tugged through that chapter, the book shall not be opened again this twelvemonth.—Huzza!—

Chapter XLII

The Tristrapædia resumed

——FIVE years with a bib under his chin; Four years in travelling from Christ-cross-row to *Malachi*;

A year and a half in learning to write his own name; Seven long years and more τυπτω-ing it, at Greek and Latin;

Four years at his *probations* and his *negations*—the fine statue still lying in the middle of the marble block,—and nothing done, but his tools sharpened to hew it out!—'Tis a piteous delay!—Was not the great *Julius Scaliger* within an ace of never getting his tools sharpened at all?———Forty-four years old was he before he could manage his Greek;—and *Peter Damianus*, lord bishop of *Ostia*, as all the world knows, could not so much as read, when he was of man's estate.—And *Baldus* himself, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the law so late in life, that every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world: no wonder, when *Eudamidas*, the son of *Archidamas*, heard *Xenocrates* at seventy-five disputing about *wisdom*, that he asked gravely,—*If the old man be yet disputing and enquiring concerning wisdom,—what time will he have to make use of it?*

Yorick listened to my father with great attention; there was a seasoning of wisdom unaccountably mixed up with his strangest whims, and he had sometimes such illuminations in the darkest of his eclipses, as almost atoned for them:—be wary, Sir, when you imitate him.

I am convinced, *Yorick*, continued my father, half reading and half discoursing, that there is a North-west passage to the intellectual world; and that the

soul of man has shorter ways of going to work, in furnishing itself with knowledge and instruction, than we generally take with it.——But, alack! all fields have not a river or a spring running besides them;—every child, *Yorick*, has not a parent to point it out. Walter Shandy on auxiliary verbs

——The whole entirely depends, added my father, in a low voice, upon the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr. *Yorick*.

Had *Yorick* trod upon *Virgil's* snake, he could not have looked more surprised.—I am surprised too, cried my father, observing it,—and I reckon it as one of the greatest calamities which ever befel the republic of letters, That those who have been entrusted with the education of our children, and whose business it was to open their minds, and stock them early with ideas, in order to set the imagination loose upon them, have made so little use of the auxiliary verbs in doing it, as they have done——So that, except *Raymond Lullius*, and the elder *Pelegrini*, the last of which arrived to such perfection in the use of 'em, with his topics, that, in a few lessons, he could teach a young gentleman to discourse with plausibility upon any subject, *pro* and *con*, and to say and write all that could be spoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.—I should be glad, said *Yorick*, interrupting my father, to be made to comprehend this matter. You shall, said my father.

The highest stretch of improvement a single word is capable of, is a high metaphor,——for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worse, and not the better;—but be that as it may,—when the mind has done that with it—there is an end,—the mind and the idea are at rest,—until a second idea enters;——and so on.

Now the use of the *Auxiliaries* is, at once to set the

He continues the theme

soul a-going by herself upon the materials as they are brought her; and by the versability of this great engine, round which they are twisted, to open new tracts of enquiry, and make every idea engender millions.

You excite my curiosity greatly, said *Yorick*.

For my own part, quoth my uncle *Toby*, I have given it up.——The *Danes*, an' please your honour, quoth the corporal, who were on the left at the siege of *Limerick*, were all auxiliaries.——And very good ones, said my uncle *Toby*.—But the auxiliaries, *Trim*, my brother is talking about,—I conceive to be different things.——

——You do? said my father, rising up.

Chapter XLIII

MY father took a single turn across the room, then sat down, and finished the chapter.

The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are *am; was; have; had; do; did; make; made; suffer; shall; should; will; would; can; could; owe; ought; used;* or *is wont*.—And these varied with tenses, *present*, *past*, *future*, and conjugated with the verb *see*,—or with these questions added to them;—*Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it be? Might it be?* And these again put negatively, *Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?*—Or affirmatively,—*It is; It was; It ought to be.* Or chronologically,—*Has it been always? Lately? How long ago?*—Or hypothetically,—*If it was? If it was not?* What would follow?——If the *French* should beat the *English?* If the *Sun* go out of the *Zodiac?*

Now, by the right use and application of these, continued my father, in which a child's memory should

be exercised, there is no one idea can enter his brain, how barren soever, but a magazine of conceptions and conclusions may be drawn forth from it.——Didst thou ever see a white bear? cried my father, turning his head round to *Trim*, who stood at the back of his chair:—No, an' please your honour, replied the corporal.——But thou couldst discourse about one, *Trim*, said my father, in case of need?——How is it possible, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, if the corporal never saw one?——'Tis the fact I want, replied my father,—and the possibility of it is as follows. For example—

A WHITE BEAR! Very well. Have I ever seen one? Might I ever have seen one? Am I ever to see one? Ought I ever to have seen one? Or can I ever see one?

Would I had seen a white bear! (for how can I imagine it?)

If I should see a white bear, what should I say? If I should never see a white bear, what then?

If I never have, can, must, or shall see a white bear alive; have I ever seen the skin of one? Did I ever see one painted?—described? Have I never dreamed of one?

Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers or sisters, ever see a white bear? What would they give? How would they behave? How would the white bear have behaved? Is he wild? Tame? Terrible? Rough? Smooth?

—Is the white bear worth seeing?—

—Is there no sin in it?—

Is it better than a BLACK ONE?

BOOK VI

Chapter I

Bray, bray, bray!

——WE'LL not stop two moments, my dear Sir,—only, as we have got through these five volumes, (do, Sir, sit down upon a set——they are better than nothing) let us just look back upon the country we have pass'd through.——

——What a wilderness has it been! and what a mercy that we have not both of us been lost, or devoured by wild beasts in it!

Did you think the world itself, Sir, had contained such a number of Jack Asses?——How they view'd and review'd us as we passed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley!——and when we climbed over that hill, and were just getting out of sight—good God! what a braying did they all set up together!

——Prithee, shepherd! who keeps all those Jack Asses? * * *

——Heaven be their comforter——What! are they never curried?——Are they never taken in in winter?——Bray bray—bray. Bray on,—the world is deeply your debtor;—louder still—that's nothing:—in good sooth, you are ill-used:——Was I a Jack Asse, I solemnly declare, I would bray in G-fol-re-ut from morning, even unto night.

Chapter II

Infant prodigies

WHEN my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards through half a dozen pages, he closed the book for good an' all,—and in a kind of triumph redelivered it into *Trim's* hand, with a nod to lay it upon the 'scrutoire, where he found it. ——*Tristram*, said he, shall be made to conjugate every word in the dictionary, backwards and forwards the same way;——every word, *Yorick*, by this means, you see, is converted into a thesis or an hypothesis;—every thesis and hypothesis have an offspring of propositions;—and each proposition has its own consequences and conclusions; every one of which leads the mind on again, into fresh tracks of enquiries and doubtings.——The force of this engine, added my father, is incredible in opening a child's head.——'Tis enough, brother *Shandy*, cried my uncle *Toby*, to burst it into a thousand splinters.

I presume, said *Yorick*, smiling,—it must be owing to this——(for let logicians say what they will, it is not to be accounted for sufficiently from the bare use of the ten predicaments)——That the famous *Vincent Quirino*, amongst the many other astonishing feats of his childhood, of which the Cardinal *Bembo* has given the world so exact a story,—should be able to paste up in the public schools at *Rome*, so early as in the eighth year of his age, no less than four thousand five hundred and fifty different theses, upon the most abstruse points of the most abstruse theology;—and to defend and maintain them in such sort, as to cramp and dumbfound his opponents.——What is that, cried my father, to what is told us of *Alphonsus Tostatus*, who, almost in his nurse's arms, learned all

The cry is still they come

the sciences and liberal arts without being taught any one of them?——What shall we say of the great *Piereskius?*—That's the very man, cried my uncle *Toby*, I once told you of, brother *Shandy*, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from *Paris* to *Shevling*, and from *Shevling* back again, merely to see *Stevinus's* flying chariot.——He was a very great man! added my uncle *Toby* (meaning *Stevinus*)—He was so, brother *Toby*, said my father (meaning *Piereskius*)——and had multiplied his ideas so fast, and increased his knowledge to such a prodigious stock, that, if we may give credit to an anecdote concerning him, which we cannot withhold here, without shaking the authority of all anecdotes whatever—at seven years of age, his father committed entirely to his care the education of his younger brother, a boy of five years old,—with the sole management of all his concerns.—Was the father as wise as the son? quoth my uncle *Toby*:—I should think not, said *Yorick*:—But what are these, continued my father—(breaking out in a kind of enthusiasm)—what are these, to those prodigies of childhood in *Grotius*, *Scioppius*, *Heinsius*, *Politian*, *Pascal*, *Joseph Scaliger*, *Ferdinand de Cordouè*, and others—some of which left off their *substantial forms* at nine years old, or sooner, and went on reasoning without them;—others went through their classics at seven;—wrote tragedies at eight;—*Ferdinand de Cordouè* was so wise at nine,—'twas thought the Devil was in him;—and at *Venice* gave such proofs of his knowledge and goodness, that the monks imagined he was *Antichrist*, or nothing.——Others were masters of fourteen languages at ten,—finished the course of their rhetoric, poetry, logic, and ethics, at eleven,—put forth their commentaries upon *Servius* and *Martianus Capella* at twelve,—and at thirteen received their

degrees in philosophy, laws, and divinity:——But you forget the great *Lipsius*, quoth *Yorick*, who composed a work [1] the day he was born:——They should have wiped it up, said my uncle *Toby*, and said no more about it. Slop and Susannah

Chapter III

WHEN the cataplasm was ready, a scruple of *decorum* had unseasonably rose up in *Susannah's* conscience, about holding the candle, whilst *Slop* tied it on; *Slop* had not treated *Susannah's* distemper with anodynes,—and so a quarrel had ensued betwixt them.

——Oh! oh!——said *Slop*, casting a glance of undue freedom in *Susannah's* face, as she declined the office;——then, I think I know you, madam——You know me, Sir! cried *Susannah* fastidiously, and with a toss of her head, levelled evidently, not at his profession, but at the doctor himself,——you know me! cried *Susannah* again.——Doctor *Slop* clapped his finger and his thumb instantly upon his nostrils;——*Susannah's* spleen was ready to burst at it;——'Tis false, said *Susannah*.—Come, come, Mrs. Modesty, said *Slop*, not a little elated with the success of his last thrust,——If you won't hold the candle, and look—you may hold

[1] Nous aurions quelque interêt, says *Baillet*, de montrer qu'il n' a rien de ridicule s'il étoit veritable, au moins dans le sens énigmatique que *Nicius Erythræus* a tâché de lui donner. Cet auteur dit que pour comprendre comme *Lipse*, il a pû composer un ouvrage le premier jour de sa vie, il faut s'imaginer que ce premier jour n'est pas celui de sa naissance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commencé d'user de la raison; il veut que ç'ait été à l'âge de *neuf* ans; et il nous veut persuader que ce fut en cet âge, que *Lipse* fit un poëme. ——Le tour est ingénieux, &c. &c.

Tu quoque! it and shut your eyes:—That's one of your popish shifts, cried *Susannah*:—'Tis better, said *Slop*, with a nod, than no shift at all, young woman;——I defy you, Sir, cried *Susannah*, pulling her shift sleeve below her elbow.

It was almost impossible for two persons to assist each other in a surgical case with a more splenetic cordiality.

Slop snatched up the cataplasm, —— *Susannah* snatched up the candle;——a little this way, said *Slop*; *Susannah* looking one way, and rowing another, instantly set fire to *Slop's* wig, which being somewhat bushy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.———You impudent whore! cried *Slop*,—(for what is passion, but a wild beast?)—you impudent whore, cried *Slop*, getting upright, with the cataplasm in his hand;——I never was the destruction of any body's nose, said *Susannah*,—which is more than you can say:——Is it? cried *Slop*, throwing the cataplasm in her face;——Yes, it is, cried *Susannah*, returning the compliment with what was left in the pan.

Chapter IV

DOCTOR *Slop* and *Susannah* filed cross-bills against each other in the parlour; which done, as the cataplasm had failed, they retired into the kitchen to prepare a fomentation for me;—and whilst that was doing, my father determined the point as you will read.

Chapter V

YOU see 'tis high time, said my father, addressing himself equally to my uncle *Toby* and *Yorick*, to take this young creature out of these women's hands, and put him into those of a private governor. *Marcus Antoninus* provided fourteen governors all at once to superintend his son *Commodus's* education,—and in six weeks he cashiered five of them;—I know very well, continued my father, that *Commodus's* mother was in love with a gladiator at the time of her conception, which accounts for a great many of *Commodus's* cruelties when he became emperor;—but still I am of opinion, that those five whom *Antoninus* dismissed, did *Commodus's* temper, in that short time, more hurt than the other nine were able to rectify all their lives long.

Men to be known by their actions

Now as I consider the person who is to be about my son, as the mirror in which he is to view himself from morning to night, and by which he is to adjust his looks, his carriage, and perhaps the inmost sentiments of his heart;—I would have one, *Yorick*, if possible, polished at all points, fit for my child to look into.——This is very good sense, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himself.

——There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and speaking, which argues a man *well within;* and I am not at all surprised that *Gregory* of *Nazianzum*, upon observing the hasty and untoward gestures of *Julian*, should foretel he would one day become an apostate;——or that St. *Ambrose* should turn his *Amanuensis* out of doors, because of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards and forwards like a flail;——or that *Democritus* should conceive *Protagoras* to be a scholar, from seeing him bind up a faggot, and thrusting,

The ideal tutor

as he did it, the small twigs inwards.——There are a thousand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's soul; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room,—or take it up in going out of it, but something escapes, which discovers him.

It is for these reasons, continued my father, that the governor I make choice of shall neither [1] lisp, or squint, or wink, or talk loud, or look fierce, or foolish;——or bite his lips, or grind his teeth, or speak through his nose, or pick it, or blow it with his fingers.——

He shall neither walk fast,—or slow, or fold his arms,—for that is laziness;—or hang them down,—for that is folly; or hide them in his pocket, for that is nonsense.——

He shall neither strike, or pinch, or tickle,—or bite, or cut his nails, or hawk, or spit, or snift, or drum with his feet or fingers in company;——nor (according to *Erasmus*) shall he speak to any one in making water,—nor shall he point to carrion or excrement.——Now this is all nonsense again, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himself.——

I will have him, continued my father, chearful, faceté, jovial; at the same time, prudent, attentive to business, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in resolving doubts and speculative questions;——he shall be wise, and judicious, and learned:——And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle-tempered, and good? said *Yorick*:——And why not, cried my uncle *Toby*, free, and generous, and bountiful, and brave?——He shall, my dear *Toby*, replied my father, getting up and shaking him by his hand.—Then, brother *Shandy*, answered my uncle *Toby*, raising himself off the chair, and laying

[1] Vid. *Pellegrina*.

down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand, —I humbly beg I may recommend poor *Le Fever's* son to you;—a tear of joy of the first water sparkled in my uncle *Toby's* eye, and another, the fellow to it, in the corporal's, as the proposition was made;——you will see why when you read *Le Fever's* story:——fool that I was! nor can I recollect (nor perhaps you) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindered me from letting the corporal tell it in his own words;—but the occasion is lost,—I must tell it now in my own. Le Fever's story

Chapter VI

THE STORY OF LE FEVER

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which *Dendermond* was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many, after the time, that my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in *Europe*—— when my uncle *Toby* was one evening getting his supper, with *Trim* sitting behind him at a small sideboard,—I say, sitting—for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain)—when my uncle *Toby* dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle *Toby* could have taken *Dendermond* itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time when my uncle *Toby* supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most

Step after him, said my uncle

dutiful respect: this bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together—But this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it?——Ask my pen,—it governs me,—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack; 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast,——*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*———

——If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.——I hope in God he will still mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle *Toby;* and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle *Toby*, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—*Trim*,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;——And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, said my uncle *Toby*,—do, *Trim*,—and ask if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again:——Has he a son with him then? said my uncle *Toby*.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:——He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days. **My uncle Toby's resolve**

My uncle *Toby* laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and *Trim*, without being ordered, took away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——Stay in the room a little, said my uncle *Toby*.

Trim!——said my uncle *Toby*, after he lighted his pipe, and smoak'd about a dozen whiffs.——*Trim* came in front of his master, and made his bow;—my uncle *Toby* smoak'd on, and said no more.——Corporal! said my uncle *Toby*——the corporal made his bow.——My uncle *Toby* proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle *Toby*, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.——Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. *Nicholas;*——and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle *Toby;* but I am not at rest in my mind, *Trim*, since the account the

Trim brings news

landlord has given me.——I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle *Toby*,—or that I had known more of it:——How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;——I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.——Thou shalt go, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.——I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle *Toby* filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor *Le Fever* and his boy the whole time he smoaked it.

Chapter VII

The story of le fever continued

IT was not till my uncle *Toby* had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal *Trim* returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired, at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.—Is he in the army, then? said my uncle *Toby*——He is, said the corporal——And in what regiment? said my uncle *Toby*——I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, *Trim*, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle *Toby*, and

not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, *Trim*, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*Your honour is good:*——And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and begun the story to my uncle *Toby* over again in pretty near the same words. **of Le Fever and his son**

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,—That's a right distinction, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;——that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.——But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;——and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;——but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.——Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.——I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.——I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.——The youth took hold of my hand, and in-

Good-natured fellows

stantly burst into tears.——Poor youth! said my uncle *Toby*,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, *Trim*, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

——I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain *Shandy's* servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar ——(And thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle *Toby*)——he was heartily welcome to it:——He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour), but no answer—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.——Mr. *Yorick's* curate was smoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.——I thought it wrong; added the corporal——I think so too, said my uncle *Toby*.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.——I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,——for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.——

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. *Trim*, never said your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.——Are you sure of it? replied the curate.——A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;——and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.——'Twas well said of thee, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.——But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, —or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harassing others to-morrow;—detached here; —countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;——must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson,— though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.——Thou shouldst not have said that, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, —for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:——At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then)— it will be seen who has done their duties in this world, —and who has not; and we shall be advanced, *Trim*, accordingly.——I hope we shall, said *Trim*.——It is in the Scripture, said my uncle *Toby*; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend

Trim on prayer

A tragic story

upon it, *Trim*, for our comfort, said my uncle *Toby*, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:——I hope not, said the corporal——But go on, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beside it:——The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling,—the book was laid upon the bed,—and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.——Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:—If you are captain *Shandy's* servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of *Leven's*—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was.—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in *Flanders*, and remember him,—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one *Le Fever*, a lieutenant in *Angus's*——but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing;——possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain I was the ensign at *Breda*, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the story

n't please your honour, said I, very well.——Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,— hen well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ibband about his neck, and kiss'd it twice——Here, *Billy*, said he,——the boy flew across the room to the bed-side,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ing in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

His last day's march is over

I wish, said my uncle *Toby*, with a deep sigh,—I wish, *Trim*, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?——Do, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.

I remember, said my uncle *Toby*, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon:—'Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night; young *Le Fever* rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from *Ireland*, and were on their route to join the regiment in *Flanders*.——But alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle *Toby*.

Chapter VIII

THE STORY OF LE FEVER CONTINUED

Trim's oversight

IT was to my uncle *Toby's* eternal honour,——though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves——That notwithstanding my uncle *Toby* was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of *Dendermond*, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that nevertheless he gave up *Dendermond*, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of *Dendermond* into a blockade,—he left *Dendermond* to itself—to be relieved or not by the *French* king, as the *French* king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

——That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompence thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle *Toby* to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,——and I will tell thee in what, *Trim.*——In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to *Le Fever*——as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because had he stood in need, thou knowest, *Trim*, he had been

welcome to it as myself.——Your honour knows, The Recording Angel's tear
id the corporal, I had no orders;——True, quoth
y uncle *Toby*,—thou didst very right, *Trim*, as a
ldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the
me excuse, continued my uncle *Toby*,——when thou
eredst him whatever was in my house,——thou
ouldst have offered him my house too:——A sick
other officer should have the best quarters, *Trim*, and
we had him with us,—we could tend and look to
n:——Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, *Trim*,—
d what with thy care of him, and the old woman's,
d his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him
ain at once, and set him upon his legs.———

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle
by, smiling,——he might march.——He will never
arch; an' please your honour, in this world, said the
rporal:——He will march; said my uncle *Toby*,
ing up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:
——An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will
ver march but to his grave:——He shall march,
ed my uncle *Toby*, marching the foot which had a
oe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall
arch to his regiment.——He cannot stand it, said the
rporal;——He shall be supported, said my uncle
by;——He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and
at will become of his boy?——He shall not drop,
d my uncle *Toby*, firmly.——A-well-o'day,—do
at we can for him, said *Trim*, maintaining his poi
the poor soul will die:——He shall not die, by G
ed my uncle *Toby*.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up t
ancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave
e RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it dow
r upon the word, and blotted it out f

Chapter IX

Uncle Toby proposes

——MY uncle *Toby* went to his bureau,—put h
purse into his breeches pocket, and havir
ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for
physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

Chapter X

THE STORY OF LE FEVER CONTINUED

THE sun looked bright the morning after, to ever
eye in the village but *Le Fever's* and his afflicte
son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his ey
lids,——and hardly could the wheel at the ciste
turn round its circle,—when my uncle *Toby*, who ha
rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered th
lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, s
himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and ind
pendently of all modes and customs, opened the curta
in the manner an old friend and brother officer wou
have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he ha
rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—whe
was his pain,—and what he could do to help him:——
and without giving him time to answer any one of th
enquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan whi
he had been concerting with the corporal the nig
re for him.——

—You shall go home directly, *Le Fever*, said n
by, to my house,—and we'll send for a doct
s the matter,—and we'll have an apothecar
rporal shall be your nurse;——and I'll
Le Fever.

There was a frankness in my uncle *Toby*,—not the -t of familiarity,—but the *cause* of it,—which let you nce into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of nature; to this, there was something in his looks, voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally koned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter ler him; so that before my uncle *Toby* had half shed the kind offers he was making to the father, l the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, l had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was ling it towards him.——The blood and spirits of *Fever*, which were waxing cold and slow within n, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment, he looked up wishfully in my uncle *Toby's* face,— n cast a look upon his boy,——and that *ligament*, e as it was,—was never broken.———

But Death disposes

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to place,——the pulse fluttered——stopp'd——went ——throbb'd——stopp'd again——moved—— pp'd——shall I go on?——No.

Chapter XI

AM so impatient to return to my own story, that what remains of young *Le Fever's*, that is, from s turn of his fortune, to the time my uncle *Toby* ommended him for my preceptor, shall be told in ery few words in the next chapter.—All that is essary to be added to this chapter is as follows.—

That my uncle *Toby*, with young *Le Fever* in his d, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, his grave.

That the governor of *Dendermond* paid his obsequies

A sermoniser on his own sermons

all military honours,—and that *Yorick*, not to b behind-hand—paid him all ecclesiastic—for he burie him in his chancel:—And it appears likewise, h preached a funeral sermon over him——I say it *ap pears*,—for it was *Yorick's* custom, which I suppo a general one with those of his profession, on the fir leaf of every sermon which he composed, to chronic down the time, the place, and the occasion of its bein preached: to this, he was ever wont to add some sho comment or stricture upon the sermon itself, seldon indeed, much to its credit:—For instance, *This serm upon the Jewish dispensation—I don't like it at all;— Though I own there is a world of* WATER-LANDI *knowledge in it,—but 'tis all tritical, and most tritica put together.——This is but a flimsy kind of a com bosition; what was in my head when I made it?*

——N. B. *The excellency of this text is, that it w suit any sermon,—and of this sermon,——that it will st any text.——*

——For this sermon I shall be hanged,—for I hav stolen the greatest part of it. Doctor Paidagunes *foun me out.* ☞ *Set a thief to catch a thief.——*

On the back of half a dozen I find written, *So, s* and no more——and upon a couple *Moderato;* b which, as far as one may gather from *Altieri's Itali* dictionary,—but mostly from the authority of a pie of green whipcord, which seemed to have been th unravelling of *Yorick's* whip-lash, with which he h left us the two sermons marked *Moderato*, and th half dozen of *So, so*, tied fast together in one bund by themselves,—one may safely suppose he mea pretty near the same thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this co jecture, which is this, that the *moderato's* are five tim better than the *so, so's*;—show ten times more knov

lge of the human heart;—have seventy times more t and spirit in them;—(and, to rise properly in my max)—discovered a thousand times more genius;— l to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than ose tied up with them:—for which reason, whene'er *rick's dramatic* sermons are offered to the world, ough I shall admit but one out of the whole number the *so, so's*, I shall, nevertheless, adventure to print e two *moderato's* without any sort of scruple.

Musical terms applied to theology

What *Yorick* could mean by the words *lentamente*, *tenutè*,—*grave*,—and sometimes *adagio*,—as applied *theological* compositions, and with which he has aracterised some of these sermons, I dare not venture guess.——I am more puzzled still upon finding *a ctava alta!* upon one;——*Con strepito* upon the ck of another;——*Siciliana* upon a third;——*Alla bella* upon a fourth;——*Con l'arco* upon this;—— *nza l'arco* upon that.——All I know is, that they e musical terms, and have a meaning;——and as he as a musical man, I will make no doubt, but that by me quaint application of such metaphors to the compositions in hand, they impressed very distinct ideas of eir several characters upon his fancy,—whatever they ay do upon that of others.

Amongst these, there is that particular sermon which s unaccountably led me into this digression——The neral sermon upon poor *Le Fever*, wrote out very rly, as if from a hasty copy.—I take notice of it the ore, because it seems to have been his favourite comsition——It is upon mortality; and is tied lengthays and cross-ways with a yarn thrum, and then lled up and twisted round with a half-sheet of dirty ue paper, which seems to have been once the cast ver of a general review, which to this day smells rribly of horse drugs.——Whether these marks of

Vanity reduced to a shadow

humiliation were designed,—I something doubt;——because at the end of the sermon (and not at the beginning of it)—very different from his way of treating the rest, he had wrote——

Bravo!

——Though not very offensively,——for it is at two inches, at least, and a half's distance from, and below the concluding line of the sermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right-hand corner of it, which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb; and, to do it justice, it is wrote besides with a crow's quill so faintly in a small *Italian* hand, as scarce to solicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not,—so that from the *manner of it*, it stands half excused; and being wrote moreover with very pale ink, diluted almost to nothing,—'tis more like a *ritratto* of the shadow of vanity, than of VANITY herself—of the two; resembling rather a faint thought of transient applause, secretly stirring up in the heart of the composer; than a gross mark of it, coarsely obtruded upon the world.

With all these extenuations, I am aware, that in publishing this, I do no service to *Yorick's* character as a modest man;—but all men have their failings! and what lessens this still farther, and almost wipes it away, is this; that the word was struck through sometime afterwards (as appears from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite across it in this manner ~~BRAVO~~——as if he had retracted, or was ashamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

These short characters of his sermons were always written, excepting in this one instance, upon the first leaf of his sermon, which served as a cover to it; and usually upon the inside of it, which was turned toward the text;—but at the end of his discourse, where, per-

aps, he had five or six pages, and sometimes, perhaps, whole score to turn himself in,—he took a large cir- uit, and, indeed, a much more mettlesome one;—as he had snatched the occasion of unlacing himself with a few more frolicksome strokes at vice, than the craitness of the pulpit allowed.—These, though hussar- ke, they skirmish lightly and out of all order, are still uxiliaries on the side of virtue;—tell me then, Myn- eer Vander Blonederdondergewdenstronke, why they hould not be printed together? Sufficient fortune

Chapter XII

WHEN my uncle *Toby* had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and *Le Fever*, and betwixt *Le Fever* nd all mankind,——there remained nothing more in ny uncle *Toby's* hands, than an old regimental coat nd a sword; so that my uncle *Toby* found little or no pposition from the world in taking administration. The coat my uncle *Toby* gave the corporal;——Wear t, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, as long as it will hold ogether, for the sake of the poor lieutenant——And his,——said my uncle *Toby*, taking up the sword in is hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he poke——and this, *Le Fever*, I'll save for thee,—'tis ll the fortune, continued my uncle *Toby*, hanging it p upon a crook, and pointing to it,—'tis all the fortune, ny dear *Le Fever*, which God has left thee; but if he as given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the vorld,—and thou doest it like a man of honour,—'tis nough for us.

As soon as my uncle *Toby* had laid a foundation, and aught him to inscribe a regular polygon in a circle, he

A soldier's son

sent him to a public school, where, excepting *Whitsontide* and *Christmas*, at which times the corporal was punctually dispatched for him,—he remained to the spring of the year, seventeen; when the stories of the emperor's sending his army into *Hungary* against the *Turks*, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his *Greek* and *Latin* without leave, and throwing himself upon his knees before my uncle *Toby*, begged his father's sword, and my uncle *Toby's* leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under *Eugene.*—Twice did my uncle *Toby* forget his wound and cry out, *Le Fever!* I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me——And twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation.——

My uncle *Toby* took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up;——and having detained *Le Fever* a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to *Leghorn*,—he put the sword into his hand. ——If thou art brave, *Le Fever*, said my uncle *Toby*, this will not fail thee,——but Fortune, said he (musing a little),——Fortune may——And if she does,—added my uncle *Toby*, embracing him, come back again to me, *Le Fever*, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of *Le Fever* more than my uncle *Toby's* paternal kindness;——he parted from my uncle *Toby*, as the best of sons from the best of fathers——both dropped tears——and as my uncle *Toby* gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand, —and bid God bless him.

Chapter XIII

LE Fever got up to the Imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of, at the defeat of the *Turks* before *Belgrade;* but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together after; he had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at *Marseilles*, from whence he wrote my uncle *Toby* word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and, in short, every thing but his sword;——and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him.

The best are ever the bravest

As this letter came to hand about six weeks before *Susannah's* accident, *Le Fever* was hourly expected; and was uppermost in my uncle *Toby's* mind all the time my father was giving him and *Yorick* a description of what kind of a person he would chuse for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle *Toby* thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forebore mentioning *Le Fever's* name, ——till the character, by *Yorick's* interposition, ending unexpectedly, in one, who should be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed the image of *Le Fever*, and his interest, upon my uncle *Toby* so forcibly, he rose instantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands——I beg, brother *Shandy*, said my uncle *Toby*, I may recommend poor *Le Fever's* son to you—— I beseech you do, added *Yorick*——He has a good heart, said my uncle *Toby*——And a brave one too, an' please your honour, said the corporal.

——The best hearts, *Trim*, are ever the bravest, replied my uncle *Toby*.——And the greatest cowards,

Fame doubles everything

an' please your honour, in our regiment, were the greatest rascals in it.——There was serjeant *Kumber*, and ensign———

——We'll talk of them, said my father, another time.

Chapter XIV

WHAT a jovial and a merry world would this be, may it please your worships, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, discontent, melancholy, large jointures, impositions, and lies!

Doctor *Slop*, like a son of a w——, as my father called him for it,—to exalt himself,—debased me to death,—and made ten thousand times more of *Susannah's* accident, than there was any grounds for; so that in a week's time, or less, it was in every body's mouth, *That poor Master Shandy* * * * * * * * * * * * * entirely.—And Fame, who loves to double every thing,—in three days more, had sworn, positively she saw it,—and all the world, as usual, gave credit to her evidence——"That the nursery window had not only * * * * * * * * * * * *

=port, in silence—was to acknowledge it openly,— Breeching a boy
t least in the opinion of one half of the world; and
o make a bustle again, in contradicting it,—was to
onfirm it as strongly in the opinion of the other
alf.———

——Was ever poor devil of a country gentleman so ampered? said my father.

I would shew him publickly, said my uncle *Toby*, at he market cross.

——'Twill have no effect, said my father.

Chapter XV

——I'll put him, however, into breeches, said my ather,—let the world say what it will.

Chapter XVI

THERE are a thousand resolutions, Sir, both in church and state, as well as in matters, Madam, f a more private concern;—which, though they have arried all the appearance in the world of being taken, nd entered upon in a hasty, hare-brained, and unadvised anner, were, notwithstanding this (and could you or have got into the cabinet, or stood behind the curtain, e should have found it was so), weighed, poized, and erpended——argued upon——canvassed through—— ntered into, and examined on all sides with so much oolness, that the goddess of coolness herself (I do ot take upon me to prove her existence) could neither ave wished it, or done it better.

Of the number of these was my father's resolution f putting me into breeches; which, though determined

From Philip drunk to Philip sober

at once,—in a kind of huff, and a defiance of all mankind, had, nevertheless, been *pro'd* and *conn'd*, and judicially talked over betwixt him and my mother about a month before, in two several *beds of justice*, which my father had held for that purpose. I shall explain the nature of these beds of justice in my next chapter; and in the chapter following that, you shall step with me, Madam, behind the curtain, only to hear in what kind of manner my father and my mother debated between themselves, this affair of the breeches,—from which you may form an idea, how they debated all lesser matters.

Chapter XVII

THE ancient *Goths* of *Germany*, who (the learned *Cluverius* is positive) were first seated in the country between the *Vistula* and the *Oder*, and who afterwards incorporated the *Herculi*, the *Bugians*, and some other *Vandallick* clans to 'em—had all of them a wise custom of debating every thing of importance to their state, twice; that is,—once drunk, and once sober:——Drunk—that their councils might not want vigour;——and sober—that they might not want discretion.

Now my father being entirely a water-drinker,—was a long time gravelled almost to death, in turning this as much to his advantage, as he did every other thing which the ancients did or said; and it was not till the seventh year of his marriage, after a thousand fruitless experiments and devices, that he hit upon an expedient which answered the purpose;——and that was, when any difficult and momentous point was to be settled in the family, which required great sobriety, and great spirit too, in its determination,——he fixed and

Shandean beds of justice

et apart the first *Sunday* night in the month, and the *Saturday* night which immediately preceded it, to argue over, in bed, with my mother: By which contrivance, you consider, Sir, with yourself, * * *

* * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

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* * * *

These my father, humorously enough, called his *beds of justice*;——for from the two different counsels taken in these two different humours, a middle one was generally found out which touched the point of wisdom as well as if he had got drunk and sober a hundred times.

It must not be made a secret of to the world, that his answers full as well in literary discussions, as either in military or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the *Goths* and *Vandals* did it——or, if he can, may it be always for his body's health; and to do it, as my father did it,—am I sure it would be always for his soul's.

My way is this:——

In all nice and ticklish discussions—(of which, heaven knows, there are but too many in my book),—where I find I cannot take a step without the danger of having either their worships or their reverences upon my back——I write one-half *full*,—and t'other *fasting*;——or write it all full,—and correct it fasting;——or write it fasting,—and correct it full, for they all come to the same thing:——So that with a less variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the *Gothick*——I feel myself upon a par with him in his first bed of justice,—and no way inferior to him in his second.——These different and almost irreconcileable effects flow uniformly from the wise and wonder-

and Shandean book-writing

ful mechanism of nature,—of which,—be her's the honour.——All that we can do, is to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactory of the arts and sciences.

Now, when I write full,—I write as if I was never to write fasting again as long as I live;—that is, I write free from the cares as well as the terrors of the world.——I count not the number of my scars,—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and bye-corners to antedate my stabs.——In a word, my pen takes its course; and I write on as much from the fulness of my heart, as my stomach.——

But when, an' please your honours, I indite fasting, 'tis a different history.——I pay the world all possible attention and respect,—and have as great a share (whilst it lasts) of that under-strapping virtue of discretion as the best of you.——So that betwixt both, I write a careless kind of a civil, nonsensical, good-humoured *Shandean* book, which will do all your hearts good———

——And all your heads too,—provided you understand it.

Chapter XVIII

WE should begin, said my father, turning himself half round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate——We should begin to think, Mrs. *Shandy*, of putting this boy into breeches.——

We should so,—said my mother.——We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, shamefully.———

I think we do, Mr. *Shandy*,—said my mother.

——Not but the child looks extremely well, said my father, in his vests and tunicks.——

Mr. and Mrs. Shandy hold debate

———He does look very well in them,—replied y mother.———

——And for that reason it would be almost a sin, lded my father, to take him out of 'em.——

——It would so,—said my mother:——But indeed e is growing a very tall lad,—rejoined my father.

——He is very tall for his age, indeed,—said my other.——

——I can not (making two syllables of it) imagine, uoth my father, who the deuce he takes after.——

I cannot conceive for my life,—said my mother.——

Humph!——said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

——I am very short myself,—continued my father avely.

You are very short, Mr. *Shandy*,—said my mother.

Humph! quoth my father to himself, a second time: muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little rther from my mother's,—and turning about again, ere was an end of the debate for three minutes and half.

——When he gets these breeches made, cried my ther in a higher tone, he'll look like a beast in 'em.

He will be very awkward in them at first, replied y mother.——

——And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worse on't, dded my father.

It will be very lucky, answered my mother.

I suppose, replied my father,—making some pause rst,—he'll be exactly like other people's children.——

Exactly, said my mother.———

——Though I shall be sorry for that, added my ther: and so the debate stopp'd again.

——They should be of leather, said my father, rning him about again.—

A wifely echo

They will last him, said my mother, the longest.

But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father.———

He cannot, said my mother.

'Twere better to have them of fustian, quoth my father.

Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.———

——Except dimity,—replied my father:——'Tis best of all,—replied my mother.

——One must not give him his death, however,—interrupted my father.

By no means, said my mother:——and so the dialogue stood still again.

I am resolved, however, quoth my father, breaking silence the fourth time, he shall have no pockets in them.——

——There is no occasion for any, said my mother.———

I mean in his coat and waistcoat,—cried my father.

——I mean so too,—replied my mother.

——Though if he gets a gig or top——Poor souls! it is a crown and a sceptre to them,—they should have where to secure it.———

Order it as you please, Mr. *Shandy*, replied my mother.———

——But don't you think it right? added my father, pressing the point home to her.

Perfectly, said my mother, if it pleases you, Mr. *Shandy*.———

——There's for you! cried my father, losing temper——Pleases me!——You never will distinguish, Mrs. *Shandy*, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience.——This was on the *Sunday* night:——and further this chapter sayeth not.

Chapter XIX

Sartorial matters

AFTER my father had debated the affair of the breeches with my mother,—he consulted *Al-rtus Rubenius* upon it; and *Albertus Rubenius* used y father ten times worse in the consultation (if ssible) than even my father had used my mother: or as *Rubenius* had wrote a quarto *express*, *De re estiaria Veterum*,—it was *Rubenius's* business to ve given my father some lights.—On the contrary, y father might as well have thought of extracting e seven cardinal virtues out of a long beard,—as of xtracting a single word out of *Rubenius* upon the bject.

Upon every other article of ancient dress, *Rubenius* as very communicative to my father;—gave him a ll and satisfactory account of

The Toga, or loose gown.
The Chlamys.
The Ephod.
The Tunica, or Jacket.
The Synthesis.
The Pænula.
The Lacema, with its Cucullus.
The Paludamentum.
The Prætexta.
The Sagum, or soldier's jerkin.
The Trabea: of which, according to *Suetonius*, ere were three kinds.—

——But what are all these to the breeches? said father.

Rubenius threw him down upon the counter all nds of shoes which had been in fashion with the *mans*.———

Boots— but no breeches

There was,
The open shoe.
The close shoe.
The slip shoe.
The wooden shoe.
The soc.
The buskin.
And The military shoe with hobnails in it, which *Juvenal* takes notice of.
There were, The clogs.
The pattins.
The pantoufles.
The brogues.
The sandals, with latchets to them.
There was, The felt shoe.
The linen shoe.
The laced shoe.
The braided shoe.
The calceus incisus.
And The calceus rostratus.

Rubenius shewed my father how well they all fitted,—in what manner they laced on,—with what points, straps, thongs, latchets, ribbands, jaggs, and ends.———

——But I want to be informed about the breeches, said my father.

Alberius Rubenius informed my father that the *Romans* manufactured stuffs of various fabrics,——some plain,—some striped,—others diapered throughout the whole contexture of the wool, with silk and gold——That linen did not begin to be in common use till towards the declension of the empire, when the *Egyptians* coming to settle amongst them, brought it into vogue.

——That persons of quality and fortune distinguished themselves by the fineness and whiteness o

eir clothes; which colour (next to purple, which was propriated to the great offices) they most affected, d wore on their birth-days and public rejoicings. —That it appeared from the best historians of those nes, that they frequently sent their clothes to the ller, to be clean'd and whitened:——but that the ferior people, to avoid that expence, generally wore own clothes, and of a something coarser texture,— l towards the beginning of *Augustus's* reign, when e slave dressed like his master, and almost every dis- nction of habiliment was lost, but the *Latus Clavus*.

Who shall decide?

And what was the *Latus Clavus?* said my father.

Rubenius told him, that the point was still litigating nongst the learned:——That *Egnatius*, *Sigonius*, *ossius Ticinensis*, *Bayfius*, *Budæus*, *Salmasius*, *Lipsius*, *azius*, *Isaac Casaubon*, and *Joseph Scaliger*, all differed om each other,—and he from them: That some took to be the button,—some the coat itself,—others nly the colour of it:—That the great *Bayfius*, in his Vardrobe of the Ancients, chap. 12—honestly said, e knew not what it was,—whether a tibula,—a ud,—a button,—a loop,—a buckle,—or clasps and eepers.———

——My father lost the horse, but not the saddle —They are *hooks and eyes*, said my father——and ith hooks and eyes he ordered my breeches to be ade.

Chapter XX

WE are now going to enter upon a new scene of events.———

——Leave we then the breeches in the taylor's ands, with my father standing over him with his cane, eading him as he sat at work a lecture upon the *latus*

Fate and Nature work together

clavus, and pointing to the precise part of the waistband where he was determined to have it sewed on.——

Leave we my mother—(truest of all the *Pococurantes* of her sex!)—careless about it, as about every thing else in the world which concerned her;—that is,—indifferent whether it was done this way or that,—provided it was but done at all.——

Leave we *Slop* likewise to the full profits of all my dishonours.——

Leave we poor *Le Fever* to recover, and get home from *Marseilles* as he can.——And last of all,—because the hardest of all——

Let us leave, if possible, *myself:*——But 'tis impossible,—I must go along with you to the end of the work.

Chapter XXI

IF the reader has not a clear conception of the roo and the half of ground which lay at the bottom o my uncle *Toby's* kitchen-garden, and which was th scene of so many of his delicious hours,—the fault i not in me,—but in his imagination;—for I am sure gave him so minute a description, I was almost ashame of it.

When Fate was looking forwards one afternoon into the great transactions of future times, and recollected for what purposes this little plot, by a decre fast bound down in iron, had been destined,—she gav a nod to Nature,—'twas enough—Nature threw hal a spade full of her kindliest compost upon it, with jus so *much* clay in it, as to retain the forms of angles an indentings,—and so *little* of it too, as not to cling t the spade, and render works of so much glory, nast in foul weather.

My uncle *Toby* came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almost every fortified town in *Italy* and *Flanders*; so let the Duke of *Marlborough*, or the allies, have set down before what town they pleased, my uncle *Toby* was prepared for them.

Uncle Toby's plan of campaign

His way, which was the simplest one in the world, was this; as soon as ever a town was invested—(but sooner when the design was known) to take the plan of it (let it be what town it would), and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact size of his bowling-green; upon the surface of which, by means of a large role of packthread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the several angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and slopes of the ditches,—the talus of the glacis, and the precise height of the several banquets, parapets, &c.—he set the corporal to work——and sweetly went it in:——The nature of the soil,—the nature of the work itself,—and above all, the good-nature of my uncle *Toby* sitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the corporal upon past-done deeds,—left LABOUR little else but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finished in this manner, and put into a proper posture of defence,—it was invested,—and my uncle *Toby* and the corporal began to run their first parallel.——I beg I may not be interrupted in my story, by being told, *That the first parallel should be at least three hundred toises distant from the main body of the place,—and that I have not left a single inch for it*;———for my uncle *Toby* took the liberty of encroaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the sake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green, and for that reason generally ran his first and second parallels

The enthusiasts betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his cauliflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be considered at large in the history of my uncle *Toby's* and the corporal's campaigns, of which, this I'm now writing is but a sketch, and will be finished, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no guessing) ——The campaigns themselves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in so flimsy a performance as this, to rhapsodize them, as I once intended, into the body of the work——surely they had better be printed apart,——we'll consider the affair——so take the following sketch of them in the mean time.

Chapter XXII

WHEN the town, with its works, was finished, my uncle *Toby* and the corporal began to run their first parallel——not at random, or any how——but from the same points and distances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks, by the accounts my uncle *Toby* received from the daily papers,—they went on, during the whole siege, step by step with the allies.

When the duke of *Marlborough* made a lodgment,——my uncle *Toby* made a lodgment too,——And when the face of a bastion was battered down, or a defence ruined,—the corporal took his mattock and did as much,—and so on;——gaining ground, and making themselves masters of the works one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleasure in the happy state of others,—there could not have been a greater sight in the world, than, on a post-morning, in which a practic-

ble breach had been made by the duke of *Marlborough*, n the main body of the place,—to have stood behind he horn-beam hedge, and observed the spirit with which my uncle *Toby*, with *Trim* behind him, sallied orth;——the one with the *Gazette* in his hand,—the ther with a spade on his shoulder to execute the ontents.——What an honest triumph in my uncle *Toby's* looks as he marched up to the ramparts! What ntense pleasure swimming in his eye as he stood over he corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to im, as he was at work, lest, peradventure, he should nake the breach an inch too wide,—or leave it an inch oo narrow.——But when the *chamade* was beat, and he corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with he colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts —Heaven! Earth! Sea!——but what avails apos-rophes!——with all your elements, wet or dry, ye ever compounded so intoxicating a draught. at their work

In this track of happiness for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then when the vind continued to blow due west for a week or ten lays together, which detained the *Flanders* mail, and kept them so long in torture,—but still 'twas the torture of the happy——In this track, I say, did my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* move for many years, every year of which, and sometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding some new conceit or quirk of improvement to their opera-ions, which always opened fresh springs of delight in carrying them on.

The first year's campaign was carried on from beginning to end, in the plain and simple method I've elated.

In the second year, in which my uncle *Toby* took *Liege* and *Ruremond*, he thought he might afford the

The sentry-box set up

expence of four handsome draw-bridges, of two of which I have given an exact description in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the same year he added a couple of gates with portcullises:——These last were converted afterwards into orgues, as the better thing; and during the winter of the same year, my uncle *Toby*, instead of a new suit of clothes, which he always had at *Christmas*, treated himself with a handsome sentry-box, to stand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis, there was left a little kind of an esplanade for him and the corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

——The sentry-box was in case of rain.

All these were painted white three times over the ensuing spring, which enabled my uncle *Toby* to take the field with great splendour.

My father would often say to *Yorick*, that if any mortal in the whole universe had done such a thing, except his brother *Toby*, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the most refined satires upon the parade and prancing manner in which *Lewis* XIV. from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field——But 'tis not my brother *Toby's* nature, kind soul! my father would add, to insult any one.

——But let us go on.

Chapter XXIII

I MUST observe, that although in the first year's campaign, the word *town* is often mentioned,—yet there was no town at that time within the polygon

hat addition was not made till the summer following he spring in which the bridges and sentry-box were ainted, which was the third year of my uncle *Toby's* ampaigns,—when upon his taking *Amberg*, *Bonn*, and *Rhinberg*, and *Huy* and *Limbourg*, one after another, a hought came into the corporal's head, that to talk of aking so many towns, *without one* TOWN *to shew for t*,—was a very nonsensical way of going to work, and o proposed to my uncle *Toby*, that they should have little model of a town built for them,—to be run up ogether of slit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon to serve for all.

A Protean town

My uncle *Toby* felt the good of the project instantly, nd instantly agreed to it, but with the addition of two ingular improvements, of which he was almost as proud s if he had been the original inventor of the project itself.

The one was, to have the town built exactly in he style of those of which it was most likely to be he representative:——with grated windows, and the able ends of the houses, facing the streets, &c. &c.— s those in *Ghent* and *Bruges*, and the rest of the towns n *Brabant* and *Flanders*.

The other was, not to have the houses run up ogether, as the corporal proposed, but to have every ouse independent, to hook on, or off, so as to form nto the plan of whatever town they pleased. This vas put directly into hand, and many and many a look f mutual congratulation was exchanged between my ncle *Toby* and the corporal, as the carpenter did the ork.

——It answered prodigiously the next summer—— he town was a perfect *Proteus*——It was *Landen*, and *Trerebach*, and *Santvliet*, and *Drusen*, and *Hagenau*,— nd then it was *Ostend* and *Menin*, and *Aeth* and *Dendermond*.

Trim in his inventiveness

——Surely never did any TOWN act so many parts, since *Sodom* and *Gomorah*, as my uncle *Toby's* town did.

In the fourth year, my uncle *Toby* thinking a town looked foolishly without a church, added a very fine one with a steeple——*Trim* was for having bells in it;——my uncle *Toby* said, the metal had better be cast into cannon.

This led the way the next campaign for half a dozen brass field-pieces, to be planted three and three on each side of my uncle *Toby's* sentry-box; and in a short time, these led the way for a train of somewhat larger,—and so on—(as must always be the case in hobby-horsical affairs) from pieces of half an inch bore, till it came at last to my father's jack boots.

The next year, which was that in which *Lisle* was besieged, and at the close of which both *Ghent* and *Bruges* fell into our hands,—my uncle *Toby* was sadly put to it for *proper* ammunition;——I say proper ammunition——because his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the *Shandy* family they would not——For so full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the siege, of the incessant firings kept up by the besiegers,——and so heated was my uncle *Toby's* imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly shot away all his estate.

SOMETHING therefore was wanting as a *succedaneum* especially in one or two of the more violent paroxysms of the siege, to keep up something like a continual firing in the imagination,——and this *something*, the corporal whose principal strength lay in invention, supplied by an entire new system of battering of his own,—without which, this had been objected to by military critics, to

e end of the world, as one of the great *desiderata* of y uncle *Toby's* apparatus.

This will not be explained the worse, for setting off, I generally do, at a little distance from the subject.

makes use of Turkish tobacco-pipes

Chapter XXIV

WITH two or three other trinkets, small in themselves, but of great regard, which poor *Tom*, the rporal's unfortunate brother, had sent him over, with e account of his marriage with the *Jew's* widow ——there was

A *Montero*-cap and two *Turkish* tobacco-pipes.

The *Montero*-cap I shall describe by and bye.—— he *Turkish* tobacco-pipes had nothing particular in em, they were fitted up and ornamented as usual, with exible tubes of *Morocco* leather and gold wire, and ounted at their ends, the one of them with ivory, -the other with black ebony, tipp'd with silver.

My father, who saw all things in lights different om the rest of the world, would say to the corporal, at he ought to look upon these two presents more as kens of his brother's nicety, than his affection.—— *om* did not care, *Trim*, he would say, to put on the p, or to smoke in the tobacco-pipe of a *Jew*.—— od bless your honour, the corporal would say, giving a strong reason to the contrary)—how can at be?

The Montero-cap was scarlet, of a superfine *Spanish* oth, dyed in grain, and mounted all round with fur, xcept about four inches in the front, which was faced ith a light blue, slightly embroidered,—and seemed to ave been the property of a *Portuguese* quartermaster, ot of foot, but of horse, as the word denotes.

The much-used Montero-cap

The corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for its own sake, as the sake of the giver, so seldom or never put it on but upon GALA-days; and yet never was a Montero-cap put to so many uses; for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the corporal was sure he was in the right,—it was either his *oath*,—his *wager*,—or his *gift*.

——'Twas his gift in the present case.

I'll be bound, said the corporal, speaking to himself, to *give* away my Montero-cap to the first beggar who comes to the door, if I do not manage this matter to his honour's satisfaction.

The completion was no further off, than the very next morning; which was that of the storm of the counterscarp betwixt the *Lower Deule*, to the right, and the gate St. *Andrew*,—and on the left, between St. *Magdalen's* and the river.

As this was the most memorable attack in the whole war,—the most gallant and obstinate on both sides,—and I must add the most bloody too, for it cost the allies themselves that morning above eleven hundred men,—my uncle *Toby* prepared himself for it with a more than ordinary solemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my uncle *Toby* went to bed, he ordered his ramallie wig, which had laid inside out for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which stood by his bedside, to be taken out and laid upon the lid of it, ready for the morning;—and the very first thing he did in his shirt, when he had stepped out of bed, my uncle *Toby*, after he had turned the rough side outwards,—put it on:——This done, he proceeded next to his breeches, and having buttoned the waistband, he forthwith buckled on his sword-belt, and had got his sword half way in,—when he considered he should want shaving, and that it would be

ery inconvenient doing it with his sword on,—so took off:——In assaying to put on his regimental coat nd waistcoat, my uncle *Toby* found the same objection n his wig,—so that went off too:—So that what with ne thing and what with another, as always falls out vhen a man is in the most haste,—'twas ten o'clock, vhich was half an hour later than his usual time, before ny uncle *Toby* sallied out. Trim begins the attack

Chapter XXV

MY uncle *Toby* had scarce turned the corner of his yew hedge, which separated his kitchen-garden rom his bowling-green, when he perceived the corporal ad begun the attack without him.——

Let me stop and give you a picture of the corporal's pparatus; and of the corporal himself in the height of is attack, just as it struck my uncle *Toby*, as he turned owards the sentry-box, where the corporal was at vork,——for in nature there is not such another,—— or can any combination of all that is grotesque and vhimsical in her works produce its equal.

The corporal———

——Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, ——for he was your kinsman:

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness,—for he vas your brother.—Oh corporal! had I thee, but ow,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and rotection,—how would I cherish thee! thou should'st vear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and very day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I vould purchase thee a couple like it:——But alas! las! alas! now that I can do this in spite of their everences—the occasion is lost—for thou art gone;—

Powderless smoke

thy genius fled up to the stars from whence it came; —and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open vessels, compressed into a *clod of the valley!*

——But what——what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military ensigns of thy master—the first—the foremost of created beings;——where, I shall see thee, faithful servant! laying his sword and scabbard with a trembling hand across his coffin, and then returning pale as ashes to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee;——where—all my father's systems shall be baffled by his sorrows; and, in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lackered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew which nature has shed upon them——When I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears,——O *Toby!* in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow?

——Gracious powers! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain——when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a stinted hand.

Chapter XXVI

THE corporal, who the night before had resolved in his mind to supply the grand *desideratum*, of keeping up something like an incessant firing upon the enemy during the heat of the attack,—had no further idea in his fancy at that time, than a contrivance of smoking tobacco against the town, out of one of my uncle *Toby's* six field-pieces, which were planted on

ch side of his sentry-box; the means of effecting **The method of its production**
ich occurring to his fancy at the same time, though
had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger
m the miscarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way, and that, a little in his
nd, he soon began to find out, that by means of his
o *Turkish* tobacco-pipes, with the supplement of
ee smaller tubes of wash-leather at each of their
wer ends, to be tagg'd by the same number of tin-
es fitted to the touch-holes, and sealed with clay
xt the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed
x at their several insertions into the *Morocco* tube,—
should be able to fire the six field-pieces all together,
l with the same ease as to fire one.———

———Let no man say from what taggs and jaggs
nts may not be cut out for the advancement of human
owledge. Let no man, who has read my father's
t and second *beds of justice*, ever rise up and say
nin, from collision of what kinds of bodies light may
may not be struck out, to carry the arts and sciences
to perfection.———Heaven! thou knowest how I
e them;———thou knowest the secrets of my heart,
l that I would this moment give my shirt——
nou art a fool, *Shandy*, says *Eugenius*, for thou hast
a dozen in the world,—and 'twill break thy
.———

No matter for that, *Eugenius;* I would give the
rt off my back to be burned into tinder, were it only
satisfy one feverish enquirer, how many sparks at
e good stroke, a good flint and steel could strike into
e tail of it.———Think ye not that in striking these
—he might, peradventure, strike something *out?* as
e as a gun.———

———But this project, by the bye.

The corporal sat up the best part of the night, in

Pleasures of puffing

bringing *his* to perfection; and having made a sufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco,—he went with contentment to bed.

Chapter XXVII

THE corporal had slipped out about ten minutes before my uncle *Toby*, in order to fix his apparatus, and just give the enemy a shot or two before my uncle *Toby* came.

He had drawn the six field-pieces for this end, all close up together in front of my uncle *Toby's* sentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c.—and the sake possibly of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the sentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the corporal wisely taken his post:——He held the ivory pipe, appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right hand,—and the ebony pipe tipp'd with silver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other——and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the corporal, with his Montero-cap upon his head, furiously playing off his two cross batteries at the same time against the counter-guard, which faced the counter-scarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His first intention, as I said, was no more than giving the enemy a single puff or two;—but the pleasure of the *puffs*, as well as the *puffing*, had insensibly got hold of the corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into

ne very height of the attack, by the time my uncle *Toby* joined him. Uncle Toby is excited

'Twas well for my father, that my uncle *Toby* had ot his will to make that day.

Chapter XXVIII

MY uncle *Toby* took the ivory pipe out of the corporal's hand,—looked at it for half a minute, nd returned it.

In less than two minutes, my uncle *Toby* took the ipe from the corporal again, and raised it half way to is mouth——then hastily gave it back a second time.

The corporal redoubled the attack,——my uncle *Toby* smiled,——then looked grave,——then smiled or a moment,——then looked serious for a long time; ——Give me hold of the ivory pipe, *Trim*, said my ncle *Toby*——my uncle *Toby* put it to his lips,—— lrew it back directly,——gave a peep over the horn- eam hedge;——never did my uncle *Toby's* mouth vater so much for a pipe in his life.——My uncle *Toby* retired into the sentry-box with the pipe in his and.———

——Dear uncle *Toby!* don't go into the sentry-box vith the pipe,—there's no trusting a man's self with uch a thing in such a corner.

Chapter XXIX

I BEG the reader will assist me here, to wheel off my uncle *Toby's* ordnance behind the scenes,—— o remove his sentry-box, and clear the theatre, *if ossible*, of horn-works and half moons, and get the rest

The author anticipates

of his military apparatus out of the way;——that done, my dear friend *Garrick*, we'll snuff the candles bright, —sweep the stage with a new broom,—draw up the curtain, and exhibit my uncle *Toby* dressed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act: and yet, if pity be a-kin to love, —and bravery no alien to it, you have seen enough of my uncle *Toby* in these, to trace these family likenesses, betwixt the two passions (in case there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain science! thou assistest us in no case of this kind—and thou puzzlest us in every one.

There was, Madam, in my uncle *Toby*, a singleness of heart which misled him so far out of the little serpentine tracks in which things of this nature usually go on; you can—you can have no conception of it: with this, there was a plainness and simplicity of thinking, with such an unmistrusting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of woman;——and so naked and defenceless did he stand before you, (when a siege was out of his head,) that you might have stood behind any one of your serpentine walks, and shot my uncle *Toby* ten times in a day, through his liver, if nine times in a day, Madam, had not served your purpose.

With all this, Madam,—and what confounded every thing as much on the other hand, my uncle *Toby* had that unparalleled modesty of nature I once told you of, and which, by the bye, stood eternal sentry upon his feelings, that you might as soon——But where am I going? these reflections crowd in upon me ten pages at least too soon, and take up that time, which I ought to bestow upon facts.

Chapter XXX

Consequences of the Peace of Utrecht

OF the few legitimate sons of *Adam* whose breasts never felt what the sting of love was,—(maintaining first, all mysogynists to be bastards)—the greatest heroes of ancient and modern story have carried off amongst them nine parts in ten of the honour; and I wish for their sakes I had the key of my study, out of my draw-well, only for five minutes, to tell you their names—recollect them I cannot—so be content to accept of these, for the present, in their stead.———

There was the great king *Aldrovandus*, and *Bosphorus*, and *Cappadocius*, and *Dardanus*, and *Pontus*, and *Asius*,——to say nothing of the iron-hearted *Charles* the XIIth, whom the Countess of K***** herself could make nothing of.——There was *Babylonicus*, and *Mediterraneus*, and *Polixenes*, and *Persicus*, and *Prusicus*, not one of whom (except *Cappadocius* and *Pontus*, who were both a little suspected) ever once bowed down his breast to the goddess——The truth is, they had all of them something else to do—and so had my uncle *Toby*—till Fate—till Fate I say, envying his name the glory of being handed down to posterity with *Aldrovandus's* and the rest,—she basely patched up the peace of *Utrecht*.

——Believe me, Sirs, 'twas the worst deed she did that year.

Chapter XXXI

AMONGST the many ill consequences of the treaty of *Utrecht*, it was within a point of giving my uncle *Toby* a surfeit of sieges; and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet *Calais* itself left not a deeper

My father consoles his brother

scar in *Mary's* heart, than *Utrecht* upon my uncle *Toby's*. To the end of his life he never could hear *Utrecht* mentioned upon any account whatever,—or so much as read an article of news extracted out of the *Utrecht Gazette*, without fetching a sigh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great MOTIVE-MONGER, and consequently a very dangerous person for a man to sit by, either laughing or crying,—for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourself—would always console my uncle *Toby* upon these occasions, in a way, which shewed plainly, he imagined my uncle *Toby* grieved for nothing in the whole affair, so much as the loss of his *hobby-horse*.——Never mind, brother *Toby*, he would say,—by God's blessing we shall have another war break out again some of these days; and when it does,—the belligerent powers, if they would hang themselves, cannot keep us out of play.——I defy 'em, my dear *Toby*, he would add, to take countries without taking towns,——or towns without sieges.

My uncle *Toby* never took this back-stroke of my father's at his hobby-horse kindly.——He thought the stroke ungenerous; and the more so, because in striking the horse he hit the rider too, and in the most dishonourable part a blow could fall; so that upon these occasions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himself than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my uncle *Toby* was not eloquent; and in the very same page gave an instance to the contrary:——I repeat the observation, and a fact which contradicts it again.—He was not eloquent,—it was not easy to my uncle *Toby* to make long harangues,—and he hated florid ones; but there were occasions where the stream overflowed the

an, and ran so counter to its usual course, that in me parts my uncle *Toby*, for a time, was at least qual to *Tertullus*——but in others, in my own opinion, finitely above him.

Uncle Toby's apology for his wish for war

My father was so highly pleased with one of these ologetical orations of my uncle *Toby's*, which he had elivered one evening before him and *Yorick*, that he rote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongst y father's papers, with here and there an insertion of is own, betwixt two crooks, thus [ ], and is ndorsed,

Y BROTHER TOBY'S JUSTIFICATION OF HIS OWN PRINCIPLES AND CONDUCT IN WISHING TO CONTINUE THE WAR.

may safely say, I have read over this apologetical ration of my uncle *Toby's* a hundred times, and think so fine a model of defence,—and shews so sweet a emperament of gallantry and good principles in him, hat I give it the world, word for word (interlineations nd all), as I find it.

Chapter XXXII

MY UNCLE TOBY'S APOLOGETICAL

AM not insensible, brother
man whose profession is
one, for war,—it has an ill
nd that, how just and
ntentions may be,—he
ndicating himself from pi
For this cause, if a soldier

Deeds and deeds

he may be without being a jot the less brave, he wil
be sure not to utter his wish in the hearing of a
enemy; for say what he will, an enemy will no
believe him.——He will be cautious of doing it eve
to a friend,—lest he may suffer in his esteem:——Bu
if his heart is overcharged, and a secret sigh for arm
must have its vent, he will reserve it for the ear of
brother, who knows his character to the bottom, an
what his true notions, dispositions, and principles o
honour are: What, I *hope*, I have been in all these
brother *Shandy*, would be unbecoming in me to say
——much worse, I know, have I been than I ought,—
and something worse, perhaps, than I think: But such
as I am, you, my dear brother *Shandy*, who hav
sucked the same breasts with me,—and with whom
I have been brought up from my cradle,—and from
whose knowledge, from the first hours of our boyish
pastimes, down to this, I have concealed no one actio
of my life, and scarce a thought in it——Such as I am
brother, you must by this time know me, with all m
vices, and with all my weaknesses too, whether of m
age, my temper, my passions, or my understanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother *Shandy*, upon whic
of them it is, that when I condemned the peace o
Utrecht, and grieved the war was not carried on wit
little longer, you should think your brothe
nworthy views; or that in wishing fo
bad enough to wish more of h
—more slaves made, and mo
ir peaceful habitations, merel
—Tell me, brother *Shandy*
do you ground it? [*T*
dear Toby, *but one for*
ht thee to carry on these curse

If, when I was a school-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it—was it my fault?——Did I plant the propensity there?——Did I sound the alarm within, or Nature? Boyish tastes

When *Guy, Earl of Warwick*, and *Parismus and Parismenus*, and *Valentine and Orson*, and the *Seven Champions of England*, were handed around the school, —were they not all purchased with my own pocket-money? Was that selfish, brother *Shandy?* When we read over the siege of *Troy*, which lasted ten years and eight months,——though with such a train of artillery as we had at *Namur*, the town might have been carried in a week—was I not as much concerned for the destruction of the *Greeks* and *Trojans* as any boy of the whole school? Had I not three strokes of a ferula given me, two on my right hand, and one on my left, for calling *Helena* a bitch for it? Did any one of you shed more tears for *Hector?* And when king *Priam* came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to *Troy* without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.———

——Did that bespeak me cruel? Or because, brother *Shandy*, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the distresses of war too?

O brother! 'tis one thing for a soldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to scatter cypress.——[*Who told thee, my dear* Toby, *that cypress was used by the antients on mournful occasions?*]

——'Tis one thing, brother *Shandy*, for a soldier to hazard his own life—to leap first down into the trench, where he is sure to be cut in pieces:——'Tis one thing, from public spirit and a thirst of glory, to enter the breach the first man,—To stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets,

My uncle's apologia ended

and colours flying about his ears :——'Tis one thing, I say, brother *Shandy*, to do this,—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miseries of war ;—to view the desolations of whole countries, and consider the intolerable fatigues and hardships which the soldier himself, the instrument who works them, is forced (for sixpence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear *Yorick*, as I was by you, in *Le Fever's* funeral sermon, *That so soft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy, and kindness, as man is, was not shaped for this ?*——But why did you not add, *Yorick*,—if not by NATURE—that he is so by NECESSITY ? ——For what is war ? what is it, *Yorick*, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of *liberty*, and upon principles of *honour*——what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds ? And heaven is my witness, brother *Shandy*, that the pleasure I have taken in these things, —and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my sieges in my bowling-green, has arose within me, and I hope in the corporal too, from the consciousness we both had, that in carrying them on, we were answering the great ends of our creation.

CHAPTER XXXIII

I TOLD the Christian reader——I say *Christian* ——hoping he is one——and if he is not, I am sorry for it——and only beg he will consider the matter with himself, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book——

I told him, Sir——for in good truth, when a man is telling a story in the strange way I do mine, he is

'bliged continually to be going backwards and forwards to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy—— which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to o more than at first, there is so much unfixed and quivocal matter starting up, with so many breaks and aps in it,—and so little service do the stars afford, which, nevertheless, I hang up in some of the darkest assages, knowing that the world is apt to lose its way, with all the lights the sun itself at noon-day can give it ——and now you see, I am lost myself!———

Light-giving asterisks

——But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my rains come to be dissected, you will perceive, without pectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you sometimes see in an unsaleable piece of cambrick, unning along the whole length of the web, and so un-owardly, you cannot so much as cut out a * *, (here I hang up a couple of lights again)——or a fillet, or a humb-stall, but it is seen or felt.———

Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum, sayeth *Cardan*. All which being considered, and that you see 'tis morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I set out———

I begin the chapter over again.

Chapter XXXIV

I TOLD the Christian reader in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my uncle *Toby's* apologetical oration,—though in a different trope from what I should make use of now, That the peace of *Utrecht* was within an ace of creating the same shyness betwixt my uncle *Toby* and his hobby-horse, as it did betwixt the queen and the rest of the confederating powers.

The hobby-horse and his rider

There is an indignant way in which a man sometimes dismounts his horse, which as good as says to him, "I'll go afoot, Sir, all the days of my life, before I would ride a single mile upon your back again." Now my uncle *Toby* could not be said to dismount his horse in this manner; for in strictness of language, he could not be said to dismount his horse at all——his horse rather flung him——and somewhat *viciously*, which made my uncle *Toby* take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be settled by state-jockies as they like.——It created, I say, a sort of shyness betwixt my uncle *Toby* and his hobby-horse.——He had no occasion for him from the month of *March* to *November*, which was the summer after the articles were signed, except it was now and then to take a short ride out, just to see that the fortifications and harbour of *Dunkirk* were demolished, according to stipulation.

The *French* were so backwards all that summer in setting about that affair, and Monsieur *Tugghe*, the Deputy from the magistrates of *Dunkirk*, presented so many affecting petitions to the queen,—beseeching her majesty to cause only her thunder-bolts to fall upon the martial works, which might have incurred her displeasure,—but to spare—to spare the mole, for the mole's sake; which, in its naked situation, could be no more than an object of pity——and the queen (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful disposition,—and her ministers also, they not wishing in their hearts to have the town dismantled, for these private reasons, * * *

with my uncle *Toby*; insomuch, that it was not within three full months, after he and the corporal had constructed the town, and put it in a condition to be destroyed, that the several commandants, commissaries, deputies, negociators, and intendants, would permit him to set about it.——Fatal interval of inactivity! How to destroy a town

The corporal was for beginning the demolition, by making a breach in the ramparts, or main fortifications of the town——No,—that will never do, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*, for in going that way to work with the town, the *English* garrison will not be safe in it an hour; because if the French are treacherous——They are as treacherous as devils, an' please your honour, said the corporal——It gives me concern always when I hear it, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*,—for they don't want personal bravery; and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make themselves masters of the place when they please:——Let them enter it, said the corporal, lifting up his pioneer's spade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it,—let them enter, an' please your honour, if they dare.——In cases like this, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*, slipping his right hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheon-wise with his fore-finger extended,——'tis no part of the consideration of a commandant, what the enemy dare,—or what they dare not do; he must act with prudence. We will begin with the outworks both towards the sea and the land, and particularly with fort *Louis*, the most distant of them all, and demolish it first,—and the rest, one by one, both on our right and left, as we retreat towards the town;——then we'll demolish the mole,—next fill up the harbour,—then retire into the citadel, and blow it up into the

What a change was there

air: and having done that, corporal, we'll embark for *England*.——We are there, quoth the corporal, recollecting himself——Very true, said my uncle *Toby*—looking at the church.

Chapter XXXV

A DELUSIVE, delicious consultation or two of this kind, betwixt my uncle *Toby* and *Trim*, upon the demolition of *Dunkirk*, — for a moment rallied back the ideas of those pleasures, which were slipping from under him:——still—still all went on heavily——the magic left the mind the weaker—Stillness, with Silence at her back, entered the solitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my uncle *Toby's* head;——and Listlessness, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, sat quietly down beside him in his arm-chair.——No longer *Amberg* and *Rhinberg*, and *Limbourg*, and *Huy*, and *Bonn*, in one year,—and the prospect of *Landen*, and *Trerebach*, and *Drusen*, and *Dendermond*, the next,—hurried on the blood:—No longer did saps, and mines, and blinds, and gabions, and palisadoes, keep out this fair enemy of man's repose:——No more could my uncle *Toby*, after passing the *French* lines, as he eat his egg at supper, from thence break into the heart of *France*,—cross over the *Oyes*, and with all *Picardie* open behind him, march up to the gates of *Paris*, and fall asleep with nothing but ideas of glory:——No more was he to dream, he had fixed the royal standard upon the tower of the *Bastile*, and awake with it streaming in his head.

——Softer visions,—gentler vibrations stole sweetly in upon his slumbers;—the trumpet of war fell out of

his hands,—he took up the lute, sweet instrument! of all others the most delicate! the most difficult!—— how wilt thou touch it, my dear uncle *Toby?* Of love and love-making

Chapter XXXVI

NOW, because I have once or twice said, in my inconsiderate way of talking, That I was confident the following memoirs of my uncle *Toby's* courtship of widow *Wadman*, whenever I got time to write them, would turn out one of the most complete systems, both of the elementary and practical part of love and love-making, that ever was addressed to the world——are you to imagine from thence, that I shall set out with a description of *what love is?* whether part God and part Devil, as *Plotinus* will have it.——

——Or by a more critical equation, and supposing the whole of love to be as ten——to determine with *Ficinus*, "*How many parts of it—the one,—and how many the other;*"—or whether it is *all of it one great Devil*, from head to tail, as *Plato* has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his, I shall not offer my opinion:—but my opinion of Plato is this; that he appears, from this instance, to have been a man of much the same temper and way of reasoning with doctor *Baynyard*, who being a great enemy to blisters, as imagining that half a dozen of 'em at once, would draw a man as surely to his grave, as a herse and six—rashly concluded, that the Devil himself was nothing in the world, but one great bouncing *Canthari*[*di*]*s*.——

I have nothing to say to people who allow themselves this monstrous liberty in arguing, but what

How to cure love

Nazianzen cried out (*that is, polemically*) to *Philagrius*——

"Ἐυγε!" *O rare! 'tis fine reasoning, Sir, indeed!* ——"ὅτι φιλοσοφεῖς ἐν Πάθεσι"—*and most nobly do you aim at truth, when you philosophize about it in your moods and passions.*

Nor is it to be imagined, for the same reason, I should stop to inquire, whether love is a disease,—— or embroil myself with *Rhasis* and *Dioscorides*, whether the seat of it is in the brain or liver;—because this would lead me on, to an examination of the two very opposite manners, in which patients have been treated ——the one, of *Aætius*, who always begun with a cooling clyster of hempseed and bruised cucumbers;—and followed on with thin potations of water-lillies and purslane—to which he added a pinch of snuff, of the herb *Hanea*;—and where *Aætius* durst venture it,—his topaz-ring.

——The other, that of *Gordonius*, who (in his cap. 15. *de Amore*) directs they should be thrashed, "*ad putorem usque*,"——till they stink again.

These are disquisitions, which my father, who had laid in a great stock of knowledge of this kind, will be very busy with in the progress of my uncle *Toby's* affairs: I must anticipate thus much, That from his theories of love, (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my uncle *Toby's* mind, almost as much as his amours themselves)—he took a single step into practice;—and by means of a camphorated cerecloth, which he found means to impose upon the taylor for buckram, whilst he was making my uncle *Toby* a new pair of breeches, he produced *Gordonius's* effect upon my uncle *Toby* without the disgrace.

What changes this produced, will be read in its proper place: all that is needful to be added to the

anecdote, is this——That whatever effect it had upon my uncle *Toby*,——it had a vile effect upon the house; ——and if my uncle *Toby* had not smoaked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too. My Uncle Toby falls in love

Chapter XXXVII

——'TWILL come out of itself by and bye.—— All I contend for is, that I am not obliged to set out with a definition of what love is; and so long as I can go on with my story intelligibly, with the help of the word itself, without any other idea to it, than what I have in common with the rest of the world, why should I differ from it a moment before the time?——When I can get on no further,——and find myself entangled on all sides of this mystic labyrinth, —my Opinion will then come in, in course,—and lead me out.

At present, I hope I shall be sufficiently understood, in telling the reader, my uncle *Toby fell in love:*

—Not that the phrase is at all to my liking: for to say a man is *fallen* in love,—or that he is *deeply* in love,—or up to the ears in love,—and sometimes even *over head and ears in it*,—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing *below* a man:—this is recurring again to *Plato's* opinion, which, with all his divinityship,—I hold to be damnable and heretical:— and so much for that.

Let love therefore be what it will,—my uncle *Toby* fell into it.

——And possibly, gentle reader, with such a temptation—so wouldst thou: For never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiscence covet any thing in this world, more concupiscible than widow *Wadman*.

Chapter XXXVIII

A fancy portrait

TO conceive this right,—call for pen and ink—here's paper ready to your hand.——Sit down, Sir, paint her to your own mind——as like your mistress as you can——as unlike your wife as your conscience will let you—'tis all one to me——please but your own fancy in it.

The third page enigmatic

Mrs. Shandy's vexing way

———Was ever any thing in Nature so sweet!—so exquisite!

——Then, dear Sir, how could my uncle *Toby* resist it?

Thrice happy book! thou wilt have one page, at least, within thy covers, which MALICE will not blacken, and which IGNORANCE cannot misrepresent.

CHAPTER XXXIX

AS *Susannah* was informed by an express from Mrs. *Bridget*, of my uncle *Toby's* falling in love with her mistress fifteen days before it happened,—the contents of which express, *Susannah* communicated to my mother the next day,—it has just given me an opportunity of entering upon my uncle *Toby's* amours a fortnight before their existence.

I have an article of news to tell you, Mr. *Shandy*, quoth my mother, which will surprise you greatly.——

Now my father was then holding one of his second beds of justice, and was musing within himself about the hardships of matrimony, as my mother broke silence.———

"——My brother *Toby*, quoth she, is going to be married to Mrs. *Wadman*."

——Then he will never, quoth my father, be able to lie *diagonally* in his bed again as long as he lives.

It was a consuming vexation to my father, that my mother never asked the meaning of a thing she did not understand.

——That she is not a woman of science, my father would say—is her misfortune—but she might ask a question.—

My mother never did.——In short, she went out of the world at last without knowing whether it turned *round*, or stood *still*.—My father had officiously told her above a thousand times which way it was,—but she always forgot. The author reports progress

For these reasons, a discourse seldom went on much further betwixt them, than a proposition,—a reply, and a rejoinder; at the end of which, it generally took breath for a few minutes (as in the affair of the breeches), and then went on again.

If he marries, 'twill be the worse for us,—quoth my mother.

Not a cherry-stone, said my father,—he may as well batter away his means upon that, as any thing else.

——To be sure, said my mother: so here ended the proposition,—the reply,—and the rejoinder, I told you of.

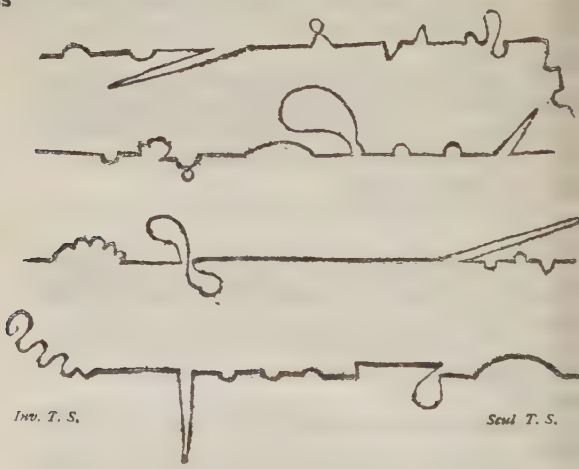
It will be some amusement to him, too,——said my father.

A very great one, answered my mother, if he should have children.——

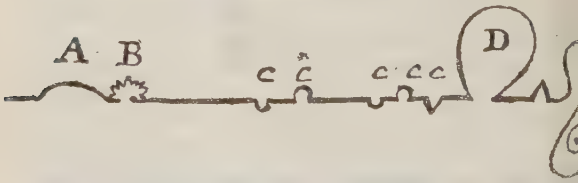
——Lord have mercy upon me,—said my father to himself—— * * *

Diagrammatic progress

to go on with my uncle *Toby's* story, and my own, in a tolerable strait line. Now,



These were the four lines I moved in through my first, second, third, and fourth volumes.—In the fifth volume I have been very good,——the precise line I have described in it being this:



By which it appears, that except at the curve, marked A, where I took a trip to *Navarre*,—and the indented

urve B, which is the short airing when I was there with the Lady *Baussiere* and her page,—I have not aken the least frisk of a digression, till *John de la Casse's* devils led me the round you see marked D.—or as for *c c c c c* they are nothing but parentheses, and he common *ins* and *outs* incident to the lives of the greatest ministers of state; and when compared with what men have done,—or with my own transgressions t the letters A B D—they vanish into nothing.

The significant straight line

In this last volume I have done better still—for rom the end of *Le Fever's* episode, to the beginning f my uncle *Toby's* campaigns,—I have scarce stepped yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impossible——by he good leave of his grace of *Benevento's* devils——ut I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going n even thus :

---

which is a line drawn as straight as I could draw it, by writing-master's ruler (borrowed for that purpose), urning neither to the right hand or to the left.

This *right line*,—the path-way for Christians to walk n! say divines——

——The emblem of moral rectitude! says *Cicero*——

——The *best line!* say cabbage planters——is the hortest line, says *Archimedes*, which can be drawn rom one given point to another.——

I wish your ladyships would lay this matter to heart, n your next birth-day suits!

——What a journey!

Pray can you tell me,—that is without anger, before write my chapter upon straight lines——by what nistake——who told them so——or how it has come o pass, that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line, with the line of GRAVITATION ?

BOOK VII

Chapter I

Health and spirits

NO——I think, I said, I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worse than the devil, would but give me leave—and in another place—(but where, I can't recollect now) speaking of my book as a *machine*, and laying my pen and ruler down cross-wise upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it—I swore it should be kept a going at that rate these forty years, if it pleased but the fountain of life to bless me so long with health and good spirits.

Now as for my spirits, little have I to lay to their charge—nay so very little (unless the mounting me upon a long stick and playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accusations) that on the contrary, I have much—much to thank 'em for: cheerily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burthens of it (except its cares) upon my back; in no one moment of my existence, that I remember, have ye once deserted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with sable, or with a sickly green; in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and when Death himself knocked at my door—ye bad him come again; and in so gay a tone of careless indifference, did ye do it, that he doubted of his commission——

"—There must certainly be some mistake in this matter," quoth he. I will fly for my life

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worse, than to be interrupted in a story——and I was that moment telling *Eugenius* a most tawdry one in my way, of a nun who fancied herself a shell-fish, and of a monk damn'd for eating a muscle, and was shewing him the grounds and justice of the procedure——

"—Did ever so grave a personage get into so vile a scrape?" quoth Death. Thou hast had a narrow escape, *Tristram*, said *Eugenius*, taking hold of my hand as I finished my story——

But there is no *living*, *Eugenius*, replied I, at this rate; for as this *son of a whore* has found out my lodgings——

—You call him rightly, said *Eugenius*,—for by sin, we are told, he enter'd the world——I care not which way he enter'd, quoth I, provided he be not in such a hurry to take me out with him—for I have forty volumes to write, and forty thousand things to say and do which no body in the world will say and do for me, except thyself; and as thou seest he has got me by the throat (for *Eugenius* could scarce hear me speak across the table), and that I am no match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilst these few scatter'd spirits remain, and these two spider legs of mine (holding one of them up to him) are able to support me—had I not better, *Eugenius*, fly for my life? 'Tis my advice, my dear *Tristram*, said *Eugenius* —Then by heaven! I will lead him a dance he little thinks of——for I will gallop, quoth I, without looking once behind me, to the banks of the *Garonne*; and if I hear him clattering at my heels ——I'll scamper away to mount *Vesuvius*——from thence to *Joppa*, and from *Joppa* to the world's end;

Mal-de-mer

where, if he follows me, I pray God he may break his neck——

—He runs more risk *there*, said *Eugenius*, than thou.

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been some months banish'd ——'twas a vile moment to bid adieu in; he led me to my chaise——*Allons!* said I; the postboy gave a crack with his whip——off I went like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds got into *Dover*.

Chapter II

NOW hang it! quoth I, as I look'd towards the *French* coast—a man should know something of his own country too, before he goes abroad—— and I never gave a peep into *Rochester* church, or took notice of the dock of *Chatham*, or visited St. *Thomas* at *Canterbury*, though they all three laid in my way——

—But mine, indeed, is a particular case——

So without arguing the matter further with *Thomas o' Becket*, or any one else—I skip'd into the boat, and in five minutes we got under sail, and scudded away like the wind.

Pray, captain, quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, is a man never overtaken by *Death* in this passage?

Why, there is not time for a man to be sick in it, replied he——What a cursed lyar! for I am sick as a horse, quoth I, already——what a brain!——upside down!——hey-day! the cells are broke loose one into another, and the blood, and the lymph, and the nervous juices, with the fix'd and volatile salts, are all jumbled into one mass——good G—! every thing turns round in it like a thousand whirlpools——I'd

give a shilling to know if I shan't write the clearer for it——

Sick! sick! sick! sick!——

—When shall we get to land? captain—they have hearts like stones——O I am deadly sick!——reach me that thing, boy——'tis the most discomfiting sickness——I wish I was at the bottom—Madam! how is it with you? Undone! undone! un——O! undone! sir——What the first time?——No, 'tis the second, third, sixth, tenth time, sir,——hey-day!—what a trampling over head!—hollo! cabin boy! what's the matter?—

The wind chopp'd about! s'Death!—then I shall meet him full in the face.

What luck!—'tis chopp'd about again, master——O the devil chop it——

Captain, quoth she, for heaven's sake, let us get ashore.

Chapter III

IT is a great inconvenience to a man in a haste, that there are three distinct roads between *Calais* and *Paris*, in behalf of which there is so much to be said by the several deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is easily lost in settling which you'll take.

First, the road by *Lisle* and *Arras*, which is the most about——but most interesting, and instructing.

The second, that by *Amiens*, which you may go, if you would see *Chantilly*——

And that by *Beauvais*, which you may go, if you will.

For this reason a great many chuse to go by *Beauvais*.

Chapter IV

Scribbling travellers

"NOW before I quit *Calais*," a travel-writer would say, "it would not be amiss to give some account of it."—Now I think it very much amiss—that a man cannot go quietly through a town, and let it alone, when it does not meddle with him, but that he must be turning about and drawing his pen at every kennel he crosses over, merely o' my conscience for the sake of drawing it; because, if we may judge from what has been wrote of these things, by all who have *wrote and gallop'd*—or who have *gallop'd and wrote*, which is a different way still; or who, for more expedition than the rest, have *wrote galloping*, which is the way I do at present——from the great *Addison*, who did it with his satchel of school books hanging at his a—, and galling his beast's crupper at every stroke—there is not a galloper of us all who might not have gone on ambling quietly in his own ground (in case he had any), and have wrote all he had to write, dryshod, as well as not.

For my own part, as heaven is my judge, and to which I shall ever make my last appeal—I know no more of *Calais* (except the little my barber told me of it as he was whetting his razor), than I do this moment of *Grand Cairo;* for it was dusky in the evening when I landed, and dark as pitch in the morning when I set out, and yet by merely knowing what is what, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by spelling and putting this and that together in another—I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon *Calais* as long as my arm; and with so distinct and satisfactory a detail of every item, which is worth a stranger's curiosity in the town—

that you would take me for the town-clerk of *Calais* itself—and where, sir, would be the wonder? was not *Democritus*, who laughed ten times more than I—town-clerk of *Abdera?* and was not (I forget his name) who had more discretion than us both, town-clerk of *Ephesus?*——it should be penn'd moreover, sir, with so much knowledge and good sense, and truth, and precision—— Calais described

—Nay—if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

Chapter V

CALAIS, *Calatium, Calusium, Calesium*

This town, if we may trust its archives, the authority of which I see no reason to call in question in this place—was *once* no more than a small village belonging to one of the first Counts de *Guignes;* and as it boasts at present of no less than fourteen thousand inhabitants, exclusive of four hundred and twenty distinct families in the *basse ville*, or suburbs——it must have grown up by little and little, I suppose, to its present size.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town; I had not an opportunity of taking its exact dimensions, but it is pretty easy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em—for as there are fourteen thousand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all it must be considerably large—and if it will not—'tis a very great pity they have not another—it is built in form of a cross, and dedicated to the Virgin *Mary;* the steeple, which has a spire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and stands upon four pillars elegant and light enough,

and further

but sufficiently strong at the same time—it is decorated with eleven altars, most of which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a masterpiece in its kind; 'tis of white marble, and, as I was told, near sixty feet high—had it been much higher, it had been as high as mount *Calvary* itself—therefore, I suppose it must be high enough in all conscience.

There was nothing struck me more than the great *Square;* tho' I cannot say 'tis either well paved or well built; but 'tis in the heart of the town, and most of the streets, especially those in that quarter, all terminate in it; could there have been a fountain in all *Calais*, which it seems there cannot, as such an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted, but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very centre of this square,—not that it is properly a square,—because 'tis forty feet longer from east to west, than from north to south; so that the *French* in general have more reason on their side in calling them *Places* than *Squares*, which, strictly speaking, to be sure, they are not.

The town-house seems to be but a sorry building, and not to be kept in the best repair; otherwise it had been a second great ornament to this place; it answers however its destination, and serves very well for the reception of the magistrates, who assemble in it from time to time; so that 'tis presumable, justice is regularly distributed.

I have heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the *Courgain;* 'tis a distinct quarter of the town, inhabited solely by sailors and fishermen; it consists of a number of small streets, neatly built and mostly of brick; 'tis extremely populous, but as that may be accounted for, from the principles of their diet, —there is nothing curious in that neither.——A

traveller may see it to satisfy himself—he must not omit however taking notice of *La Tour de Guet*, upon any account; 'tis so called from its particular destination, because in war it serves to discover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by sea or land;——but 'tis monstrous high, and catches the eye so continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it if you would. described

It was a singular disappointment to me, that I could not have permission to take an exact survey of the fortifications, which are the strongest in the world, and which, from first to last, that is, from the time they were set about by *Philip* of *France*, Count of *Boulogne*, to the present war, wherein many reparations were made, have cost (as I learned afterwards from an engineer in *Gascony*)—above a hundred millions of livres. It is very remarkable, that at the *Tête de Gravelenes*, and where the town is naturally the weakest, they have expended the most money; so that the outworks stretch a great way into the campaign, and consequently occupy a large tract of ground—However, after all that is *said* and *done*, it must be acknowledged that *Calais* was never upon any account so considerable from itself, as from its situation, and that easy entrance which it gave our ancestors, upon all occasions, into *France:* it was not without its inconveniences also; being no less troublesome to the *English* in those times, than *Dunkirk* has been to us, in ours; so that it was deservedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms, which no doubt is the reason that there have arisen so many contentions who should keep it: of these, the siege of *Calais*, or rather the blockade (for it was shut up both by land and sea), was the most memorable, as it withstood the efforts of *Edward* the Third a whole year, and was not terminated at last but by famine and

Boulogne extreme misery; the gallantry of *Eustace de St. Pierre*, who first offered himself a victim for his fellow-citizens, has rank'd his name with heroes. As it will not take up above fifty pages, it would be injustice to the reader, not to give him a minute account of that romantic transaction, as well as of the siege itself, in *Rapin's* own words:

Chapter VI

——BUT courage! gentle reader!——I scorn it ——'tis enough to have thee in my power ——but to make use of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much——No——! by that all-powerful fire which warms the visionary brain, and lights the spirits through unworldly tracts! ere I would force a helpless creature upon this hard service, and make thee pay, poor soul! for fifty pages, which I have no right to sell thee,——naked as I am, I would browse upon the mountains, and smile that the north wind brought me neither my tent or my supper.

—So put on, my brave boy! and make the best of thy way to *Boulogne*.

Chapter VII

——BOULOGNE!——hah!——so we are all got together——debtors and sinners before heaven; a jolly set of us—but I can't stay and quaff it off with you—I'm pursued myself like a hundred devils, and shall be overtaken, before I can well change horses:——for heaven's sake, make haste——'Tis for high-treason, quoth a very little man, whispering as

low as he could to a very tall man, that stood next him——Or else for murder; quoth the tall man——Well thrown, *Size-ace!* quoth I. No; quoth a third, the gentleman has been committing——. Why?

Ah! ma chere fille! said I, as she tripp'd by from her matins—you look as rosy as the morning (for the sun was rising, and it made the compliment the more gracious)—No; it can't be that, quoth a fourth—— (she made a curt'sy to me—I kiss'd my hand) 'tis debt, continued he: 'Tis certainly for debt; quoth a fifth; I would not pay that gentleman's debts, quoth *Ace*, for a thousand pounds; nor would I, quoth *Size*, for six times the sum—Well thrown, *Size-ace*, again! quoth I;—but I have no debt but the debt of NATURE, and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her——How can you be so hard-hearted, MADAM, to arrest a poor traveller going along without molestation to any one upon his lawful occasions? do stop that death-looking, long-striding scoundrel of a scare-sinner, who is posting after me ——he never would have followed me but for you—— if it be but for a stage or two, just to give me start of him, I beseech you, madam——do, dear lady——

——Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity, quoth mine *Irish* host, that all this good courtship should be lost; for the young gentlewoman has been after going out of hearing of it all along.——

——Simpleton! quoth I.

——So you have nothing *else* in *Boulogne* worth seeing?

—By Jasus! there is the finest SEMINARY for the HUMANITIES——

—There cannot be a finer; quoth I.

Chapter VIII

Travelling in France

WHEN the precipitancy of a man's wishes hurries on his ideas ninety times faster than the vehicle he rides in——woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and its tackling (let 'em be made of what stuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the disappointment of his soul!

As I never give general characters either of men or things in choler, "*the most haste the worst speed*," was all the reflection I made upon the affair, the first time it happen'd;—the second, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it respectively to those times, and accordingly blamed only the second, third, fourth, and fifth post-boy for it, without carrying my reflections further; but the event continuing to befal me from the fifth, to the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in these words;

That something is always wrong in a French post-chaise, upon first setting out.

Or the proposition may stand thus:

A French postilion has always to alight before he has got three hundred yards out of town.

What's wrong now?——Diable!——a rope's broke!——a knot has slipt!——a staple's drawn!——a bolt's to whittle!——a tag, a rag, a jag, a strap, a buckle, or a buckle's tongue, want altering.

Now true as all this is, I never think myself impowered to excommunicate thereupon either the post-chaise, or its driver——nor do I take it into my head to swear by the living G—, I would rather go a-foot ten thousand times——or that I will be damn'd, if

ever I get into another——but I take the matter coolly before me, and consider, that some tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a wanting, or want altering, travel where I will—so I never chaff, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road, and get on:——Do so, my lad! said I; he had lost five minutes already, in alighting in order to get at a luncheon of black bread, which he had cramm'd into the chaise-pocket, and was remounted, and going leisurely on, to relish it the better——Get on, my lad, said I, briskly—but in the most persuasive tone imaginable, for I jingled a four-and-twenty sous piece against the glass, taking care to hold the flat side towards him, as he look'd back: the dog grinn'd intelligence from his right ear to his left, and behind his sooty muzzle discovered such a pearly row of teeth, that *Sovereignty* would have pawn'd her jewels for them.——

The inn-keeper's daughter

Just heaven! { What masticators! / What bread!—

and so as he finished the last mouthful of it, we entered the town of *Montreuil*.

Chapter IX

THERE is not a town in all *France*, which, in my opinion, looks better in the map, than Montreuil:——I own, it does not look so well in the book of post-roads; but when you come to see it ——to be sure it looks most pitifully.

There is one thing, however, in it at present very handsome; and that is, the inn-keeper's daughter: She has been eighteen months at *Amiens*, and six at *Paris*, in going through her classes; so knits, and

Permanent and transitory

sews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well.——

—A slut! in running them over within these five minutes that I have stood looking at her, she has let fall at least a dozen loops in a white thread stocking ——yes, yes—I see, you cunning gipsy!—'tis long and taper—you need not pin it to your knee—and that 'tis your own—and fits you exactly.——

——That Nature should have told this creature a word about a *statue's thumb!*

—But as this sample is worth all their thumbs—— besides, I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain, if they can be any guide to me,—and as *Janatone* withal (for that is her name) stands so well for a drawing——may I never draw more, or rather may I draw like a draught-horse, by main strength all the days of my life,—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determined a pencil, as if I had her in the wettest drapery.——

—But your worships chuse rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great parish-church, or drawing of the façade of the abbey of Saint *Austreberte* which has been transported from *Artois* hither—every thing is just I suppose as the masons and carpenters left them,—and if the belief in *Christ* continues so long, will be so these fifty years to come—so your worships and reverences may all measure them at your leisures——but he who measures thee, *Janatone*, must do it now—thou carriest the principles of change within thy frame; and considering the chances of a transitory life, I would not answer for thee a moment; ere twice twelve months are passed and gone, thou mayest grow out like a pumpkin, and lose thy shapes——or thou mayest go off like a flower, and lose thy beauty—nay, thou mayest go off like a

hussy—and lose thyself.—I would not answer for my aunt *Dinah*, was she alive——'faith, scarce for her picture——were it but painted by *Reynolds*— Advantages of travel

But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that son of *Apollo*, I'll be shot——

So you must e'en be content with the original; which, if the evening is fine in passing thro' *Montreuil*, you will see at your chaise-door, as you change horses: but unless you have as bad a reason for haste as I have—you had better stop:——She has a little of the *devote:* but that, sir, is a terce to a nine in your favour———

—L— help me! I could not count a single point: so had been piqued and repiqued, and capotted to the devil.

Chapter X

ALL which being considered, and that Death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined ——I wish I was at *Abbeville*, quoth I, were it only to see how they card and spin——so off we set.

[1] *de Montreuil à Nampont-poste et demi*
de Nampont à Bernay - - - poste
de Bernay à Nouvion - - - poste
de Nouvion à Abbeville - poste

——but the carders and spinners were all gone to bed.

Chapter XI

WHAT a vast advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

[1] Vid. Book of French post roads, page 36, edition of 1762.

Chapter XII

Anywhere but Abbeville

WAS I in a condition to stipulate with Death, as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his clyster——I should certainly declare against submitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never seriously think upon the mode and manner of this great catastrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the catastrophe itself; but I constantly draw the curtain across it with this wish, that the Disposer of all things may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own house ——but rather in some decent inn——at home, I know it,——the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brows, and smoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affection shall pay me, will so crucify my soul, that I shall die of a distemper which my physician is not aware of: but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed, but punctual attention——but mark. This inn should not be the inn at *Abbeville*——if there was not another inn in the universe, I would strike that inn out of the capitulation: so

Let the horses be in the chaise exactly by four in the morning——Yes, by four, Sir,——or by *Genevieve!* I'll raise a clatter in the house shall wake the dead.

Chapter XIII

"MAKE *them like unto a wheel,*" is a bitter sarcasm, as all the learned know, against the *grand tour*, and that restless spirit for making it, which *David*

prophetically foresaw would haunt the children of men in the latter days; and therefore, as thinketh the great bishop *Hall*, 'tis one of the severest imprecations which *David* ever utter'd against the enemies of the Lord—and, as if he had said, "I wish them no worse luck than always to be rolling about"—So much motion, continues he (for he was very corpulent)—is so much unquietness; and so much of rest, by the same analogy, is so much of heaven. I love the Pythagoreans

Now, I (being very thin) think differently; and that so much of motion, is so much of life, and so much of joy——and that to stand still, or get on but slowly, is death and the devil——

Hollo! Ho!——the whole world's asleep!——bring out the horses——grease the wheels——tie on the mail——and drive a nail into that moulding——I'll not lose a moment——

Now the wheel we are talking of, and *whereinto* (but not *whereonto*, for that would make an Ixion's wheel of it) he curseth his enemies, according to the bishop's habit of body, should certainly be a post-chaise wheel, whether they were set up in *Palestine* at that time or not——and my wheel, for the contrary reasons, must as certainly be a cart-wheel groaning round its revolution once in an age; and of which sort, were I to turn commentator, I should make no scruple to affirm, they had great store in that hilly country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more than ever I dare tell my dear *Jenny*) for their "χωρισμὸν ἀπὸ τοῦ Σώματος, εἰς τὸ καλῶς φιλοσοφεῖν"——[their] "*getting out of the body, in order to think well.*" No man thinks right, whilst he is in it; blinded as he must be, with his congenial humours, and drawn differently aside, as the bishop and myself have been, with too lax or too tense a fibre——REASON

Curious calculations

is, half of it, SENSE; and the measure of heaven itself is but the measure of our present appetites and concoctions——

——But which of the two, in the present case, do you think to be mostly in the wrong?

You, certainly: quoth she, to disturb a whole family so early.

CHAPTER XIV

——But she did not know I was under a vow not to shave my beard till I got to *Paris*;——yet I hate to make mysteries of nothing;——'tis the cold cautiousness of one of those little souls from which *Lessius* (*lib.* 13, *de moribus divinis*, *cap.* 24) hath made his estimate, wherein he setteth forth, That one *Dutch* mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to spare, for eight hundred thousand millions, which he supposes to be as great a number of souls (counting from the fall of *Adam*) as can possibly be damn'd to the end of the world.

From what he has made this second estimate—— unless from the parental goodness of God—I don't know—I am much more at a loss what could be in *Franciscus Ribbera's* head, who pretends that no less a space than one of two hundred *Italian* miles multiplied into itself, will be sufficient to hold the like number ——he certainly must have gone upon some of the old *Roman* souls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and most tabid decline, in the course of eighteen hundred years, they must unavoidably have shrunk so as to have come, when he wrote, almost to nothing.

In *Lessius's* time, who seems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined——

——We find them less *now*—— Cycle of religions

And next winter we shall find them less again; so nat if we go on from little to less, and from less to nothing, I hesitate not one moment to affirm, that in alf a century, at this rate, we shall have no souls at ll; which being the period beyond which I doubt kewise of the existence of the Christian faith, 'twill e one advantage that both of 'em will be exactly worn ut together.

Blessed *Jupiter!* and blessed every other heathen od and goddess! for now ye will all come into play gain, and with *Priapus* at your tails——what jovial mes!——but where am I? and into what a delicious iot of things am I rushing? I——I who must be ut short in the midst of my days, and taste no more f 'em than what I borrow from my imagination—— eace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

Chapter XV

———"So hating, I say, to make mysteries of *othing*"——I intrusted it with the post-boy, as soon s ever I got off the stones; he gave a crack with his vhip to balance the compliment; and with the thill-orse trotting, and a sort of an up and a down of the ther, we danced it along to *Ailly au clochers*, famed n days of yore for the finest chimes in the world; but ve danced through it without music—the chimes being reatly out of order—(as in truth they were through ll *France*).

And so making all possible speed, from
Ailly au clochers, I got to *Hixcourt*,
rom *Hixcourt*, I got to *Pequignay*, and
rom *Pequignay*, I got to Amiens,

Paying the posts

concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before——and that was—that *Janatone* went there to school.

Chapter XVI

IN the whole catalogue of those whiffling vexations which come puffing across a man's canvass, there is not one of a more teasing and tormenting nature, than this particular one which I am going to describe ——and for which (unless you travel with an avance-courier, which numbers do in order to prevent it)—— there is no help: and it is this.

That be you in never so kindly a propensity to sleep ——tho' you are passing perhaps through the finest country—upon the best roads, and in the easiest carriage for doing it in the world——nay, was you sure you could sleep fifty miles straight forwards, without once opening your eyes—nay, what is more, was you as demonstratively satisfied as you can be of any truth in *Euclid*, that you should upon all accounts be full as well asleep as awake——nay, perhaps better——Yet the incessant returns of paying for the horses at every stage,——with the necessity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from thence three livres fifteen sous (sous by sous), puts an end to so much of the project, that you cannot execute above six miles of it (or supposing it is a post and a half, that is but nine)——were it to save your soul from destruction.

—I'll be even with 'em, quoth I, for I'll put the precise sum into a piece of paper, and hold it ready in my hand all the way: "Now I shall have nothing to do," said I (composing myself to rest), "but to drop

nis gently into the post-boy's hat, and not say a word."——Then there wants two sous more to drink ——or there is a twelve sous piece of *Louis* XIV. which will not pass—or a livre and some odd liards to e brought over from the last stage, which Monsieur ad forgot; which altercations (as a man cannot dis-ute very well asleep) rouse him: still is sweet sleep etrievable; and still might the flesh weigh down the pirit, and recover itself of these blows—but then, by eaven! you have paid but for a single post—whereas is a post and a half; and this obliges you to pull out our book of post-roads, the print of which is so very mall, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you vill or no: Then Monsieur *le Curé* offers you a inch of snuff——or a poor soldier shews you his leg ——or a shaveling his box——or the priestess of the istern will water your wheels——they do not want ——but she swears by her *priesthood* (throwing back) that they do:——then you have all these oints to argue, or consider over in your mind; in oing of which, the rational powers get so thoroughly wakened——you may get 'em to sleep again as ou can.

With its inconveniences

It was entirely owing to one of these misfortunes, or had pass'd clean by the stables of *Chantilly*——

——But the postilion first affirming, and then persisting in it to my face, that there was no mark upon the wo sous piece, I open'd my eyes to be convinced—and eeing the mark upon it as plain as my nose—I leap'd ut of the chaise in a passion, and so saw every thing at *hantilly* in spite.——I tried it but for three posts and half, but believe 'tis the best principle in the world travel speedily upon; for as few objects look very viting in that mood—you have little or nothing to op you; by which means it was that I passed through

Paris in the time of sallads

St. *Dennis*, without turning my head so much as on one side towards the Abby——

——Richness of their treasury! stuff and nonsense! ——bating their jewels, which are all false, I would not give three sous for any one thing in it, but *Jaidas's lantern*——nor for that either, only as it grows dark, it might be of use.

Chapter XVII

CRACK, crack——crack, crack——crack, crack ——so this is *Paris!* quoth I (continuing in the same mood)—and this is *Paris!*——humph!—— *Paris!* cried I, repeating the name the third time——

The first, the finest, the most brilliant——

The streets however are nasty.

But it looks, I suppose, better than it smells—— crack, crack——crack, crack——what a fuss thou makest!—as if it concerned the good people to be informed, that a man with pale face and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into *Paris* at nine o'clock at night, by a postilion in a tawny yellow jerkin, turned up with red calamanco—crack, crack——crack, crack——crack, crack,——I wish thy whip——

——But 'tis the spirit of thy nation; so crack—crack on.

Ha!——and no one gives the wall!——but in the School of Urbanity herself, if the walls are besh-t—how can you do otherwise?

And prithee when do they light the lamps? What? —never in the summer months!——Ho! 'tis the time of sallads.——O rare! sallad and soup—soup and sallad—sallad and soup, *encore*——

——'Tis *too much* for sinners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it; how can nat unconscionable coachman talk so much bawdy to nat lean horse? don't you see, friend, the streets are D villainously narrow, that there is not room in all *Paris* to turn a wheelbarrow? In the grandest city of ne whole world, it would not have been amiss, if they ad been left a thought wider; nay, were it only so nuch in every single street, as that a man might know was it only for satisfaction) on which side of it he vas walking. The periwig maketh the man

One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight —nine—ten.—Ten cook's shops! and twice the number f barbers! and all within three minutes driving! one vould think that all the cooks in the world, on some reat merry-meeting with the barbers, by joint consent ad said—Come, let us all go live at *Paris*: the *French* ove good eating———they are all *gourmands*———we hall rank high; if their god is their belly———their ooks must be gentlemen: and forasmuch as *the periwig maketh the man*, and the periwig-maker maketh the eriwig—*ergo*, would the barbers say, we shall rank igher still—we shall be above you all—we shall e [1] *Capitouls* at least—*pardi!* we shall all wear words——

—And so, one would swear (that is, by candle ight,—but there is no depending upon it) they coninue to do, to this day.

Chapter XVIII

THE *French* are certainly misunderstood:——but whether the fault is theirs, in not sufficiently xplaining themselves; or speaking with that exact

[1] Chief Magistrate in Toulouse, &c. &c. &c.

Streets of Paris

limitation and precision which one would expect on a point of such importance, and which, moreover, is so likely to be contested by us——or whether the fault may not be altogether on our side, in not understanding their language always so critically as to know "what they would be at"——I shall not decide; but 'tis evident to me, when they affirm, "*That they who have seen* Paris, *have seen every thing*," they must mean to speak of those who have seen it by day-light.

As for candle-light—I give it up——I have said before, there was no depending upon it—and I repeat it again; but not because the lights and shades are too sharp—or the tints confounded—or that there is neither beauty or keeping, &c. . . . for that's not truth—but it is an uncertain light in this respect, That in all the five hundred grand Hôtels, which they number up to you in *Paris*—and the five hundred good things, at a modest computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a Hôtel), which by candle-light are best to be *seen*, *felt*, *heard*, and *understood* (which, by the bye, is a quotation from *Lilly*)——the devil a one of us out of fifty, can get our heads fairly thrust in amongst them.

This is no part of the *French* computation: 'tis simply this,

That by the last survey taken in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixteen, since which time there have been considerable augmentations, *Paris* doth contain nine hundred streets; (viz.)

In the quarter called the *City*—there are fifty-three streets.

In St. *James* of the Shambles, fifty-five streets.

In St. *Oportune*, thirty-four streets.

In the quarter of the *Louvre*, twenty-five streets.

In the *Palace Royal*, or St. *Honorius*, forty-nine streets.

In *Mont. Martyr*, forty-one streets.

In St. *Eustace*, twenty-nine streets.
In the *Halles*, twenty-seven streets.
In St. *Dennis*, fifty-five streets.
In St. *Martin*, fifty-four streets.
In St. *Paul*, or the *Mortellerie*, twenty-seven streets.
The *Greve*, thirty-eight streets.
In St. *Avoy*, or the *Verrerie*, nineteen streets.
In the *Marais*, or the *Temple*, fifty-two streets.
In St. *Antony's*, sixty-eight streets.
In the *Place Maubert*, eighty-one streets.
In St. *Bennet*, sixty streets.
In St. *Andrews de Arcs*, fifty-one streets.
In the quarter of the *Luxembourg*, sixty-two streets.
And in that of St. Germain, fifty-five streets, into any of which you may walk; and that when you have seen them with all that belongs to them, fairly by day-light —their gates, their bridges, their squares, their statues - - - and have crusaded it moreover, through all their parish-churches, by no means omitting St. *Roche* and *Sulpice* - - - and to crown all, have taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may see, either with or without the statues and pictures, just as you chuse—

You will have seen——

——Then you will have seen——

——but, 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read of it yourself upon the portico of the *Louvre*, in these words,

[1] EARTH NO SUCH FOLKS! — NO FOLKS E'ER SUCH A TOWN
AS PARIS IS!—SING, DERRY, DERRY, DOWN.

The *French* have a *gay* way of treating every thing that is Great; and that is all can be said upon it.

[1] Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam
————————————ulla parem.

Chapter XIX

Spleen

IN mentioning the word *gay* (as in the close of the last chapter) it puts one (*i.e.* an author) in mind of the word *spleen*——especially if he has any thing to say upon it: not that by any analysis—or that from any table of interest or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them, than betwixt light and darkness, or any two of the most unfriendly opposites in nature——only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good understanding amongst words, as politicians do amongst men—not knowing how near they may be under a necessity of placing them to each other——which point being now gain'd, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here—

SPLEEN.

This, upon leaving *Chantilly*, I declared to be the best principle in the world to travel speedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion. I still continue in the same sentiments—only I had not then experience enough of its working to add this, that though you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneasily to yourself at the same time; for which reason I here quit it entirely, and for ever, and 'tis heartily at any one's service—it has spoiled me the digestion of a good supper, and brought on a bilious diarrhœa, which has brought me back again to my first principle on which I set out—— and with which I shall now scamper it away to the banks of the *Garonne*—

——No;——I cannot stop a moment to give you the character of the people—their genius——their

manners—their customs—their laws———their religion— their government—their manufactures—their commerce —their finances, with all the resources and hidden springs which sustain them: qualified as I may be, by spending three days and two nights amongst them, and during all that time making these things the entire subject of my inquiries and reflections——— **Two powerful words**

Still—still I must away———the roads are paved—the posts are short—the days are long—'tis no more than noon—I shall be at *Fontainbleau* before the ning———

—Was he going there? not that I know———

Chapter XX

NOW I hate to hear a person, especially if he be a traveller, complain that we do not get on so fast in *France* as we do in *England;* whereas we get on much faster, *consideratis considerandis;* thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles with the mountains of baggage which you lay both before and behind upon them—and then consider their puny horses, with the very little they give them—'tis a wonder they get on at all: their suffering is most unchristian, and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a *French* post-horse would not know what in the world to do, was it not for the two words ****** and ***** in which there is as much sustenance, as if you gave him a peck of corn: now as these words cost nothing, I long from my soul to tell the reader what they are; but here is the question—they must be told him plainly, and with the most distinct articulation, or it will answer no end—and yet to do it in that plain way—though their reverences may laugh at

The Abbess with an Anchylosis

it in the bed-chamber—full well I wot, they will abuse it in the parlour: for which cause, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy some time, but to no purpose, by what clean device or facette contrivance I might so modulate them, that whilst I satisfy *that ear* which the reader chuses to *lend* me—I might not dissatisfy the other which he keeps to himself.

——My ink burns my finger to try——and when I have——'twill have a worse consequence——it will burn (I fear) my paper.

——No;——I dare not——

But if you wish to know how the *abbess* of *Andoüillets* and a novice of her convent got over the difficulty (only first wishing myself all imaginable success)—I'll tell you without the least scruple.

Chapter XXI

THE abbess of *Andoüillets*, which, if you look into the large set of provincial maps now publishing at *Paris*, you will find situated amongst the hills which divide *Burgundy* from *Savoy*, being in danger of an *Anchylosis* or stiff joint (the *sinovia* of her knee becoming hard by long matins), and having tried every remedy ——— first, prayers and thanksgiving; then invocations to all the saints in heaven promiscuously ——then particularly to every saint who had ever had a stiff leg before her——then touching it with all the reliques of the convent, principally with the thigh-bone of the man of *Lystra*, who had been impotent from his youth——then wrapping it up in her veil when she went to bed—then cross-wise her rosary—then bringing in to her aid the secular arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals——then treating it with emollient

nd resolving fomentations———then with poultices of marsh-mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white illies and fenugreek—then taking the woods, I mean he smoak of 'em, holding her scapulary across her lap ——then decoctions of wild chicory, water-cresses, hervil, sweet cecily and cochlearia——and nothing all his while answering, was prevailed on at last to try the ot baths of *Bourbon*——so having first obtain'd leave f the visitor-general to take care of her existence— he ordered all to be got ready for her journey: a novice f the convent of about seventeen, who had been troubled with a whitloe in her middle finger, by sticking it con-tantly into the abbess's cast poultices, &c.—had gained uch an interest, that overlooking a sciatical old nun, who might have been set up for ever by the hot-baths of *Bourbon*, *Margarita*, the little novice, was elected s the companion of the journey.

The old calesh

An old calesh, belonging to the abbesse, lined with green frize, was ordered to be drawn out into the sun —the gardener of the convent being chosen muleteer, ed out the two old mules, to clip the hair from the rump-ends of their tails, whilst a couple of lay-sisters were busied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in sewing on the shreds of yellow binding, which he teeth of time had unravelled——the under-gardener dress'd the muleteer's hat in hot wine-lees——and a aylor sat musically at it, in a shed over-against the convent, in assorting four dozen of bells for the harness, whistling to each bell, as he tied it on with a thong.——

——The carpenter and the smith of *Andoüillets* held a council of wheels; and by seven, the morning after, all look'd spruce, and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot-baths of *Bourbon*—two rows of he unfortunate stood ready there an hour before.

Gardener and muleteer

The abbess of *Andoüillets*, supported by *Margarita* the novice, advanced slowly to the calesh, both clad in white, with their black rosaries hanging at their breasts——

——There was a simple solemnity in the contrast: they entered the calesh; and nuns in the same uniform, sweet emblem of innocence, each occupied a window, and as the abbess and *Margarita* look'd up—each (the sciatical poor nun excepted)—each stream'd out the end of her veil in the air—then kiss'd the lily hand which let it go: the good abbess and *Margarita* laid their hands saint-wise upon their breasts—look'd up to heaven—then to them—and look'd "God bless you, dear sisters."

I declare I am interested in this story, and wish I had been there.

The gardener, whom I shall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broad-set, good-natured, chattering, toping kind of a fellow, who troubled his head very little with the *hows* and *whens* of life; so had mortgaged a month of his conventical wages in a borrachio, or leathern cask of wine, which he had disposed behind the calesh, with a large russet-coloured riding-coat over it, to guard it from the sun; and as the weather was hot, and he not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rode—he found more occasions than those of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till by frequent coming and going, it had so happen'd, that all his wine had leak'd out at the *legal* vent of the borrachio, before one half of the journey was finish'd.

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been sultry—the evening was delicious—the wine was generous—the *Burgundian* hill on which it grew was steep—a little tempting bush over the door of a cool

ottage at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony ith the passions—a gentle air rustled distinctly through ue leaves—"Come—come, thirsty muleteer—come in." —The muleteer was a son of *Adam;* I need not say word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a ound lash, and looking in the abbess's and *Margarita's* ces (as he did it)—as much as to say "here I am" —he gave a second good crack—as much as to say to is mules, "get on"——so slinking behind, he enter'd ne little inn at the foot of the hill.

His indulgence and forgetfulness

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous, hirping fellow, who thought not of to-morrow, nor f what had gone before, or what was to follow it, rovided he got but his scantling of Burgundy, and a ttle chit-chat along with it; so entering into a long onversation, as how he was chief gardener to the con- ent of *Andoüillets*, &c. &c., and out of friendship for ne abbess and Mademoiselle *Margarita*, who was only n her noviciate, he had come along with them from ne confines of *Savoy*, &c. &c.—and as how she had ot a white swelling by her devotions—and what a ation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, c. &c., and that if the waters of *Bourbon* did not end that leg—she might as well be lame of both— c. &c. &c.—He so contrived his story, as absolutely o forget the heroine of it—and with her the little ovice, and what was a more ticklish point to be forgot han both—the two mules; who being creatures that ake advantage of the world, inasmuch as their parents ook it of them—and they not being in a condition to eturn the obligation *downwards* (as men and women nd beasts are)—they do it side-ways, and long-ways, nd back-ways—and up hill, and down hill, and vhich way they can.———Philosophers, with all their thicks, have never considered this rightly—how should

The mules refuse to budge

the poor muleteer, then in his cups, consider it at all? he did not in the least—'tis time we do; let us leave him then in the vortex of his element, the happiest and most thoughtless of mortal men——and for a moment let us look after the mules, the abbess, and *Margarita*.

By virtue of the muleteer's two last strokes the mules had gone quietly on, following their own consciences up the hill, till they had conquer'd about one half of it; when the elder of them, a shrewd crafty old devil, at the turn of an angle, giving a side glance, and no muleteer behind them——

By my fig! said she, swearing, I'll go no further ——And if I do, replied the other, they shall make a drum of my hide.——

And so with one consent they stopp'd thus——

Chapter XXII

——Get on with you, said the abbess.

——Wh - - - - ysh——ysh——cried *Margarita*.

Sh - - - a——shu - u——shu - - u—sh - - aw——shaw'd the abbess.

——Whu—v—w —— whew — w — w — whuv'd *Margarita*, pursing up her sweet lips betwixt a hoot and a whistle.

Thump—thump—thump—obstreperated the abbess of *Andoüillets* with the end of her gold-headed cane against the bottom of the calesh——

The old mule let a f—

Chapter XXIII

WE are ruin'd and undone, my child, said the abbess to *Margarita*,——we shall be here all night——we shall be plunder'd——we shall be ravish'd——

——We shall be ravish'd, said *Margarita*, as sure as a gun.

Sancta Maria! cried the abbess (forgetting the *O!*) —why was I govern'd by this wicked stiff joint? why did I leave the convent of *Andoüillets?* and why didst thou not suffer thy servant to go unpolluted to her tomb?

O my finger! my finger! cried the novice, catching fire at the word *servant*—why was I not content to put it here, or there, any where rather than be in this strait?

Strait! said the abbess.

Strait——said the novice; for terror had struck their understandings——the one knew not what she said——the other what she answer'd.

O my virginity! virginity! cried the abbess.

——inity!——inity! said the novice, sobbing.

Words magic or sinful

Chapter XXIV

MY dear mother, quoth the novice, coming a little to herself,——there are two certain words, which I have been told will force any horse, or ass, or mule, to go up a hill whether he will or no; be he never so obstinate or ill-will'd, the moment he hears them utter'd, he obeys. They are words magic! cried the abbess in the utmost horror—No; replied *Margarita* calmly—but they are words sinful—What

Abbess turned casuist

are they? quoth the abbess, interrupting her: They are sinful in the first degree, answered *Margarita*,—they are mortal—and if we are ravish'd and die unabsolved of them, we shall both——but you may pronounce them to me, quoth the abbess of *Andoüillets*——They cannot, my dear mother, said the novice, be pronounced at all; they will make all the blood in one's body fly up into one's face—But you may whisper them in my ear, quoth the abbess.

Heaven! hadst thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? was there no generous and friendly spirit unemployed——no agent in nature by some monitory shivering, creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouse the muleteer from his banquet?——no sweet ministrelsy to bring back the fair idea of the abbess and *Margarita*, with their black rosaries!

Rouse! rouse!——but 'tis too late—the horrid words are pronounced this moment——

——and how to tell them—Ye, who can speak of every thing existing, with unpolluted lips—instruct me——guide me——

Chapter XXV

ALL sins whatever, quoth the abbess, turning casuist in the distress they were under, are held by the confessor of our convent to be either mortal or venial—there is no further division. Now a venial sin being the slightest and least of all sins—being halved—by taking either only the half of it, and leaving the rest—or, by taking it all, and amicably halving it betwixt yourself and another person—in course becomes dilute into no sin at all.

Now I see no sin in saying, *bou, bou, bou, bou, bou,* a hundred times together; nor is there any turpitude in pronouncing the syllable *ger, ger, ger, ger, ger,* were it from our matins to our vespers: Therefore, my dear daughter, continued the abbess of *Andoüillets*—I will say *bou,* and thou shalt say *ger;* and then alternately, as there is no more sin in *fou* than in *bou*—Thou shalt say *fu*—and I will come in (like fa, sol, la, re, mi, ut, at our complines) with *ter.* And accordingly the abbess, giving the pitch note, set off thus:

The sin we do by two and two

Abbess, } Bou - - bou - - bou - -
Margarita, } ——ger, - - ger, - - ger.
Margarita, } Fou - - fou - - fou - -
Abbess, } ——ter, - - ter, - - ter.

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual flish of their tails; but it went no further——'Twill answer by an' by, said the novice.

Abbess, } Bou- bou- bou- bou- bou- bou-
Margarita, } —ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger.

Quicker still, cried *Margarita.*

Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou.

Quicker still, cried *Margarita.*

Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou.

Quicker still—God preserve me; said the abbess—They do not understand us, cried *Margarita*—But the Devil does, said the abbess of *Andoüillets.*

Chapter XXVI

WHAT a tract of country have I run!—how many degrees nearer to the warm sun am I advanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I seen, during the time you have been reading, and reflecting, Madam, upon this story! There's

Wearing the fool's cap

FONTAINBLEAU, and SENS, and JOIGNY, and AUXERRE, and DIJON the capital of *Burgundy*, and CHALLON, and *Mâcon* the capital of the *Mâconese*, and a score more upon the road to LYONS——and now I have run them over——I might as well talk to you of so many market towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the least, if not both this and the next entirely lost, do what I will——

—Why, 'tis a strange story! *Tristram.*

——Alas! Madam, had it been upon some melancholy lecture of the cross—the peace of meekness, or the contentment of resignation——I had not been incommoded: or had I thought of writing it upon the purer abstractions of the soul, and that food of wisdom and holiness and contemplation, upon which the spirit of man (when separated from the body) is to subsist for ever——You would have come with a better appetite from it——

——I wish I never had wrote it: but as I never blot any thing out——let us use some honest means to get it out of our heads directly.

——Pray reach me my fool's cap——I fear you sit upon it, Madam——'tis under the cushion——I'll put it on——

Bless me! you have had it upon your head this half hour.——There then let it stay, with a

Fa-ra diddle di
and a fa-ri diddle d
and a high-dum—dye-dum
fiddle - - - dumb - c.

And now, Madam, we may venture, I hope, a little to go on.

Chapter XXVII

A Shandy itinerary

——All you need say of *Fontainbleau* (in case you ask'd) is, that it stands about forty miles (south thing) from *Paris*, in the middle of a large forest —That there is something great in it——That the goes there once every two or three years, with whole court, for the pleasure of the chase—and that, ng that carnival of sporting, any *English* gentleman fashion (you need not forget yourself) may be mmodated with a nag or two, to partake of the t, taking care only not to out-gallop the king—— 'hough there are two reasons why you need not talk of this to every one.

irst, Because 'twill make the said nags the harder e got; and

econdly, 'Tis not a word of it true.——*Allons!*

As for Sens —— you may dispatch — in a word ——"*'Tis an archiepiscopal see.*"

——For Joigny—the less, I think, one says of it better.

But for Auxerre—I could go on for ever: for in *grand tour* through *Europe*, in which, after all, my er (not caring to trust me with any one) attended himself, with my uncle *Toby*, and *Trim*, and *diah*, and indeed most of the family, except my her, who being taken up with a project of knitting father a pair of large worsted breeches—(the thing mmon sense)—and she not caring to be put out of way, she staid at home, at Shandy Hall, to keep gs right during the expedition; in which, I say, father stopping us two days at *Auxerre*, and his arches being ever of such a nature, that they would e found fruit even in a desert——he has left me

My father's travel record

enough to say upon AUXERRE: in short, wherever my father went——but 'twas more remarkably so, in this journey through *France* and *Italy*, than in any other stages of his life——his road seemed to lie so much on one side of that, wherein all other travellers have gone before him—he saw kings and courts and silks of all colours, in such strange lights——and his remarks and reasonings upon the characters, the manners, and customs of the countries we pass'd over, were so opposite to those of all other mortal men, particularly those of my uncle *Toby* and *Trim*—(to say nothing of myself)—and to crown all—the occurrences and scrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in consequence of his systems and opiniatry—they were of so odd, so mix'd and tragi-comical a contexture—That the whole put together, it appears of so different a shade and tint from any tour of *Europe*, which was ever executed—that I will venture to pronounce—the fault must be mine and mine only—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more,—or which comes to the same point—till the world, finally, takes it into its head to stand still.——

——But this rich bale is not to be open'd now; except a small thread or two of it, merely to unravel the mystery of my father's stay at AUXERRE.

——As I have mentioned it—'tis too slight to be kept suspended; and when 'tis wove in, there is an end of it.

We'll go, brother *Toby*, said my father, whilst dinner is coddling—to the abby of Saint *Germain*, if it be only to see these bodies, of which Monsieur *Sequier* has given such a recommendation.——I'll go see any body, quoth my uncle *Toby;* for he was all compliance through every step of the journey——Defend me! said my father—they are all mummies——Then one

need not shave; quoth my uncle *Toby*——Shave! no —cried my father—'twill be more like relations to go with our beards on—So out we sallied, the corporal leading his master his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abby of Saint *Germain*. At the tomb of St. Heribald

Every thing is very fine, and very rich, and very superb, and very magnificent, said my father, addressing himself to the sacristan, who was a younger brother of the order of *Benedictines*—but our curiosity has led us to see the bodies, of which Monsieur *Sequier* has given the world so exact a description.—The sacristan made a bow, and lighting a torch first, which he had always in the vestry ready for the purpose; he led us into the tomb of St. *Heribald*——This, said the sacristan, laying his hand upon the tomb, was a renowned prince of the house of *Bavaria*, who under the successive reigns of *Charlemagne*, *Louis le Debonnair*, and *Charles the Bald*, bore a great sway in the government, and had a principal hand in bringing every thing into order and discipline——

Then he has been as great, said my uncle, in the field, as in the cabinet——I dare say he has been a gallant soldier——He was a monk—said the sacristan.

My uncle *Toby* and *Trim* sought comfort in each other's faces—but found it not: my father clapped both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled him: for though he hated a monk and the very smell of a monk worse than all the devils in hell——yet the shot hitting my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* so much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph; and put him into the gayest humour in the world.

——And pray what do you call this gentleman? quoth my father, rather sportingly: This tomb, said

Saints Maxima and Optat

the young *Benedictine*, looking downwards, contains the bones of Saint MAXIMA, who came from *Ravenna* on purpose to touch the body——

——Of Saint MAXIMUS, said my father, popping in with his saint before him,—they were two of the greatest saints in the whole martyrology, added my father——Excuse me, said the sacristan——'twas to touch the bones of Saint *Germain*, the builder of the abby——And what did she get by it? said my uncle *Toby*——What does any woman get by it? said my father——MARTYRDOME; replied the young *Benedictine*, making a bow down to the ground, and uttering the word with so humble, but decisive a cadence, it disarmed my father for a moment. 'Tis supposed, continued the *Benedictine*, that St. *Maxima* has lain in this tomb four hundred years, and two hundred before her canonization——'Tis but a slow rise, brother *Toby*, quoth my father, in this self-same army of martyrs. ——A desperate slow one, an' please your honour, said *Trim*, unless one could purchase——I should rather sell out entirely, quoth my uncle *Toby*——I am pretty much of your opinion, brother *Toby*, said my father.

——Poor St. *Maxima!* said my uncle *Toby* low to himself, as we turn'd from her tomb: She was one of the fairest and most beautiful ladies either of *Italy* or *France*, continued the sacristan——But who the duce has got lain down here, besides her? quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as we walked on——It is Saint *Optat*, Sir, answered the sacristan——And properly is Saint *Optat* plac'd! said my father: And what is Saint *Optat's* story? continued he. Saint *Optat*, replied the sacristan, was a bishop——

——I thought so, by heaven! cried my father, in-

erruptting him——Saint *Optat!*——how should Saint *Optat* fail? so snatching out his pocket-book, and the young *Benedictine* holding him the torch as he wrote, he set it down as a new prop to his system of Christian names, and I will be bold to say, so disinterested was he in the search of truth, that had he found a treasure in Saint *Optat's* tomb, it would not have made him half so rich: 'Twas as successful a short visit as ever was paid to the dead; and so highly was his fancy pleas'd with all that had passed in it,—that he determined at once to stay another day in *Auxerre*. An author's dilemma

—I'll see the rest of these good gentry to-morrow, said my father, as we cross'd over the square—And while you are paying that visit, brother *Shandy*, quoth my uncle *Toby*—the corporal and I will mount the ramparts.

Chapter XXVIII

——NOW this is the most puzzled skein of all ——for in this last chapter, as far at least as it has help'd me through *Auxerre*, I have been getting forwards in two different journies together, and with the same dash of the pen—for I have got entirely out of *Auxerre* in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half way out of *Auxerre* in that which I shall write hereafter——There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing; and by pushing at something beyond that, I have brought myself into such a situation, as no traveller ever stood before me; for I am this moment walking across the market-place of *Auxerre* with my father and my uncle *Toby*, in our way back to dinner——and I am this moment also entering *Lyons* with my post-chaise broke into a thousand pieces—and I am moreover this

Fortunate misfortune

moment in a handsome pavillion built by *Pringello*,[1] upon the banks of the *Garonne*, which Mons. *Sligniac* has lent me, and where I now sit rhapsodising all these affairs.

——Let me collect myself, and pursue my journey.

Chapter XXIX

I AM glad of it, said I, settling the account with myself, as I walk'd into *Lyons*——my chaise being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving slowly before me——I am heartily glad, said I, that 'tis all broke to pieces; for now I can go directly by water to *Avignon*, which will carry me on a hundred and twenty miles of my journey, and not cost me seven livres——and from thence, continued I, bringing forwards the account, I can hire a couple of mules—or asses, if I like, (for nobody knows me) and cross the plains of *Languedoc* for almost nothing——I shall gain four hundred livres by the misfortune clear into my purse: and pleasure! worth—worth double the money by it. With what velocity, continued I, clapping my two hands together, shall I fly down the rapid *Rhone*, with the Vivares on my right hand, and Dauphiny on my left, scarce seeing the ancient cities of Vienne, *Valence*, and *Vivieres*. What a flame will it rekindle in the lamp, to snatch a blushing grape from the *Hermitage* and *Côte roti*, as I shoot by the foot of them! and what a fresh spring in the blood! to behold upon the banks advancing and

[1] The same Don *Pringello*, the celebrated *Spanish* architect, of whom my cousin *Antony* has made such honourable mention in a scholium to the Tale inscribed to his name.—Vid. p. 129, small edit.

retiring, the castles of romance, whence courteous knights have whilome rescued the distress'd——and see vertiginous, the rocks, the mountains, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is in with all her great works about her. Profitable disasters

As I went on thus, methought my chaise, the wreck of which look'd stately enough at the first, insensibly grew less and less in its size; the freshness of the painting was no more—the gilding lost its lustre—and the whole affair appeared so poor in my eyes—so sorry!—so contemptible! and, in a word, so much worse than the abbess of *Andoüillets'* itself—that I was just opening my mouth to give it to the devil—when a pert vamping chaise-undertaker, stepping nimbly across the street, demanded if Monsieur would have his chaise refitted——No, no, said I, shaking my head sideways—Would Monsieur chuse to sell it? rejoined the undertaker—With all my soul, said I—the iron work is worth forty livres—and the glasses worth forty more—and the leather you may take to live on.

What a mine of wealth, quoth I, as he counted me the money, has this post-chaise brought me in? And this is my usual method of book-keeping, at least with the disasters of life—making a penny of every one of 'em as they happen to me——

——Do, my dear *Jenny*, tell the world for me, how I behaved under one, the most oppressive of its kind, which could befal me as a man, proud as he ought to be of his manhood——

'Tis enough, saidst thou, coming close up to me, as I stood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon what had *not* pass'd——'Tis enough, *Tristram*, and I am satisfied, saidst thou, whispering these words in my ear, **** ** **** *** ******;—**** ** **—— any other man would have sunk down to the center——

How to make milk coffee

——Every thing is good for something, quoth I.

——I'll go into *Wales* for six weeks, and drink goat's whey—and I'll gain seven years longer life for the accident. For which reason I think myself inexcusable, for blaming fortune so often as I have done, for pelting me all my life long, like an ungracious duchess, as I call'd her, with so many small evils: surely, if I have any cause to be angry with her, 'tis that she has not sent me great ones—a score of good cursed, bouncing losses, would have been as good as a pension to me.

——One of a hundred a year, or so, is all I wish—I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

Chapter XXX

TO those who call vexations, VEXATIONS, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the best part of a day at *Lyons*, the most opulent and flourishing city in *France*, enriched with the most fragments of antiquity—and not be able to see it. To be withheld upon *any* account, must be a vexation; but to be withheld *by* a vexation——must certainly be, what philosophy justly calls

VEXATION
upon
VEXATION.

I had got my two dishes of milk coffee (which by the bye is excellently good for a consumption, but you must boil the milk and coffee together—otherwise 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than

sight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to see enough of *Lyons* to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. I will take a walk to the cathedral, said I, looking at my list, and see the wonderful mechanism of this great clock of *Lippius* of *Basil*, in the first place——

Sights of Lyons

Now, of all things in the world, I understand the least of mechanism——I have neither genius, or taste, or fancy—and have a brain so entirely unapt for every thing of that kind, that I solemnly declare I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a squirrel cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel—tho' I have many an hour of my life look'd up with great devotion at the one—and stood by with as much patience as any christian ever could do, at the other——

I'll go see the surprising movements of this great clock, said I, the very first thing I do: and then I will pay a visit to the great library of the Jesuits, and procure, if possible, a sight of the thirty volumes of the general history of *China*, wrote (not in the *Tartarean*, but) in the *Chinese* language, and in the *Chinese* character too.

Now I almost know as little of the *Chinese* language, as I do of the mechanism of *Lippius's* clock-work; so, why these should have jostled themselves into the two first articles of my list——I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature. I own it looks like one of her ladyship's obliquities; and they who court her, are interested in finding out her humour as much as I.

When these curiosities are seen, quoth I, half addressing myself to my *valet de place*, who stood behind me——'twill be no hurt if we go to the church of St. *Irenæus*, and see the pillar to which *Christ* was tied ——and after that, the house where *Pontius Pilate*

The skeleton of all love-stories

lived——'Twas at the next town, said the *valet de place*—at *Vienne;* I am glad of it, said I, rising briskly from my chair, and walking across the room with strides twice as long as my usual pace——"for so much the sooner shall I be at the *Tomb of the two lovers.*"

What was the cause of this movement, and why I took such long strides in uttering this——I might leave to the curious too; but as no principle of clock-work is concerned in it——'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myself.

Chapter XXXI

O THERE is a sweet æra in the life of man, when (the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing else)——a story read of two fond lovers, separated from each other by cruel parents, and by still more cruel destiny——

Amandus——He
Amanda——She——

each ignorant of the other's course,

He——east
She——west

Amandus taken captive by the *Turks*, and carried to the emperor of *Morocco's* court, where the princess of *Morocco* falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in prison for the love of his *Amanda.*——

She—(*Amanda*) all the time wandering barefoot, and with dishevell'd hair, o'er rocks and mountains, enquiring for *Amandus!*——*Amandus! Amandus!*—making every hill and valley to echo back his name——

Amandus! Amandus!

at every town and city, sitting down forlorn at the gate

——Has *Amandus!*—has my *Amandus* enter'd?—— Tomb of
ll,——going round, and round, and round the world the lovers
——chance unexpected bringing them at the same
ioment of the night, though by different ways, to the
ate of *Lyons*, their native city, and each in well-
nown accents calling out aloud,

Is *Amandus* / Is my *Amanda* } still alive?

ney fly into each other's arms, and both drop down
ead for joy.

There is a soft æra in every gentle mortal's life, vhere such a story affords more *pabulum* to the brain, nan all the *Frusts*, and *Crusts*, and *Rusts* of antiquity, vhich travellers can cook up for it.

——'Twas all that stuck on the right side of the ullender in my own, of what *Spon* and others, in neir accounts of *Lyons*, had *strained* into it; and nding, moreover, in some Itinerary, but in what God nows——That sacred to the fidelity of *Amandus* and *Amanda*, a tomb was built without the gates, where, to nis hour, lovers called upon them to attest their truths ——I never could get into a scrape of that kind in ny life, but this *tomb of the lovers* would, somehow or ther, come in at the close——nay such a kind of mpire had it establish'd over me, that I could seldom hink or speak of *Lyons*—and sometimes not so much s see even a *Lyons-waistcoat*, but this remnant of ntiquity would present itself to my fancy; and I have ften said in my wild way of running on——tho' I ear with some irreverence——"I thought this shrine neglected as it was) as valuable as that of *Mecca*, and o little short, except in wealth, of the *Santa Casa* self, that some time or other, I would go a pilgrimage though I had no other business at *Lyons*) on purpose o pay it a visit."

The poor ass

In my list, therefore, of *Videnda* at *Lyons*, this, tho' *last*,—was not, you see, *least*; so taking a dozen or two of longer strides than usual across my room, just whilst it passed my brain, I walked down calmly into the *Basse Cour*, in order to sally forth; and having called for my bill—as it was uncertain whether I should return to my inn, I had paid it——had moreover given the maid ten sous, and was just receiving the dernier compliments of Monsieur *Le Blanc*, for a pleasant voyage down the *Rhône*——when I was stopped at the gate——

Chapter XXXII

——'TWAS by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike——there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage ——I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)——I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy

. in framing his responses from the etchings of his sentimentalized over
ountenance — and where those carry me not deep
nough——in flying from my own heart into his, and
eing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as
man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only
eature of all the classes of beings below me, with
hom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, &c.——
never exchange a word with them——nor with the
nes, &c., for pretty near the same reason; they act
rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me
lent: nay my dog and my cat, though I value them
oth——(and for my dog he would speak if he could)
—yet somehow or other, they neither of them possess
ie talents for conversation——I can make nothing
a discourse with them, beyond the *proposition*,
ie *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's
nd my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice
——and those utter'd——there's an end of the
ialogue——

—But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come, *Honesty!* said I,——seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate——art thou for oming in, or going out?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the reet——

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver: ——He turned his head thoughtfully about, and ooked wistfully the opposite way——

I understand thee perfectly, answered I——If thou akest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee o death——Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it aves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set own as ill spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this iscourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions

An equivocal interjection

of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again——God help thee, *Jack!* said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour, —and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages——'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others. ——And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.——In saying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon——than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in——the poor beast was heavy loaded ——his legs seem'd to tremble under him——he hung rather backwards, and as I pull'd at his halter, it broke short in my hand——he look'd up pensive in my face —"Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may"——If I do, said I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one-half of it pronounced, like the abbess of *Andoüillets*'—(so there was no sin in it) —when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I——but the interjection was equivocal——and I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an osier which had started out from the contexture of the ass's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket, as he rush'd by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine——so that the

Out upon it! in my opinion, should have come in here——but this I leave to be settled by

A question of identity

THE
REVIEWERS
OF
MY BREECHES,

which I have brought over along with me for that purpose.

Chapter XXXIII

WHEN all was set to rights, I came down stairs again into the *basse cour* with my *valet de place*, in order to sally out towards the tomb of the two lovers, &c.—and was a second time stopp'd at the gate ——not by the ass—but by the person who struck him; and who, by that time, had taken possession (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very spot of ground where the ass stood.

It was a commissary sent to me from the post-office, with a rescript in his hand for the payment of some six livres odd sous.

Upon what account? said I.——'Tis upon the part of the king, replied the commissary, heaving up both his shoulders——

——My good friend, quoth I——as sure as I am I——and you are you——

——And who are you? said he.————Don't puzzle me; said I.

Chapter XXXIV

A question of choice

——But it is an indubitable verity, continued I, addressing myself to the commissary, changing only the form of my asseveration——that I owe the king of *France* nothing but my good-will; for he is a very honest man, and I wish him all health and pastime in the world——

Pardonnez moi—replied the commissary, you are indebted to him six livres four sous, for the next post from hence to St. *Fons*, in your route to *Avignon*—which being a post royal, you pay double for the horses and postillion—otherwise 'twould have amounted to no more than three livres two sous——

——But I don't go by land; said I.

——You may if you please; replied the commissary——

Your most obedient servant——said I, making him a low bow——

The commissary, with all the sincerity of grave good breeding—made me one, as low again.——I never was more disconcerted with a bow in my life.

——The devil take the serious character of these people! quoth I—(aside) they understand no more of IRONY than this——

The comparison was standing close by with his panniers—but something seal'd up my lips—I could not pronounce the name—

Sir, said I, collecting myself—it is not my intention to take post——

—But you may—said he, persisting in his first reply—you may take post if you chuse——

—And I may take salt to my pickled herring, said I, if I chuse——

—But I do not chuse— In either case—pay

—But you must pay for it, whether you do or no.

Aye! for the salt; said I (I know)——

—And for the post too; added he. Defend me! ried I——

I travel by water—I am going down the *Rhône* this ery afternoon—my baggage is in the boat—and I have ctually paid nine livres for my passage——

C'est tout egal—'tis all one; said he.

Bon Dieu! what, pay for the way I go! and for he way I do *not* go!

——*C'est tout egal;* replied the commissary——

——The devil it is! said I—but I will go to ten housand Bastiles first——

O England! England! thou land of liberty, and limate of good sense, thou tenderest of mothers—and entlest of nurses, cried I, kneeling upon one knee, as was beginning my apostrophè.

When the director of Madam *Le Blanc's* conscience oming in at that instant, and seeing a person in black, vith a face as pale as ashes, at his devotions—looking till paler by the contrast and distress of his drapery—sk'd, if I stood in want of the aids of the church——

I go by WATER—said I—and here's another will be or making me pay for going by OIL.

CHAPTER XXXV

AS I perceived the commissary of the post-office would have his six livres four sous, I had nothing lse for it, but to say some smart thing upon the ccasion, worth the money:

And so I set off thus:——

——And pray, Mr. Commissary, by what law of

Costly fickleness

courtesy is a defenceless stranger to be used just the reverse from what you use a *Frenchman* in this matter?

By no means; said he.

Excuse me; said I—for you have begun, Sir, with first tearing off my breeches—and now you want my pocket——

Whereas—had you first taken my pocket, as you do with your own people—and then left me bare a—'d after—I had been a beast to have complain'd——

As it is——

——'Tis contrary to the *law of nature.*

——'Tis contrary to *reason.*

——'Tis contrary to the GOSPEL.

But not to this——said he—putting a printed paper into my hand,

PAR LE ROY.

——'Tis a pithy prolegomenon, quoth I—and so read on ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ———

——By all which it appears, quoth I, having read it over, a little too rapidly, that if a man sets out in a post-chaise from *Paris*—he must go on travelling in one, all the days of his life—or pay for it.—Excuse me, said the commissary, the spirit of the ordinance is this—That if you set out with an intention of running post from *Paris* to *Avignon*, &c., you shall not change that intention or mode of travelling, without first satisfying the fermiers for two posts further than the place you repent at—and 'tis founded, continued he, upon this, that the REVENUES are not to fall short through your *fickleness*——

—O by heavens! cried I—if fickleness is taxable A serious loss
rance—we have noth ng to do but to make the best
: with you we can——
ED SO THE PEACE WAS MADE;
—And if it is a bad one—as *Tristram Shandy*
he corner-stone of it—nobody but *Tristram Shandy*
: to be hanged.

Chapter XXXVI

HOUGH I was sensible I had said as many
clever things to the commissary as came to six
four sous, yet I was determined to note down the
sition amongst my remarks before I retired from
lace; so putting my hand into my coat-pocket for
emarks—(which, by the bye, may be a caution to
llers to take a little more care of *their* remarks for
uture) "my remarks were *stolen*"——Never
sorry traveller make such a pother and racket
: his remarks as I did about mine, upon the
ion.
eaven! earth! sea! fire! cried I, calling in
thing to my aid but what I should——My
rks are stolen!—what shall I do?——Mr.
missary! pray did I drop any remarks, as I stood
es you?——
ou dropp'd a good many very singular ones; replied
—Pugh! said I, those were but a few, not worth
e six livres two sous—but these are a large parcel
-He shook his head——Monsieur *Le Blanc!*
am *Le Blanc!* did you see any papers of mine?—
maid of the house! run up stairs—*François!* run
ter her——
-I must have my remarks——they were the best

What made it more serious

remarks, cried I, that ever were made—the wisest—th wittiest—What shall I do?—which way shall I tur myself?

Sancho Pança, when he lost his ass's FURNITURE, di not exclaim more bitterly.

Chapter XXXVII

WHEN the first transport was over, and th registers of the brain were beginning to ge a little out of the confusion into which this jumbl of cross accidents had cast them—it then presentl occurr'd to me, that I had left my remarks in th pocket of the chaise—and that in selling my chaise I had sold my remarks along with it, to the chaise vamper. I leave this void spac that the reader may swear into it any oath that he i most accustomed to——For my own part, if ever swore a *whole* oath into a vacancy in my life, I thin it was into that——*********, said I—and so m remarks through *France*, which were as full of wit, a an egg is full of meat, and as well worth four hundre guineas, as the said egg is worth a penny—have I bee selling here to a chaise-vamper—for four *Louis d'Or* —and giving him a post-chaise (by heaven) worth si into the bargain; had it been to *Dodsley*, or *Becket*, o any creditable bookseller, who was either leaving o business, and wanted a post-chaise—or who was begin ning it—and wanted my remarks, and two or thre guineas along with them—I could have borne it—— but to a chaise-vamper!—shew me to him this momen *François*,—said I—The valet de place put on his ha and led the way—and I pull'd off mine, as I pass' the commissary, and followed him.

Chapter XXXVIII

Found in an unexpected place

WHEN we arrived at the chaise-vamper's house, both the house and the shop were shut up; it was the eighth of *September*, the nativity of the blessed Virgin *Mary*, mother of God—

——Tantarra-ra-tan-tivi——the whole world was gone out a May-poling—frisking here—capering there ——nobody cared a button for me or my remarks; so I sat me down upon a bench by the door, philosophating upon my condition: by a better fate than usually attends me, I had not waited half an hour, when the mistress came in to take the papilliotes from off her hair, before she went to the May-poles——

The *French* women, by the bye, love May-poles, *à la folie*—that is, as much as their matins——give 'em but a May-pole, whether in *May*, *June*, *July*, or *September*—they never count the times——down it goes——'tis meat, drink, washing, and lodging to 'em ——and had we but the policy, an' please your worships (as wood is a little scarce in *France*), to send them but plenty of May-poles——

The women would set them up; and when they had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company) till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaise-vamper stepp'd in, I told you, to take the papilliotes from off her hair——the toilet stands still for no man——so she jerk'd off her cap, to begin with them as she open'd the door, in doing which, one of them fell upon the ground——I instantly saw it was my own writing——

O Seigneur! cried I—you have got all my remarks upon your head, Madam!——*J'en suis bien mortifiée*, said she——'tis well, thinks I, they have stuck there

Sight-seeing —for could they have gone deeper, they would have made such confusion in a *French* woman's noddle—She had better have gone with it unfrizzled, to the day of eternity.

Tenez—said she—so without any idea of the nature of my suffering, she took them from her curls, and put them gravely one by one into my hat——one was twisted this way——another twisted that——ey! by my faith; and when they are published, quoth I,——They will be worse twisted still.

Chapter XXXIX

AND now for *Lippius's* clock! said I, with the air of a man, who had got thro' all his difficulties——nothing can prevent us seeing that, and the *Chinese* history, &c., except the time, said *François*——for 'tis almost eleven—Then we must speed the faster, said I, striding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot say, in my heart, that it gave me any concern in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the west door,—That *Lippius's* great clock was all out of joints, and had not gone for some years——It will give me the more time, thought I, to peruse the *Chinese* history; and besides I shall be able to give the world a better account of the clock in its decay, than I could have done in its flourishing condition——

——And so away I posted to the college of the Jesuits.

Now it is with the project of getting a peep at the history of *China* in *Chinese* characters—as with many others I could mention, which strike the fancy only at a distance; for as I came nearer and nearer to the

iint—my blood cool'd—the freak gradually went off, I at length I would not have given a cherrystone to ve it gratified———The truth was, my time was ort, and my heart was at the Tomb of the Lovers ——I wish to God, said I, as I got the rapper in my nd, that the key of the library may be but lost; it ll out as well——

An intercepted tear

For all the Jesuits *had got the cholic*—and to that egree, as never was known in the memory of the dest practitioner.

Chapter XL

AS I knew the geography of the Tomb of the Lovers, as well as if I had lived twenty years *Lyons*, namely, that it was upon the turning of y right hand, just without the gate, leading to the *auxbourg de Vaise*——I dispatched *François* to the oat, that I might pay the homage I so long ow'd it, ithout a witness of my weakness—I walk'd with all naginable joy towards the place——when I saw the ate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed ithin me——

—Tender and faithful spirits! cried I, addressing yself to *Amandus* and *Amanda*—long—long have I rried to drop this tear upon your tomb———I come ———I come———

When I came—there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my uncle *Toby*, to ave whistled Lillo bullero!

Chapter XLI

Entering Avignon

NO matter how, or in what mood—but I flew from the tomb of the lovers—or rather I did not fly *from* it—(for there was no such thing existing) and just got time enough to the boat to save my passage —and ere I had sailed a hundred yards, the *Rhône* and the *Saône* met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But I have described this voyage down the *Rhône* before I made it——

——So now I am at *Avignon*, and as there is nothing to see but the old house, in which the duke of *Ormond* resided, and nothing to stop me but a short remark upon the place, in three minutes you will see me crossing the bridge upon a mule, with *François* upon a horse with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner of both, striding the way before us, with a long gun upon his shoulder, and a sword under his arm, lest peradventure we should run away with his cattle. Had you seen my breeches in entering *Avignon*,——Though you'd have seen them better, I think, as I mounted—you would not have thought the precaution amiss, or found in your heart to have taken it in dudgeon; for my own part, I took it most kindly; and determined to make him a present of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himself at all points against them.

Before I go further, let me get rid of my remark upon *Avignon*, which is this: That I think it wrong merely because a man's hat has been blown off his head by chance the first night he comes to *Avignon* ——that he should therefore say, "*Avignon* is more subject to high winds than any town in all *France*:

Death out-distanced!

or which reason I laid no stress upon the accident till had enquired of the master of the inn about it, who elling me seriously it was so——and hearing, more-over, the windiness of *Avignon* spoke of in the country bout as a proverb——I set it down, merely to ask he learned what can be the cause——the consequence saw—for they are all Dukes, Marquisses, and Counts, here——the duce a Baron, in all *Avignon*——so that here is scarce any talking to them on a windy day.

Prithee, friend, said I, take hold of my mule for a moment——for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots, which hurt my heel—the man was standing quite idle at the door of the inn, and as I had taken it into my head, he was someway concerned about the house or stable, I put the bridle into his hand—so began with the boot:—when I had finished the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him——

——But *Monsieur le Marquis* had walked in——

Chapter XLII

I HAD now the whole south of *France*, from the banks of the *Rhône* to those of the *Garonne*, to traverse upon my mule at my own leisure—*at my own leisure*——for I had left Death, the Lord knows ——and He only—how far behind me——"I have followed many a man thro' *France*, quoth he—but never at this mettlesome rate."——Still he followed, ——and still I fled him——but I fled him chearfully ——still he pursued——but, like one who pursued his prey without hope——as he lagg'd, every step he lost, often'd his looks——why should I fly him at this rate?

So notwithstanding all the commissary of the post-

Loitering progression

office had said, I changed the *mode* of my travelling once more; and, after so precipitate and rattling a course as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I should traverse the rich plains of *Languedoc* upon his back, as slowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleasing to a traveller——or more terrible to travel-writers, than a large rich plain; especially if it is without great rivers or bridges; and presents nothing to the eye, but one unvaried picture of plenty: for after they have once told you, that 'tis delicious! or delightful! (as the case happens)—that the soil was grateful, and that nature pours out all her abundance, &c. . . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with—and which is of little or no use to them but to carry them to some town; and that town, perhaps of little more, but a new place to start from to the next plain ——and so on.

—This is most terrible work; judge if I don't manage my plains better.

Chapter XLIII

I HAD not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gun began to look at his priming.

I had three several times loiter'd *terribly* behind; half a mile at least every time; once, in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums for the fairs of *Baucaira* and *Tarascone*—I did not understand the principles——

The second time, I cannot so properly say, I stopp'd ——for meeting a couple of *Franciscans* straitened more for time than myself, and not being able to get to the

ottom of what I was about——I had turn'd back with em——

Promised "Plain Stories"

The third, was an affair of trade with a gossip, for a and-basket of *Provence* figs for four sous; this would ave been transacted at once; but for a case of con- ience at the close of it; for when the figs were paid or, it turn'd out, that there were two dozen of eggs over'd over with vine-leaves at the bottom of the asket—as I had no intention of buying eggs—I made o sort of claim of them—as for the space they had ccupied—what signified it? I had figs enow for my oney——

—But it was my intention to have the basket—it was he gossip's intention to keep it, without which, she ould do nothing with her eggs——and unless I had he basket, I could do as little with my figs, which vere too ripe already, and most of 'em burst at the side: his brought on a short contention, which terminated n sundry proposals, what we should both do——

——How we disposed of our eggs and figs, I defy ou, or the Devil himself, had he not been there which I am persuaded he was), to form the least robable conjecture: You will read the whole of it ——not this year, for I am hastening to the story f my uncle *Toby's* amours—but you will read it in the ollection of those which have arose out of the journey cross this plain—and which, therefore, I call my

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued, like those of ther travellers, in this journey of it, over so barren a ack—the world must judge—but the traces of it, hich are now all set o' vibrating together this moment, ell me 'tis the most fruitful and busy period of my

Through Languedoc

life; for as I had made no convention with my man with the gun, as to time—by stopping and talking to every soul I met, who was not in a full trot—joining all parties before me—waiting for every soul behind—hailing all those who were coming through cross-roads—arresting all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, friars—not passing by a woman in a mulberry-tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into conversation with a pinch of snuff———In short, by seizing every handle, of what size or shape soever, which chance held out to me in this journey—I turned my *plain* into a *city*—I was always in company, and with great variety too; and as my mule loved society as much as myself, and had some proposals always on his part to offer to every beast he met—I am confident we could have passed through *Pall-Mall*, or St. *James's*-Street for a month together, with fewer adventures—and seen less of human nature.

O! there is that sprightly frankness, which at once unpins every plait of a *Languedocian's* dress—that whatever is beneath it, it looks so like the simplicity which poets sing of in better days—I will delude my fancy, and believe it is so.

'Twas in the road betwixt *Nismes* and *Lunel*, where there is the best *Muscatto* wine in all *France*, and which by the bye belongs to the honest canons of Montpellier—and foul befal the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

———The sun was set—they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh—and the swains were preparing for a carousal———my mule made a dead point———'Tis the fife and tabourin, said I——I'm frighten'd to death, quoth he———They are running at the ring of pleasure, said I, giving him a prick——By saint *Boogar*, and all the saints at the backside of

he door of purgatory, said he—(making the same esolution with the abbesse of *Andoüillets*) I'll not go step further———'Tis very well, sir, said I——I ever will argue a point with one of your family, as ong as I live; so leaping off his back, and kicking off ne boot into this ditch, and t'other into that—I'll take dance, said I—so stay you here. Al fresco!

A sun-burnt daughter of Labour rose up from the roupe to meet me, as I advanced towards them; her air, which was a dark chesnut approaching rather to black, was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

We want a cavalier, said she, holding out both her ands, as if to offer them—And a cavalier ye shall ave; said I, taking hold of both of them.

Hadst thou, *Nannette*, been array'd like a dutchesse!——But that cursed slit in thy petticoat!

Nannette cared not for it.

We could not have done without you, said she, letting o one hand, with self-taught politeness, leading me up vith the other.

A lame youth, whom *Apollo* had recompensed with pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his wn accord, ran sweetly over the prelude, as he sat pon the bank——Tie me up this tress instantly, said *Vannette*, putting a piece of string into my hand—It aught me to forget I was a stranger——The whole not fell down—We had been seven years acquainted.

The youth struck the note upon the tabourin—his ipe followed, and off we bounded——"the duce take hat slit!"

The sister of the youth, who had stolen her voice rom heaven, sung alternately with her brother——twas a *Gascoigne* roundelay.

VIVA LA JOIA!
FIDON LA TRISTESSA!

Dancing forwards

The nymphs join'd in unison, and their swains an octave below them——

I would have given a crown to have it sew'd up— *Nannette* would not have given a sous—*Viva la joia* was in her lips—*Viva la joia!* was in her eyes. A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us——She look'd amiable!——Why could I not live and end my days thus? Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows, cried I, why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here——and dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid? Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up insidious——Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I; so changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from *Lunel* to *Montpellier*——from thence to *Pesçnas*, *Beziers*——I danced it along through *Narbonne*, *Carcasson*, and *Castle Naudairy*, till at last I danced myself into *Perdrillo's* pavillion, where pulling out a paper of black lines, that I might go on straight forwards, without digression or parenthesis, in my uncle *Toby's* amours——

I begun thus——

BOOK VIII

Chapter I

—BUT softly——for in these sportive plains, and under this genial sun, where at this nstant all flesh is running out piping, fiddling, and ancing to the vintage, and every step that's taken, the udgment is surprised by the imagination, I defy, notvithstanding all that has been said upon *straight lines* n sundry pages of my book—I defy the best cabbage lanter that ever existed, whether he plants backwards r forwards, it makes little difference in the account except that he will have more to answer for in ne one case than in the other)—I defy him to go n coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his abbages one by one, in straight lines, and stoical istances, especially if slits in petticoats are unsew'd p—without ever and anon straddling out, or sidling nto some bastardly digression——In *Freeze-land*, *Fog-land*, and some other lands I wot of—it may be one——

Impossible to be cool, critical, canonical

But in this clear climate of fantasy and perspiration, here every idea, sensible and insensible, gets vent—in his land, my dear *Eugenius*—in this fertile land of hivalry and romance, where I now sit, unskrewing my nk-horn to write my uncle *Toby's* amours, and with all ne meanders of Julia's track in quest of her Diego, in

Of beginning a book

full view of my study window—if thou comest not and takest me by the hand——

What a work it is likely to turn out!

Let us begin it.

Chapter II

IT is with LOVE as with CUCKOLDOM——

But now I am talking of beginning a book, and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which, if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live (whereas the COMPARISON may be imparted to him any hour in the day)——I'll just mention it, and begin in good earnest.

The thing is this.

That of all the several ways of beginning a book which are now in practice throughout the known world I am confident my own way of doing it is the best——I'm sure it is the most religious——for I begin with writing the first sentence——and trusting to Almighty God for the second.

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fuss and folly of opening his street-door, and calling in his neighbours and friends, and kinsfolk, with the devil and all his imps, with their hammers and engines, &c., only to observe how one sentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wish you saw me half starting out of my chair with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up——catching the idea, even sometimes before it half way reaches me——

I believe in my conscience I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man.

Pope and his Portrait[1] are fools to me——no martyr ever so full of faith or fire——I wish I could say of good works too——but I have no

A devil of a digression

Zeal or Anger——or
Anger or Zeal——

And till gods and men agree together to call it by the same name——the errantest TARTUFFE, in science——in politics—or in religion, shall never kindle a spark within me, or have a worse word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III

——Bonjour!——good morrow!——so you have got your cloak on betimes!——but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly——'tis better to be well mounted, than go o' foot——and obstructions in the glands are dangerous——And how goes it with thy concubine—thy wife,—and thy little ones o' both sides? and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady —your sister, aunt, uncle, and cousins——I hope they have got better of their colds, coughs, claps, tooth-aches, fevers, stranguries, sciaticas, swellings, and sore eyes.

——What a devil of an apothecary! to take so much blood—give such a vile purge—puke—poultice—plaister—night-draught—clyster—blister?——And why so many grains of calomel! santa Maria! and such a dose of opium! periclitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail——By my great-aunt *Dinah's* old black velvet mask! I think there was no occasion for it.

Now this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, *before* she was got with

[1] Vid. *Pope's* Portrait.

Uncle Toby's hand is forced

child by the coachman—not one of our family would wear it after. To cover the MASK afresh, was more than the mask was worth——and to wear a mask which was bald, or which could be half seen through was as bad as having no mask at all——

This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that in all our numerous family, for these four generations, we count no more than one archbishop, a *Welch* judge, some three or four aldermen, and a single mountebank——

In the sixteenth century, we boast of no less than a dozen alchymists.

CHAPTER IV

"IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom"——the suffering party is at least the *third*, but generally the last in the house who knows any thing about the matter. this comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing; and so long, as what is this vessel of the human frame, is *Love*—may be *Hatred*, in that——*Sentiment* half a yard higher—— and *Nonsense*——————no, Madam,—not there ——I mean at the part I am now pointing to with my forefinger——how can we help ourselves?

Of all mortal, and immortal men too, if you please, who ever soliloquized upon this mystic subject, my uncle *Toby* was the worst fitted, to have push'd his researches, thro' such a contention of feelings; and had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worse matters, to see what they would turn out——had not *Bridget's* pre-notification of them to *Susannah*, and *Susannah's* repeated manifestoes thereupon to all the world, made it necessary for my uncle *Toby* to look into the affair.

Chapter V

Questions for physiologists

WHY weavers, gardeners, and gladiators — or a man with a pined leg (proceeding from some ailment in the *foot*)—should ever have had some tender nymph breaking her heart in secret for them, are points well and duly settled and accounted for, by ancient and modern physiologists.

A water-drinker, provided he is a profess'd one, and does it without fraud or covin, is precisely in the same predicament: not that, at first sight, there is any consequence, or show of logic in it, "That a rill of cold water dribbling through my inward parts, should light up a torch in my *Jenny's*—"

——The proposition does not strike one; on the contrary, it seems to run opposite to the natural workings of causes and effects——

But it shews the weakness and imbecility of human reason.

——"And in perfect good health with it?"

—The most perfect,—Madam, that friendship herself could wish me——

"And drink nothing!—nothing but water?"

—Impetuous fluid! the moment thou pressest against the flood-gates of the brain——see how they give way!——

In swims Curiosity, beckoning to her damsels to follow—they dive into the centre of the current——

Fancy sits musing upon the bank, and with her eyes following the stream, turns straws and bulrushes into masts and bowsprits——And Desire, with vest held up to the knee in one hand, snatches at them, as they swim by her with the other——

O ye water-drinkers! is it then by this delusive

Uncle Toby no water-drinker

fountain, that ye have so often governed and turn'd this world about like a mill-wheel—grinding the faces of the impotent—bepowdering their ribs—bepeppering their noses, and changing sometimes even the very frame and face of nature——

If I was you, quoth *Yorick*, I would drink more water, *Eugenius*—And, if I was you, *Yorick*, replied *Eugenius*, so would I.

Which shews they had both read *Longinus*——

For my own part, I am resolved never to read any book but my own, as long as I live.

Chapter VI

I WISH my uncle *Toby* had been a water-drinker for then the thing had been accounted for, That the first moment Widow *Wadman* saw him, she felt something stirring within her in his favour—Something!—something.

—Something perhaps more than friendship—less than love—something—no matter what—no matter where—I would not give a single hair off my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myself (indeed the villain has not many to spare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain), to be let by your worship into the secret——

But the truth is, my uncle *Toby* was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mix'd, or any how, or any where, except fortuitously upon some advanced posts, where better liquor was not to be had ——or during the time he was under cure; when the surgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them sooner into contact——my uncle *Toby* drank it for quietness sake.

The author's predicament

Now as all the world knows, that no effect in nature
n be produced without a cause, and as it is as well
own, that my uncle *Toby* was neither a weaver—a
rdener, or a gladiator——unless as a captain, you
ll needs have him one—but then he was only a
ptain of foot—and besides, the whole is an equi-
cation——There is nothing left for us to suppose,
t that my uncle *Toby's* leg——but that will avail us
tle in the present hypothesis, unless it had proceeded
m some ailment *in the foot*—whereas his leg was not
aciated from any disorder in his foot—for my uncle
by's leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little
ff and awkward, from a total disuse of it, for the
ree years he lay confined at my father's house in
wn; but it was plump and muscular, and in all other
spects as good and promising a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one opinion or
ssage of my life, where my understanding was more
a loss to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I
ad been writing, to the service of the chapter follow-
g it, than in the present case: one would think I
ok a pleasure in running into difficulties of this kind,
erely to make fresh experiments of getting out of 'em
——Inconsiderate soul that thou art! What! are not
e unavoidable distresses with which, as an author and
man, thou art hemm'd in on every side of thee——
e they, *Tristram*, not sufficient, but thou must entangle
yself still more?

Is it not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou
st ten cart-loads of thy fifth and sixth volumes
ill—still unsold, and art almost at thy wit's ends,
w to get them off thy hands?

To this hour art thou not tormented with the vile
thma that thou gattest in skating against the wind in
landers? and is it but two months ago, that in a fit

A necessary article forgotten

of laughter, on seeing a cardinal make water like a quirister (with both hands) thou brakest a vessel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou lost as many quarts of blood; and hadst thou lost as much more did not the faculty tell thee———it would have amounted to a gallon?———

Chapter VII

——But for heaven's sake, let us not talk of quarts or gallons——let us take the story straight before us it is so nice and intricate a one, it will scarce bear the transposition of a single tittle; and, somehow or other you have got me thrust almost into the middle of it——

—I beg we may take more care.

Chapter VIII

MY uncle *Toby* and the corporal had posted down with so much heat and precipitation, to take possession of the spot of ground we have so often spoke of, in order to open their campaign as early as the rest of the allies; that they had forgot one of the most necessary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's spade, a pickax, or a shovel—

—It was a bed to lie on: so that as *Shandy-Hall* was at that time unfurnished; and the little inn where poor *Le Fever* died, not yet built; my uncle *Toby* was constrained to accept of a bed at Mrs. *Wadman's*, for a night or two, till corporal *Trim* (who to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cook, sempster, surgeon and engineer, superadded that of an excellent upholsterer too), with the help of a carpenter and a couple

f taylors, constructed one in my uncle *Toby's* ouse.

Man one of woman's possessions

A daughter of *Eve*, for such was widow *Wadman*, nd 'tis all the character I intend to give of her—

—"*That she was a perfect woman*—" had better e fifty leagues off—or in her warm bed—or playing vith a case-knife—or any thing you please—than make man the object of her attention, when the house and ll the furniture is her own.

There is nothing in it out of doors and in broad ay-light, where a woman has a power, physically peaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one—ut here, for her soul, she can see him in no light with-ut mixing something of her own goods and chattels long with him——till by reiterated acts of such com-ination, he gets foisted into her inventory——

—And then good night.

But this is not matter of SYSTEM; for I have de-ivered that above——nor is it matter of BREVIARY ——for I make no man's creed but my own——nor natter of FACT——at least that I know of; but 'tis natter copulative and introductory to what follows.

CHAPTER IX

I DO not speak it with regard to the coarseness or cleanness of them—or the strength of their gussets ——but pray do not night-shifts differ from day-shifts s much in this particular, as in any thing else in the world; That they so far exceed the others in length, hat when you are laid down in them, they fall almost as nuch below the feet, as the day-shifts fall short of them?

Widow *Wadman's* night-shifts (as was the mode I uppose in King *William's* and Queen *Anne's* reigns)

Widow Wadman's custom

were cut however after this fashion; and if the fashion is changed (for in *Italy* they are come to nothing) ——so much the worse for the public; they were two *Flemish* ells and a half in length; so that allowing a moderate woman two ells, she had half an ell to spare, to do what she would with.

Now from one little indulgence gained after another, in the many bleak and decemberly nights of a seven years widowhood, things had insensibly come to this pass, and for the two last years had got establish'd into one of the ordinances of the bed-chamber—That as soon as Mrs. *Wadman* was put to bed, and had got her legs stretched down to the bottom of it, of which she always gave *Bridget* notice—*Bridget*, with all suitable decorum, having first open'd the bed-cloaths at the feet, took hold of the half-ell of cloth we are speaking of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to its furthest extension, and then contracted it again side-long by four or five even plaits, she took a large corking pin out of her sleeve, and with the point directed towards her, pinn'd the plaits all fast together a little above the hem; which done she tuck'd all in tight at the feet, and wish'd her mistress a good night.

This was constant, and without any other variation than this; that on shivering and tempestuous nights when *Bridget* untuck'd the feet of the bed, &c., to do this——she consulted no thermometer but that of her own passions; and so performed it standing—kneeling—or squatting, according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, she was in, and bore toward her mistress that night. In every other respect, the *etiquette* was sacred, and might have vied with the most mechanical one of the most inflexible bed-chamber in *Christendom*.

The first night, as soon as the corporal had conducted my uncle *Toby* up stairs, which was about ten —Mrs. *Wadman* threw herself into her arm-chair, and crossing her left knee with her right, which formed a resting-place for her elbow, she reclin'd her cheek on the palm of her hand, and leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both sides of the question. receives a shock

The second night she went to her bureau, and having ordered *Bridget* to bring her up a couple of fresh candles and leave them upon the table, she took out her marriage-settlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the last of my uncle *Toby's* stay) when *Bridget* had pull'd down the night-shift, and was assaying to stick in the corking pin——

——With a kick of both heels at once, but at the same time the most natural kick that could be kick'd in her situation——for supposing * * * * * * * * to be the sun in its meridian, it was a north-east kick——she kick'd the pin out of her fingers——the *etiquette* which hung upon it, down——down it fell to the ground, and was shiver'd into a thousand atoms.

From all which it was plain that widow *Wadman* was in love with my uncle *Toby*.

Chapter X

MY uncle *Toby's* head at that time was full of other matters, so that it was not till the demolition of *Dunkirk*, when all the other civilities of *Europe* were settled, that he found leisure to return this.

This made an armistice (that is, speaking with regard to my uncle *Toby*—but with respect to Mrs. *Wadman*,

How to treat unrequited love

a vacancy)—of almost eleven years. But in all case of this nature, as it is the second blow, happen at wha distance of time it will, which makes the fray—— chuse for that reason to call these the amours of m uncle *Toby* with Mrs. *Wadman*, rather than the amou of Mrs. *Wadman* with my uncle *Toby*.

This is not a distinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of *an old hat cock'd*——and *cock'd old hat*, about which your reverences have s often been at odds with one another——but there is difference here in the nature of things——

And let me tell you, gentry, a wide one too.

Chapter XI

NOW as widow *Wadman* did love my uncle *Tob* ——and my uncle *Toby* did not love widow *Wadman*, there was nothing for widow *Wadman* to do but to go on and love my uncle *Toby*——or let alone.

Widow *Wadman* would do neither the one or th other.

——Gracious heaven!——but I forget I am a litt of her temper myself; for whenever it so falls ou which it sometimes does about the equinoxes, that a earthly goddess is so much this, and that, and t'othe that I cannot eat my breakfast for her——and that sh careth not three halfpence whether I eat my breakfa or no——

——Curse on her! and so I send her to *Tartar* and from *Tartary* to *Terra del Fuogo*, and so on to th devil: in short, there is not an infernal nitch where do not take her divinityship and stick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the passions in the

Hes ebb and flow ten times in a minute, I instantly A dangerous metaphor
ing her back again; and as I do all things in exemes, I place her in the very centre of the milky-ay——

Brightest of stars! thou wilt shed thy influence upon me one——

——The duce take her and her influence too——or at that word I lose all patience——much good may do him!——By all that is hirsute and gashly! I y, taking off my furr'd cap, and twisting it round y finger——I would not give sixpence for a dozen ch!

——But 'tis an excellent cap too (putting it upon y head, and pressing it close to my ears)—and warm —and soft; especially if you stroke it the right way—ut alas! that will never be my luck——(so here my hilosophy is shipwreck'd again).

——No; I shall never have a finger in the pye (so ere I break my metaphor)——

Crust and Crumb
Inside and out
Top and bottom——I detest it, I hate it, I reudiate it——I'm sick at the sight of it——

'Tis all pepper,
garlick,
staragen,
salt, and
devil's dung——by the great arch-cook of ooks, who does nothing, I think, from morning to ight, but sit down by the fire-side and invent inflamatory dishes for us, I would not touch it for the orld——

——*O Tristram! Tristram!* cried *Jenny*.

O Jenny! Jenny! replied I, and so went on with he twelfth chapter.

Chapter XII

Alphabetically speaking

——"Not touch it for the world," did I say—— Lord, how I have heated my imagination with th metaphor!

Chapter XIII

WHICH shews, let your reverences and wor ships say what you will of it (for as fo *thinking*——all who do think—think pretty muc alike both upon it and other matters)——Love certainly, at least alphabetically speaking, one of th most

A gitating
B ewitching
C onfounded
D evilish affairs of life——the most
E xtravagant
F utilitous
G alligaskinish
H andy-dandyish
I racundulous (there is no K to it) and
L yrical of all human passions: at the same tim the most
M isgiving
N innyhammering
O bstipating
P ragmatical
S tridulous

R idiculous—though by the bye the R should hav gone first—But in short 'tis of such a nature, as m father once told my uncle *Toby* upon the close of long dissertation upon the subject——"You ca

carce," said he, "combine two ideas together upon it, rother *Toby*, without an hypallage"——What's that? ried my uncle *Toby*. Widow Wadman's Love-militancy

The cart before the horse, replied my father—— ——And what is he to do there? cried my uncle *Toby*——

Nothing, quoth my father, but to get in——or let alone.

Now widow *Wadman*, as I told you before, would o neither the one or the other.

She stood however ready harnessed and caparisoned t all points, to watch accidents.

Chapter XIV

THE Fates, who certainly all foreknew of these amours of widow *Wadman* and my uncle *Toby*, ad, from the first creation of matter and motion (and vith more courtesy than they usually do things of his kind), established such a chain of causes and ffects hanging so fast to one another, that it was carce possible for my uncle *Toby* to have dwelt in ny other house in the world, or to have occupied ny other garden in *Christendom*, but the very house nd garden which join'd and laid parallel to Mrs. *Wadman's*; this, with the advantage of a thickset rbour in Mrs. *Wadman's* garden, but planted in the edge-row of my uncle *Toby's*, put all the occasions nto her hands which Love-militancy wanted; she ould observe my uncle *Toby's* motions, and was nistress likewise of his councils of war; and as his nsuspecting heart had given leave to the corporal, hrough the mediation of *Bridget*, to make her a vicker-gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it

Burning downwards

enabled her to carry on her approaches to the ver door of the sentry-box; and sometimes out of grat tude, to make an attack, and endeavour to blow m uncle *Toby* up in the very sentry-box itself.

Chapter XV

IT is a great pity——but 'tis certain from ever day's observation of man, that he may be set c fire like a candle, at either end—provided there a sufficient wick standing out; if there is not—there an end of the affair; and if there is—by lighting it the bottom, as the flame in that case has the misfortu generally to put out itself—there's an end of the affa again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of which way I would be burnt myself—for I cann bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beast—I wou oblige a housewife constantly to light me at the top; f then I should burn down decently to the socket; th is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to m liver, from my liver to my bowels, and so on by th meseraick veins and arteries, through all the turns an lateral insertions of the intestines and their tunicles the blind gut——

——I beseech you, doctor *Slop*, quoth my unc *Toby*, interrupting him as he mentioned the *blind gu* in a discourse with my father the night my mother w brought to bed of me——I beseech you, quoth m uncle *Toby*, to tell me which is the blind gut; for, o as I am, I vow I do not know to this day where lies.

The *blind gut*, answered doctor *Slop*, lies betwi the *Ilion* and *Colon*——

In a man? said my father.

——'Tis precisely the same, cried doctor *Slop*, in a woman.——

That's more than I know; quoth my father.

Mrs. Wadman's plan of attack

Chapter XVI

——And so to make sure of both systems, Mrs. *Wadman* predetermined to light my uncle *Toby* neither to this end or that; but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if possible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber rooms of military furniture, including both of horse and foot, from the great arsenal of *Venice* to the *Tower* of *London* (exclusive), if Mrs. *Wadman* had been rummaging for seven years together, and with *Bridget* to help her, she could not have found any one *blind* or *mantelet* so fit for her purpose, as that which the expediency of my uncle *Toby's* affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

I believe I have not told you——but I don't know ——possibly I have——be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of those many things, which a man had better do over again, than dispute about it—That whatever town or fortress the corporal was at work upon, during the course of their campaign, my uncle *Toby* always took care, on the inside of his sentry-box, which was towards his left hand, to have a plan of the place, fasten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but loose at the bottom, for the conveniency of holding it up to the eye, &c. . . . as occasions required; so that when an attack was resolved upon, Mrs. *Wadman* had nothing more to do, when she had got advanced to the door of the sentry-box, but to extend her right hand; and lodging in her left foot at the same movement, to take

Resolutely pursued

hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with out-stretched neck meeting it half way,—to advance it towards her; on which my uncle *Toby's* passions were sure to catch fire——for he would instantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left hand, and with the end of his pipe in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point;——the world will naturally enter into the reasons of Mrs. *Wadman's* next stroke of generalship——which was, to take my uncle *Toby's* tobacco-pipe out of his hand as soon as she possibly could; which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more distinctly at some redoubt or breastwork in the map, she would effect before my uncle *Toby* (poor soul!) had well march'd above half a dozen toises with it.

—It obliged my uncle *Toby* to make use of his forefinger.

The difference it made in the attack was this; That in going upon it, as in the first case, with the end of her forefinger against the end of my uncle *Toby's* tobacco-pipe, she might have travelled with it, along the lines, from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, had my uncle *Toby's* lines reach'd so far, without any effect: For as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no sentiment——it could neither give fire by pulsation——or receive it by sympathy——'twas nothing but smoke.

Whereas, in following my uncle *Toby's* forefinger with hers, close thro' all the little turns and indentings of his works——pressing sometimes against the side of it——then treading upon its nail——then tripping it up——then touching it here——then there——and so on——it set something at least in motion.

This, tho' slight skirmishing, and at a distance from

the main body, yet drew on the rest; for here, the map usually falling with the back of it, close to the side of the sentry-box, my uncle *Toby*, in the simplicity of his soul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. *Wadman*, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place her's close beside it; this at once opened a communication, large enough for any sentiment to pass or repass, which a person skill'd in the elementary and practical part of love-making, has occasion for——

and well varied

By bringing up her forefinger parallel (as before) to my uncle *Toby's*——it unavoidably brought the thumb into action——and the forefinger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear uncle *Toby!* was never now in its right place——Mrs. *Wadman* had it ever to take up, or, with the gentlest pushings, protrusions, and equivocal compressions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving——to get it press'd a hair breadth of one side out of her way.

Whilst this was doing, how could she forget to make him sensible, that it was her leg (and no one's else) at the bottom of the sentry-box, which slightly press'd against the calf of his——So that my uncle *Toby* being thus attacked and sore push'd on both his wings——was it a wonder, if now and then, it put his centre into disorder?——

——The duce take it! said my uncle *Toby*.

Chapter XVII

THESE attacks of Mrs. *Wadman*, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other, like the attacks which history is full of,

A precious relick

and from the same reasons. A general looker-on would scarce allow them to be attacks at all——or if he did, would confound them all together——but I write not to them: it will be time enough to be a little more exact in my descriptions of them, as I come up to them, which will not be for some chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings which my father took care to roll up by themselves, there is a plan of *Bouchain* in perfect preservation (and shall be kept so, whilst I have power to preserve any thing), upon the lower corner of which, on the right hand side, there is still remaining the marks of a snuffy finger and thumb, which there is all the reason in the world to imagine were Mrs. *Wadman's*; for the opposite side of the margin, which I suppose to have been my uncle *Toby's* is absolutely clean: This seems an authenticated record of one of these attacks; for there are vestigia of the two punctures partly grown up, but still visible on the opposite corner of the map, which are unquestionably the very holes, through which it has been pricked up in the sentry-box——

By all that is priestly! I value this precious relick, with its *stigmata* and *pricks*, more than all the relicks of the *Romish* church——always excepting, when I am writing upon these matters, the pricks which entered the flesh of St. *Radagunda* in the desert, which in your road from Fesse to Cluny, the nuns of that name will shew you for love.

Chapter XVIII

I THINK, an' please your honour, quoth *Trim*, the fortifications are quite destroyed——and the basc is upon a level with the mole——I think so too

eplied my uncle *Toby* with a sigh half suppress'd—— Sorrowful decision
ut step into the parlour, *Trim*, for the stipulation——
t lies upon the table.

It has lain there these six weeks, replied the corporal, ill this very morning that the old woman kindled the ire with it—

——Then, said my uncle *Toby*, there is no further occasion for our services. The more, an' please your nonour, the pity, said the corporal; in uttering which ne cast his spade into the wheel-barrow, which was beside him, with an air the most expressive of discon-solation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pickax, his pioneer's shovel, his bicquets, and other little military stores, in order to carry them off the field——when a heigh-ho! from the sentry-box, which being made of thin slit deal, reverbe-rated the sound more sorrowfully to his ear, forbad him.

——No; said the corporal to himself, I'll do it before his honour rises to-morrow morning; so taking his spade out of the wheel-barrow again, with a little earth in it, as if to level something at the foot of the glacis——but with a real intent to approach nearer to his master, in order to divert him——he loosen'd a sod or two——pared their edges with his spade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he sat himself down close by my uncle *Toby's* feet, and began as follows.

Chapter XIX

IT was a thousand pities——though I believe, an' please your honour, I am going to say but a foolish kind of a thing for a soldier——

A soldier, cried my uncle *Toby*, interrupting the

Trim's story

corporal, is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing, *Trim*, than a man of letters——But not so often an' please your honour, replied the corporal——My uncle *Toby* gave a nod.

It was a thousand pities then, said the corporal, casting his eye upon *Dunkirk*, and the mole, as *Servius Sulpicius*, in returning out of *Asia* (when he sailed from *Ægina* towards *Megara*), did upon *Corinth* and *Pyreus*——

——"It was a thousand pities, an' please your honour, to destroy these works——and a thousand pities to have let them stood."——

——Thou art right, *Trim*, in both cases; said my uncle *Toby*.——This, continued the corporal, is the reason, that from the beginning of their demolition to the end——I have never once whistled, or sung, or laugh'd, or cry'd, or talk'd of past done deeds, or told your honour one story good or bad——

——Thou hast many excellencies, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, and I hold it not the least of them, as thou happenest to be a story-teller, that of the number thou hast told me, either to amuse me in my painful hours or divert me in my grave ones—thou hast seldom told me a bad one——

——Because, an' please your honour, except one or a *King of Bohemia and his seven castles*,—they are all true; for they are about myself——

I do not like the subject the worse, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, on that score: But prithee what is this story? thou hast excited my curiosity.

I'll tell it your honour, quoth the corporal, directly —Provided, said my uncle *Toby*, looking earnestly towards *Dunkirk* and the mole again——provided it is not a merry one; to such, *Trim*, a man should ever bring one half of the entertainment along with him

nd the disposition I am in at present would wrong oth thee, *Trim*, and thy story——It is not a merry ne by any means, replied the corporal—Nor would I ave it altogether a grave one, added my uncle *Toby* ——It is neither the one nor the other, replied the orporal, but will suit your honour exactly——Then 'll thank thee for it with all my heart, cried my uncle *Toby*; so prithee begin it, *Trim*. of the King of Bohemia

The corporal made his reverence; and though it is ot so easy a matter as the world imagines, to pull ff a lank *Montero*-cap with grace——or a whit less difficult, in my conceptions, when a man is sitting quat upon the ground, to make a bow so teeming with respect as the corporal was wont; yet by suffering the palm of his right hand, which was towards his master, o slip backwards upon the grass, a little beyond his ody, in order to allow it the greater sweep——and y an unforced compression, at the same time, of his ap with the thumb and the two forefingers of his left, y which the diameter of the cap became reduced, so hat it might be said, rather to be insensibly squeez'd— han pull'd off with a flatus——the corporal acquitted imself of both in a better manner than the posture of is affairs promised; and having hemmed twice, to ind in what key his story would best go, and best suit is master's humour,—he exchanged a single look of indness with him, and set off thus.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES.

THERE was a certain king of Bo - - he——— As the corporal was entering the confines of *Bohemia*, my uncle *Toby* obliged him to halt for a

Nothing is made to last for ever

single moment; he had set out bare-headed, having since he pull'd off his *Montero*-cap in the latter en of the last chapter, left it lying beside him on th ground.

——The eye of Goodness espieth all things——s that before the corporal had well got through the firs five words of his story, had my uncle *Toby* twic touch'd his *Montero*-cap with the end of his cane interrogatively——as much as to say, Why don't yo put it on, *Trim?* *Trim* took it up with the mos respectful slowness, and casting a glance of humiliatio as he did it, upon the embroidery of the fore-par which being dismally tarnish'd and fray'd moreover i some of the principal leaves and boldest parts of th pattern, he lay'd it down again between his two fee in order to moralize upon the subject.

——'Tis every word of it but too true, cried m uncle *Toby*, that thou art about to observe——

"*Nothing in this world, Trim, is made to last fo ever.*"

——But when tokens, dear *Tom*, of thy love an remembrance wear out, said *Trim*, what shall we say

There is no occasion, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Tob* to say any thing else; and was a man to puzzle h brains till Doom's day, I believe, *Trim*, it would b impossible.

The corporal, perceiving my uncle *Toby* was in th right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of ma to think of extracting a purer moral from his ca without further attempting it, he put it on; and pas ing his hand across his forehead to rub out a pensiv wrinkle, which the text and the doctrine between the had engender'd, he return'd, with the same look an tone of voice, to his story of the king of *Bohemia* an his seven castles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

A complaisant listener

THERE was a certain king of *Bohemia*, but in whose reign, except his own, I am not able to form your honour——

I do not desire it of thee, *Trim*, by any means, cried my uncle *Toby*.

——It was a little before the time, an' please your honour, when giants were beginning to leave off breeding:—but in what year of our Lord that was——

I would not give a halfpenny to know, said my uncle *Toby*.

——Only, an' please your honour, it makes a story look the better in the face——

——'Tis thy own, *Trim*, so ornament it after thy own fashion; and take any date, continued my uncle *Toby*, looking pleasantly upon him—take any date in the whole world thou chusest, and put it to—thou art heartily welcome——

The corporal bowed; for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the first creation of the world down to *Noah's* flood; and from *Noah's* flood to the birth of *Abraham*; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the *Israelites* out of *Egypt*——and throughout all the Dynasties, Olympiads, Urbeconditas, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of Christ, and from thence to the very moment in which the corporal was telling his story——had my uncle *Toby* subjected this vast empire of time and all its abysses at his feet; but as MODESTY scarce touches with a finger what LIBERALITY offers her with both hands open—the corporal contented himself with the very

An unfortunate date

worst year of the whole bunch; which, to prever your honours of the Majority and Minority fro tearing the very flesh off your bones in contestatio 'Whether that year is not always the last cast-year the last cast-almanack'——I tell you plainly it was but from a different reason than you wot of——

——It was the year next him——which being th year of our Lord seventeen hundred and twelve, whe the Duke of *Ormond* was playing the devil in *Flande* ——the corporal took it, and set out with it afresh his expedition to *Bohemia*.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

IN the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundre and twelve, there was, an' please your honour——

——To tell thee truly, *Trim*, quoth my unc *Toby*, any other date would have pleased me muc better, not only on account of the sad stain upon o history that year, in marching off our troops, a refusing to cover the siege of *Quesnoi*, though *Fag* was carrying on the works with such incredible vigo —but likewise on the score, *Trim*, of thy own story because if there are—and which, from what thou ha dropt, I partly suspect to be the fact—if there are gian in it——

There is but one, an' please your honour——

——'Tis as bad as twenty, replied my uncle *To* ——thou should'st have carried him back some sev or eight hundred years out of harm's way, both critics and other people: and therefore I would advi thee, if ever thou tellest it again——

——If I live, an' please your honour, but once to g

rough it, I will never tell it again, quoth *Trim*, either man, woman, or child——Poo—poo! said my ncle *Toby*—but with accents of such sweet encourage- ent did he utter it, that the corporal went on with s story with more alacrity than ever.

Leave out the date, Trim

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THERE was, an' please your honour, said the corporal, raising his voice and rubbing the palms f his two hands cheerily together as he begun, a certain ing of *Bohemia*——

——Leave out the date entirely, *Trim*, quoth my ncle *Toby*, leaning forwards, and laying his hand gently pon the corporal's shoulder to temper the interruption—— eave it out entirely, *Trim;* a story passes very well with- ut these niceties, unless one is pretty sure of 'em—— ure of 'em! said the corporal, shaking his head——

Right; answered my uncle *Toby*, it is not easy, *Trim*, for one, bred up as thou and I have been to rms, who seldom looks further forward than to the nd of his musket, or backwards beyond his knapsack, o know much about this matter——God bless your onour! said the corporal, won by the *manner* of my ncle *Toby's* reasoning, as much as by the reasoning self, he has something else to do; if not on action, or march, or upon duty in his garrison—he has his firelock, n' please your honour, to furbish—his accoutrements o take care of—his regimentals to mend—himself to ave and keep clean, so as to appear always like what he upon the parade; what business, added the corporal iumphantly, has a soldier, an' please your honour, to now any thing at all of *geography?*

Soldiers need geography

——Thou would'st have said *chronology*, *Trim*, sa my uncle *Toby;* for as for geography, 'tis of absolu use to him; he must be acquainted intimately with eve country and its boundaries where his profession carri him; he should know every town and city, and villa and hamlet, with the canals, the roads, and hollow wa which lead up to them; there is not a river or a rivul he passes, *Trim*, but he should be able at first sight tell thee what is its name—in what mountains it tak its rise—what is its course—how far it is navigable— where fordable—where not; he should know the fertili of every valley, as well as the hind who ploughs it; ar be able to describe, or, if it is required, to give thee exact map of all the plains and defiles, the forts, t acclivities, the woods and morasses, thro' and by whi his army is to march; he should know their produc their plants, their minerals, their waters, their animal their seasons, their climates, their heats and cold, the inhabitants, their customs, their language, their polic and even their religion.

Is it else to be conceived, corporal, continued m uncle *Toby*, rising up in his sentry-box, as he began warm in this part of his discourse—how *Marlborou* could have marched his army from the banks of t *Maes* to *Belburg;* from *Belburg* to *Kerpenord*—(he the corporal could sit no longer) from *Kerpenord*, *Tri* to *Kalsaken;* from *Kalsaken* to *Newdorf;* from *New dorf* to *Landenbourg;* from *Landenbourg* to *Mildenhei* from *Mildenheim* to *Elchingen;* from *Elchingen* *Gingen;* from *Gingen* to *Balmerchoffen;* from *Balme choffen* to *Skellenburg*, where he broke in upon t enemy's works; forced his passage over the *Danub* cross'd the *Lech*—push'd on his troops into the hea of the empire, marching at the head of them throu *Fribourg*, *Hokenwert*, and *Schonevelt*, to the plains

enheim and *Hochstet?*——Great as he was, corporal, could not have advanced a step, or made one single y's march without the aids of *Geography.*——As for *ronology*, I own, *Trim*, continued my uncle *Toby*, ing down again coolly in his sentry-box, that of all ers, it seems a science which the soldier might best are, was it not for the lights which that science must e day give him, in determining the invention of wder; the furious execution of which, renversing ery thing like thunder before it, has become a new a to us of military improvements, changing so totally e nature of attacks and defences both by sea and land, d awakening so much art and skill in doing it, that e world cannot be too exact in ascertaining the precise ne of its discovery, or too inquisitive in knowing hat great man was the discoverer, and what occasions ve birth to it.

Discovery of gunpowder

I am far from controverting, continued my uncle *oby*, what historians agree in, that in the year of our ord 1380, under the reign of *Wencelaus*, son of *harles* the Fourth——a certain priest, whose name as *Schwartz*, shew'd the use of powder to the *enetians*, in their wars against the *Genoese;* but 'tis rtain he was not the first; because if we are to lieve Don *Pedro*, the bishop of *Leon*—How came iests and bishops, an' please your honour, to trouble eir heads so much about gun-powder? God knows, id my uncle *Toby*——his providence brings good out every thing—and he avers, in his chronicle of King *lphonsus*, who reduced *Toledo*, That in the year 1343, hich was full thirty-seven years before that time, the cret of powder was well known, and employed with ccess, both by Moors and Christians, not only in eir sea-combats, at that period, but in many of their ost memorable sieges in *Spain* and *Barbary*—And all

The interrupted story resumed

the world knows, that Friar *Bacon* had wrote expres about it, and had generously given the world a rece to make it by, above a hundred and fifty years bef even *Schwartz* was born—And that the *Chinese*, add my uncle *Toby*, embarrass us, and all accounts of it, s more, by boasting of the invention some hundreds years even before him——

—They are a pack of liars, I believe, cried *Trim*—

——They are somehow or other deceived, said uncle *Toby*, in this matter, as is plain to me from t present miserable state of military architecture amon them; which consists of nothing more than a fo with a brick wall without flanks—and for what th gave us as a bastion at each angle of it, 'tis so ba barously constructed, that it looks for all the wo ——————Like one of my seven castles, please your honour, quoth *Trim*.

My uncle *Toby*, tho' in the utmost distress for comparison, most courteously refused *Trim's* offer— *Trim* telling him, he had half a dozen more in *Bohem* which he knew not how to get off his hands——t uncle *Toby* was so touch'd with the pleasantry of he of the corporal——that he discontinued his dissertati upon gun-powder——and begged the corporal fort with to go on with his story of the King of *Bohe* and his seven castles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THIS *unfortunate* King of *Bohemia*, said *Trim*,— Was he unfortunate, then? cried my uncle *To* for he had been so wrapt up in his dissertation up gun-powder, and other military affairs, that tho' he h

esired the corporal to go on, yet the many interrup- Coastless
ons he had given, dwelt not so strong upon his fancy Bohemia
to account for the epithet——Was he *unfortunate*,
en, *Trim?* said my uncle *Toby*, pathetically——The
orporal, wishing first the *word* and all its synonimas
the devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind,
e principal events in the King of *Bohemia's* story;
om every one of which, it appearing that he was the
ost fortunate man that ever existed in the world——
put the corporal to a stand: for not caring to retract
is epithet——and less to explain it——and least of
l, to twist his tale (like men of lore) to serve a system
——he looked up in my uncle *Toby's* face for assist-
nce——but seeing it was the very thing my uncle *Toby*
t in expectation of himself——after a hum and a haw,
e went on——

The King of *Bohemia*, an' please your honour, plied the corporal, was *unfortunate*, as thus——That king great pleasure and delight in navigation and all ort of sea affairs——and there *happening* throughout he whole kingdom of *Bohemia*, to be no sea-port town whatever——

How the duce should there—*Trim?* cried my uncle *Toby;* for *Bohemia* being totally inland, it could have appen'd no otherwise——It might, said *Trim*, if it ad pleased God——

My uncle *Toby* never spoke of the being and natural ttributes of God, but with diffidence and hesitation——

——I believe not, replied my uncle *Toby*, after some ause——for being inland, as I said, and having *Silesia* nd *Moravia* to the east; *Lusatia* and *Upper Saxony* o the north; *Franconia* to the west; *Bavaria* to the outh; *Bohemia* could not have been propell'd to the ea without ceasing to be *Bohemia*——nor could the ea, on the other hand, have come up to *Bohemia*, with-

Every bullet has its billet

out overflowing a great part of *Germany*, and destroyin millions of unfortunate inhabitants who could make n defence against it——Scandalous! cried *Trim*—Whic would bespeak, added my uncle *Toby*, mildly, such want of compassion in him who is the father of it—— that, I think, *Trim*——the thing could have happen' no way.

The corporal made the bow of unfeigned conviction and went on.

Now the King of *Bohemia* with his queen an courtiers *happening* one fine summer's evening to wal out——Aye! there the word *happening* is right, *Trim* cried my uncle *Toby*; for the King of *Bohemia* and h queen might have walk'd out or let it alone:——'twa a matter of contingency, which might happen, or no just as chance ordered it.

King *William* was of an opinion, an' please you honour, quoth *Trim*, that every thing was predestine for us in this world; insomuch, that he would ofte say to his soldiers, that "every ball had its billet. He was a great man, said my uncle *Toby*——And believe, continued *Trim*, to this day, that the sh which disabled me at the battle of *Landen*, was pointe at my knee for no other purpose, but to take me out his service, and place me in your honour's, where should be taken so much better care of in my old ag ——It shall never, *Trim*, be construed otherwise, sa my uncle *Toby*.

The heart, both of the master and the man, we alike subject to sudden overflowings;——a short silen ensued.

Besides, said the corporal, resuming the discourse— but in a gayer accent——if it had not been for th single shot, I had never, an' please your honour, bee in love———

So, thou wast once in love, *Trim!* said my uncle *oby*, smiling——

Fighting battles o'er again

Souse! replied the corporal—over head and ears! ' please your honour. Prithee when? where?—and ow came it to pass?——I never heard one word of it fore; quoth my uncle *Toby:*——I dare say, answered *rim*, that every drummer and serjeant's son in the giment knew of it——It's high time I should—— id my uncle *Toby*.

Your honour remembers with concern, said the rporal, the total rout and confusion of our camp and my at the affair of *Landen;* every one was left to ift for himself; and if it had not been for the giments of *Wyndham*, *Lumley*, and *Galway*, which vered the retreat over the bridge of *Neerspeeken*, the ng himself could scarce have gained it——he was ess'd hard, as your honour knows, on every side of m——

Gallant mortal! cried my uncle *Toby*, caught up ith enthusiasm—this moment, now that all is lost, I e him galloping across me, corporal, to the left, to ing up the remains of the English horse along with m to support the right, and tear the laurel from *uxembourg's* brows, if yet 'tis possible——I see him ith the knot of his scarfe just shot off, infusing fresh irits into poor *Galway's* regiment—riding along the ne—then wheeling about, and charging *Conti* at the ad of it——Brave! brave, by heaven! cried my ncle *Toby*—he deserves a crown——As richly, as a ief a halter; shouted *Trim*.

My uncle *Toby* knew the corporal's loyalty;—otherise the comparison was not at all to his mind——it d not altogether strike the corporal's fancy when he ad made it——but it could not be recall'd——so he ad nothing to do, but proceed.

Wounds the most painful

As the number of wounded was prodigious, a
no one had time to think of any thing but his ov
safety—Though *Talmash*, said my uncle *Toby*, broug
off the foot with great prudence——But I was l
upon the field, said the corporal. Thou wast so; po
fellow! replied my uncle *Toby*——So that it was no
the next day, continued the corporal, before I was e
changed, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourte
more, in order to be convey'd to our hospital.

There is no part of the body, an' please your honou
where a wound occasions more intolerable anguish th
upon the knee——

Except the groin; said my uncle *Toby*. An' plea
your honour, replied the corporal, the knee, in n
opinion, must certainly be the most acute, the
being so many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems
about it.

It is for that reason, quoth my uncle *Toby*, that t
groin is infinitely more sensible——there being not or
as many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems (for I kn
their names as little as thou dost)——about it——
moreover * * *——

Mrs. *Wadman*, who had been all the time in h
arbour—instantly stopp'd her breath—unpinn'd h
mob at the chin, and stood up upon one leg——

The dispute was maintained with amicable and eq
force betwixt my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* for some tim
till *Trim* at length recollecting that he had often cri
at his master's sufferings, but never shed a tear at
own—was for giving up the point, which my uncle *T*
would not allow——'Tis a proof of nothing, *Tri*
said he, but the generosity of thy temper——

So that whether the pain of a wound in the gr
(cæteris paribus) is greater than the pain of a wound
the knee——or

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin——are points which to this day remain unsettled. Trim is hard hit

Chapter XX

THE anguish of my knee, continued the corporal, was excessive in itself; and the uneasiness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads, which were terribly cut up—making bad still worse—every step was death to me: so that with the loss of blood, and the want of care-taking of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides——(Poor soul! said my uncle *Toby*)——all together, an' please your honour, was more than I could sustain.

I was telling my sufferings to a young woman at a peasant's house, where our cart, which was the last of the line, had halted; they had help'd me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropp'd it upon some sugar, and seeing it had sweeter'd me, she had given it me a second and a third time——So I was telling her, an' please your honour, the anguish I was in, and was saying it was so intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room—and die, than go on——when, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms. She was a good soul! as your honour, said the corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.

I thought *love* had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

'Tis the most serious thing, an' please your honour sometimes), that is in the world.

By the persuasion of the young woman, continued

A ministering angel, thou

the corporal, the cart with the wounded men set o
without me: she had assured them I should expi
immediately if I was put into the cart. So when
came to myself——I found myself in a still qui
cottage, with no one but the young woman, and th
peasant and his wife. I was laid across the bed in th
corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon
chair, and the young woman beside me, holding th
corner of her handkerchief dipp'd in vinegar to m
nose with one hand, and rubbing my temples with th
other.

I took her at first for the daughter of the peasa
(for it was no inn)—so had offer'd her a little pur
with eighteen florins, which my poor brother *To*
(here *Trim* wip'd his eyes) had sent me as a token, b
a recruit, just before he set out for *Lisbon*.——

——I never told your honour that piteous story y
——here *Trim* wiped his eyes a third time.

The young woman call'd the old man and his wi
into the room, to shew them the money, in order
gain me credit for a bed and what little necessaries
should want, till I should be in a condition to be g
to the hospital——Come then! said she, tying up th
little purse—I'll be your banker—but as that offi
alone will not keep me employ'd, I'll be your nur
too.

I thought by her manner of speaking this, as well
by her dress, which I then began to consider mo
attentively——that the young woman could not be th
daughter of the peasant.

She was in black down to her toes, with her ha
conceal'd under a cambric border, laid close to h
forehead: she was one of those kind of nuns, a
please your honour, of which, your honour know
there are a good many in *Flanders*, which they let

pose——By thy description, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, I dare say she was a young *Beguine*, of which here are none to be found any where but in the *Spanish Netherlands*—except at *Amsterdam*——they differ from nuns in this, that they can quit their cloister if they choose to marry; they visit and take care of the sick by profession——I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature. The young Beguine

——She often told me, quoth *Trim*, she did it for the love of Christ—I did not like it.——I believe, *Trim*, we are both wrong, said my uncle *Toby*—we'll ask Mr. *Yorick* about it to-night at my brother *Shandy's*——so put me in mind; added my uncle *Toby*.

The young *Beguine*, continued the corporal, had scarce given herself time to tell me "she would be my nurse," when she hastily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare something for me——and in short time—though I thought it a long one—she came back with flannels, &c. &c., and having fomented my knee soundly for a couple of hours, &c., and made me a thin bason of gruel for my supper—she wish'd me rest, and promised to be with me early in the morning.——She wish'd me, an' please your honour, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night—her figure made sad disturbance within me—I was every moment cutting the world in two—to give her half of it—and every moment was I crying, That I had nothing but a knapsack and eighteen florins to share with her——The whole night long was the fair *Beguine*, like an angel, close by my bedside, holding back my curtain and offering me cordials—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promised, and giving them in reality. In truth, she was scarce ever from me; and so accustomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart

Love's suddenness

sickened, and I lost colour when she left the room and yet, continued the corporal (making one of t strangest reflections upon it in the world)——

——"*It was not love*"——for during the thr weeks she was almost constantly with me, fomenti my knee with her hand, night and day—I can hones say, an' please your honour—that * once.

That was very odd, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

I think so too—said Mrs. *Wadman*.

It never did, said the corporal.

Chapter XXI

——But 'tis no marvel, continued the corporal seeing my uncle *Toby* musing upon it—for Love, a please your honour, is exactly like war, in this; tha soldier, though he has escaped three weeks compl o'*Saturday* night,—may nevertheless be shot throu his heart on *Sunday* morning——*It happened so he* an' please your honour, with this difference only—t it was on *Sunday* in the afternoon, when I fell in lo all at once with a sisserara——It burst upon me, a please your honour, like a bomb——scarce giving time to say, "God bless me."

I thought, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, a man ne fell in love so very suddenly.

Yes, an' please your honour, if he is in the way it——replied *Trim*.

I prithee, quoth my uncle *Toby*, inform me how t matter happened.

——With all pleasure, said the corporal, mak a bow.

Chapter XXII

HAD escaped, continued the corporal, all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end the chapter, had it not been predestined otherwise ——there is no resisting our fate. Massage

It was on a *Sunday*, in the afternoon, as I told your nour.

The old man and his wife had walked out——

Every thing was still and hush as midnight about the use——

There was not so much as a duck or a duckling out the yard——

——When the fair *Beguine* came in to see me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well—— e inflammation had been gone off for some time, but it as succeeded with an itching both above and below y knee, so insufferable, that I had not shut my eyes e whole night for it.

Let me see it, said she, kneeling down upon the ound parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon e part below it——it only wants rubbing a little, said e *Beguine;* so covering it with the bed-clothes, she gan with the fore-finger of her right hand to rub nder my knee, guiding her fore-finger backwards and rwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the essing.

In five or six minutes I felt slightly the end of her cond finger—and presently it was laid flat with the her, and she continued rubbing in that way round and und for a good while; it then came into my head, at I should fall in love—I blush'd when I saw how hite a hand she had—I shall never, an' please your nour, behold another hand so white whilst I live——

Corporal Trim's amour

——Not in that place; said my uncle *Toby*—— Though it was the most serious despair in nature t the corporal—he could not forbear smiling.

The young *Beguine*, continued the corporal, perceiv ing it was of great service to me—from rubbing fo some time, with two fingers—proceeded to rub a length, with three—till by little and little she brough down the fourth, and then rubb'd with her whole hand I will never say another word, an' please your honou upon hands again—but it was softer than sattin——

——Prithee, *Trim*, commend it as much as tho wilt, said my uncle *Toby*; I shall hear thy story wit the more delight——The corporal thank'd his maste most unfeignedly.; but having nothing to say upon th *Beguine's* hand but the same over again——he pro ceeded to the effects of it.

The fair *Beguine*, said the corporal, continue rubbing with her whole hand under my knee—till fear'd her zeal would weary her——"I would do thousand times more," said she, "for the love o Christ"——In saying which, she pass'd her han across the flannel, to the part above my knee, which had equally complain'd of, and rubb'd it also.

I perceived, then, I was beginning to be in love—— As she continued rub-rub-rubbing—I felt it sprea from under her hand, an' please your honour, to ever part of my frame——

The more she rubb'd, and the longer strokes sh took——the more the fire kindled in my veins——ti at length, by two or three strokes longer than the re ——my passion rose to the highest pitch——I seiz' her hand——

——And then thou clapped'st it to thy lips, *Trim* said my uncle *Toby*——and madest a speech.

Whether the corporal's amour terminated precisel

n the way my uncle *Toby* described it, is not material; Useless-
. is enough that it contained in it the essence of all the ness of
ove romances which ever have been wrote since the planning
eginning of the world.

Chapter XXIII

AS soon as the corporal had finished the story of his amour—or rather my uncle *Toby* for him—Mrs. *Wadman* silently sallied forth from her arbour, eplaced the pin in her mob, pass'd the wicker-gate, nd advanced slowly towards my uncle *Toby's* sentry-ox: the disposition which *Trim* had made in my ncle *Toby's* mind, was too favourable a crisis to be et slipp'd——

——The attack was determin'd upon: it was facili-ated still more by my uncle *Toby's* having ordered he corporal to wheel off the pioneer's shovel, the pade, the pick-axe, the picquets, and other military tores which lay scatter'd upon the ground where *Dunkirk* stood—The corporal had march'd—the field was clear.

Now, consider, sir, what nonsense it is, either in ighting, or writing, or any thing else (whether in hyme to it, or not) which a man has occasion to do —to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumstances, deserved registering in letters of gold (I mean in the archives of *Gotham*)—it was certainly the Plan of Mrs. *Wadman's* attack of my uncle *Toby* in his entry-box, by Plan——Now the plan hanging up in t at this juncture, being the Plan of *Dunkirk*—and the tale of *Dunkirk* a tale of relaxation, it opposed every impression she could make: and besides, could she have gone upon it—the manœuvre of fingers and hands

Something in Mrs. Wadman's eye

in the attack of the sentry-box, was so outdone by th of the fair *Beguine's*, in *Trim's* story—that just the that particular attack, however successful before—b came the most heartless attack that could be made—

O! let woman alone for this. Mrs. *Wadman* h scarce open'd the wicket-gate, when her gen sported with the change of circumstances.

——She formed a new attack in a moment.

Chapter XXIV

——I am half distracted, captain *Shandy*, said M *Wadman*, holding up her cambrick handkerchief to l left eye, as she approach'd the door of my uncle *Tob* sentry-box——a mote——or sand——or somethi ——I know not what, has got into this eye of m ——do look into it—it is not in the white—

In saying which, Mrs. *Wadman* edged herself cl in beside my uncle *Toby*, and squeezing herself do upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opp tunity of doing it without rising up——Do look i it—said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as mu innocency of heart, as ever child look'd into a rar shew-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt th

——If a man will be peeping of his own accord i things of that nature——I've nothing to say to it—

My uncle *Toby* never did: and I will answer for hi that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from *J* to *January* (which, you know, takes in both the and cold months), with an eye as fine as the *Thraci*

[1] *Rodope Thracia* tam inevitabili fascino instructa, exactè oculus intuens attraxit, ut si in illam quis incidis fieri non posset, quin caperetur.——I know not who.

Rodope's beside him, without being able to tell, whether it was a black or blue one. A dangerous eye

The difficulty was to get my uncle *Toby*, to look at me at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever *Gallileo* look'd for a spot in the sun.

——In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ——Widow *Wadman's* left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right——there is neither mote, or sand, or dust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opake matter floating in it—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into mine——

——If thou lookest, uncle *Toby*, in search of this mote one moment longer——thou art undone.

Chapter XXV

AN eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect; That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye——and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one; However, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return, is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. *Wadman's* eyes (except once in the next period), that you keep it in your fancy.

It does my uncle Toby's business

I protest, Madam, said my uncle *Toby*, I can s nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white; said Mrs. *Wadman:* r uncle *Toby* look'd with might and main into t pupil——

Now of all the eyes which ever were created— from your own, Madam, up to those of *Venus* herse which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as e stood in a head——there never was an eye of them a so fitted to rob my uncle *Toby* of his repose, as t very eye, at which he was looking——it was n Madam, a rolling eye——a romping or a wanton c —nor was it an eye sparkling—petulant or imperic —of high claims and terrifying exactions, which wou have curdled at once that milk of human nature, which my uncle *Toby* was made up——but 'twas eye full of gentle salutations——and soft responses— speaking——not like the trumpet stop of some ill-ma organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coa converse——but whispering soft——like the last l accent of an expiring saint——"How can you l comfortless, captain *Shandy*, and alone, without a bos to lean your head on——or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye——

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say anot word about it.

——It did my uncle *Toby's* business.

Chapter XXVI

THERE is nothing shews the character of father and my uncle *Toby*, in a more ent taining light, than their different manner of depo ment, under the same accident——for I call not lov

sfortune, from a persuasion, that a man's heart is ever e better for it——Great God! what must my uncle *Toby's* have been, when 'twas all benignity without it. My father on being in love

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was ry subject to this passion, before he married——but om a little subacid kind of drollish impatience in his ture, whenever it befell him, he would never submit it like a christian; but would pish, and huff, and unce, and kick, and play the Devil, and write the tterest Philippicks against the eye that ever man rote——there is one in verse upon somebody's eye other, that for two or three nights together, had put m by his rest; which in his first transport of resent-ent against it, he begins thus:

"A Devil 'tis——and mischief such doth work
As never yet did *Pagan*, *Jew*, or *Turk*."[1]

In short, during the whole paroxism, my father was l abuse and foul language, approaching rather towards aledictions——only he did not do it with as much ethod as *Ernulphus*——he was too impetuous; nor ith *Ernulphus's* policy——for tho' my father, with ne most intolerant spirit, would curse both this and hat, and every thing under heaven, which was either ding or abetting to his love——yet never concluded is chapter of curses upon it, without cursing himself at the bargain, as one of the most egregious fools nd coxcombs, he would say, that ever was let loose the world.

My uncle *Toby*, on the contrary, took it like a lamb ——sat still and let the poison work in his veins with-ut resistance——in the sharpest exacerbations of his round (like that on his groin) he never dropt one

[1] This will be printed with my father's Life of *Socrates*, c. &c.

Uncle Toby's simplicity

fretful or discontented word——he blamed neith heaven nor earth——or thought or spoke an injuri thing of any body, or any part of it; he sat solit and pensive with his pipe——looking at his lame ——then whiffing out a sentimental heigh ho! wh mixing with the smoke, incommoded no one mortal

He took it like a lamb——I say.

In truth he had mistook it at first; for having take ride with my father, that very morning, to save if possi a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter w hewing down to give to the poor;[1] which said wo being in full view of my uncle *Toby's* house, and singular service to him in his description of the ba of *Wynnendale*—by trotting on too hastily to s it——upon an uneasy saddle——worse horse, & &c. . . it had so happened, that the serous part of blood had got betwixt the two skins, in the neth most part of my uncle *Toby*——the first shootings which (as my uncle *Toby* had no experience of lo he had taken for a part of the passion—till the blis breaking in the one case—and the other remaining my uncle *Toby* was presently convinced that his wo was not a skin-deep wound——but that it had g to his heart.

Chapter XXVII

THE world is ashamed of being virtuous——I uncle *Toby* knew little of the world; and the fore when he felt he was in love with widow *Wadm* he had no conception that the thing was any m to be made a mystery of, than if Mrs. *Wadm* had given him a cut with a gap'd knife across

[1] Mr. *Shandy* must mean the poor *in spirit;* inasmuch they divided the money amongst themselves.

gger: Had it been otherwise——yet as he ever ok'd upon *Trim* as a humble friend; and saw fresh asons every day of his life, to treat him as such—— would have made no variation in the manner in hich he informed him of the affair. He confides in Trim

"I am in love, corporal!" quoth my uncle *Toby*.

Chapter XXVIII

'N love!——said the corporal—your honour was very well the day before yesterday, when I was lling your honour the story of the King of *Bohemia -Bohemia!* said my uncle *Toby* - - - - musing a long ne - - - What became of that story, *Trim?*

—We lost it, an' please your honour, somehow twixt us—but your honour was as free from love en, as I am——'twas just whilst thou went'st off ith the wheel-barrow——with Mrs. *Wadman*, quoth y uncle *Toby*——She has left a ball here—added my ncle *Toby*—pointing to his breast——

——She can no more, an' please your honour, stand siege, than she can fly—cried the corporal——

——But as we are neighbours, *Trim*,—the best way think is to let her know it civilly first—quoth my ncle *Toby*.

Now if I might presume, said the corporal, to differ om your honour——

—Why else do I talk to thee, *Trim?* said my uncle *oby*, mildly——

—Then I would begin, an' please your honour, with aking a good thundering attack upon her, in return -and telling her civilly afterwards—for if she knows ything of your honour's being in love, before hand ——L—d help her!—she knows no more at present

and is advised

of it, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*—than the child u
born———

Precious souls!———

Mrs. *Wadman* had told it, with all its circumstanc
to Mrs. *Bridget* twenty-four hours before; and was
that very moment sitting in council with her, touchi
some slight misgivings with regard to the issue of t
affairs, which the Devil, who never lies dead in a ditc
had put into her head—before he would allow half tin
to get quietly through her *Te Deum*.

I am terribly afraid, said widow *Wadman*, in case
should marry him, *Bridget*—that the poor captain w
not enjoy his health, with the monstrous wound up
his groin——.

It may not, Madam, be so very large, replied *Bridg*
as you think——and I believe, besides, added she
that 'tis dried up——

——I could like to know—merely for his sake, s
Mrs. *Wadman*——

—We'll know the long and the broad of it, in
days—answered Mrs. *Bridget*, for whilst the capt
is paying his addresses to you—I'm confident Mr. *T*
will be for making love to me—and I'll let him as mu
as he will—added *Bridget*—to get it all out of him—

The measures were taken at once——and my un
Toby and the corporal went on with theirs.

Now, quoth the corporal, setting his left ha
a-kimbo, and giving such a flourish with his rig
as just promised success—and no more——if y
honour will give me leave to lay down the plan of t
attack——

——Thou wilt please me by it, *Trim*, said my un
Toby, exceedingly—and as I foresee thou must act
it as my *aid de camp*, here's a crown, corporal, to be
with, to steep thy commission.

Then, an' please your honour, said the corporal making a bow first for his commission)—we will gin with getting your honour's laced cloaths out of e great campaign-trunk, to be well air'd, and have e blue and gold taken up at the sleeves—and I'll t your white ramallie-wig fresh into pipes—and send a taylor, to have your honour's thin scarlet breeches rn'd——

——I had better take the red plush ones, quoth my cle *Toby*——They will be too clumsy—said the rporal. The corporal is sanguine

Chapter XXIX

——Thou wilt get a brush and a little chalk to my ord——'Twill be only in your honour's way, replied *im.*

Chapter XXX

——But your honour's two razors shall be new set -and I will get my *Montero*-cap furbish'd up, and put poor lieutenant *Le Fever's* regimental coat, which our honour gave me to wear for his sake—and as on as your honour is clean shaved—and has got our clean shirt on, with your blue and gold, or your e scarlet——sometimes one and sometimes t'other -and every thing is ready for the attack—we'll march boldly, as if 'twas to the face of a bastion; and hilst your honour engages Mrs. *Wadman* in the rlour, to the right——I'll attack Mrs. *Bridget* in the tchen, to the left; and having seiz'd the pass, I'll swer for it, said the corporal, snapping his fingers er his head—that the day is our own.

I wish I may but manage it right; said my uncle

Hilarion the hermit, his expression

Toby—but I declare, corporal, I had rather march to the very edge of a trench——

—A woman is quite a different thing—said t corporal.

—I suppose so, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

Chapter XXXI

IF any thing in this world, which my father sai could have provoked my uncle *Toby*, during t time he was in love, it was the perverse use n father was always making of an expression of *Hilari* the hermit; who, in speaking of his abstinence, h watchings, flagellations, and other instrumental pa of his religion—would say—tho' with more facetiou ness than became an hermit—"That they were t means he used, to make his *ass* (meaning his bod leave off kicking."

It pleased my father well; it was not only a laconi way of expressing——but of libelling, at the sa time, the desires and appetites of the lower part of u so that for many years of my father's life, 'twas constant mode of expression—he never used the wo *passions* once—but *ass* always instead of them—— that he might be said truly, to have been upon t bones, or the back of his own ass, or else of so other man's, during all that time.

I must here observe to you the difference betwixt

My father's ass

and my hobby-horse—in order to keep ch acters as separate as may be, in our fancies as we along.

For my hobby-horse, if you recollect a little, is way a vicious beast; he has scarce one hair or lin

nent of the ass about him——'Tis the sporting little illy-folly which carries you out for the present hour —a maggot, a butterfly, a picture, a fiddlestick—an ncle *Toby's* siege—or an *any thing*, which a man nakes a shift to get a-stride on, to canter it away from ne cares and solicitudes of life—'Tis as useful a beast s is in the whole creation—nor do I really see how ne world could do without it——

——But for my father's ass——oh! mount him —mount him—mount him—(that's three times, is it ot?)—mount him not:—'tis a beast concupiscent— nd foul befal the man, who does not hinder him from icking.

It is misunderstood

Chapter XXXII

WELL! dear brother *Toby*, said my father, upon his first seeing him after he fell in love—and ow goes it with your Asse?

Now my uncle *Toby* thinking more of the *part* vhere he had had the blister, than of *Hilarion's* netaphor—and our preconceptions having (you know) s great a power over the sounds of words as the hapes of things, he had imagined, that my father, who was not very ceremonious in his choice of words, nad enquired after the part by its proper name; so notwithstanding my mother, doctor *Slop*, and Mr. *Yorick*, were sitting in the parlour, he thought it rather civil to conform to the term my father had made use of than not. When a man is hemm'd in by two ndecorums, and must commit one of 'em—I always observe—let him chuse which he will, the world will blame him—so I should not be astonished if it blames my uncle *Toby*.

My A—e, quoth my uncle *Toby*, is much better—

Two kinds of love

brother *Shandy*—My father had formed great expecta
tions from his Asse in this onset; and would hav
brought him on again; but doctor *Slop* setting up a
intemperate laugh—and my mother crying out L—
bless us!—it drove my father's Asse off the field—an
the laugh then becoming general—there was no brin
ing him back to the charge, for some time——

And so the discourse went on without him.

Every body, said my mother, says you are in lov
brother *Toby*,—and we hope it is true.

I am as much in love, sister, I believe, replied m
uncle *Toby*, as any man usually is——Humph! sa
my father——and when did you know it? quoth m
mother——

——When the blister broke; replied my unc
Toby.

My uncle *Toby's* reply put my father into goo
temper—so he charg'd o' foot.

Chapter XXXIII

AS the ancients agree, brother *Toby*, said my fathe
that there are two different and distinct kin
of *love*, according to the different parts which a
affected by it—the Brain or Liver—I think when
man is in love, it behoves him a little to consid
which of the two he is fallen into.

What signifies it, brother *Shandy*, replied my un
Toby, which of the two it is, provided it will b
make a man marry, and love his wife, and get a f
children?

——A few children! cried my father, rising out
his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as
forced his way betwixt her's and doctor *Slop's*—a f

hildren! cried my father, repeating my uncle *Toby's* words as he walk'd to and fro——

——Not, my dear brother *Toby*, cried my father, recovering himself all at once, and coming close up to ne back of my uncle *Toby's* chair—not that I should e sorry hadst thou a score—on the contrary, I should ejoice—and be as kind, *Toby*, to every one of them as father——

A strange project of my father's

My uncle *Toby* stole his hand unperceived behind is chair, to give my father's a squeeze——

——Nay, moreover, continued he, keeping hold of ny uncle *Toby's* hand—so much dost thou possess, ny dear *Toby*, of the milk of human nature, and so little f its asperities—'tis piteous the world is not peopled y creatures which resemble thee; and was I an *Asiatic* monarch, added my father, heating himself vith his new project—I would oblige thee, provided t would not impair thy strength—or dry up thy adical moisture too fast—or weaken thy memory or ancy, brother *Toby*, which these gymnics inordinately aken are apt to do—else, dear *Toby*, I would procure hee the most beautiful women in my empire, and I vould oblige thee, *nolens*, *volens*, to beget for me one ubject every *month*——

As my father pronounced the last word of the entence—my mother took a pinch of snuft.

Now I would not, quoth my uncle *Toby*, get a child, *nolens*, *volens*, that is, whether I would or no, to lease the greatest prince upon earth——

——And 'twould be cruel in me, brother *Toby*, to compel thee; said my father—but 'tis a case put to hew thee, that it is not thy begetting a child—in case hou should'st be able—but the system of Love and Marriage thou goest upon, which I would set thee ight in——

The two loves defined

There is at least, said *Yorick*, a great deal of reas and plain sense in captain *Shandy's* opinion of lov and 'tis amongst the ill-spent hours of my life, which have to answer for, that I have read so many flouris ing poets and rhetoricians in my time, from whom never could extract so much——

I wish, *Yorick*, said my father, you had read *Pla* for there you would have learnt that there are t Loves—I know there were two Religions, repli *Yorick*, amongst the ancients——one—for the vulg and another for the learned;—but I think one Lo might have served both of them very well—

It could not; replied my father—and for the sa reasons: for of these Loves, according to *Ficinu* comment upon *Velasius*, the one is rational——

——the other is *natural*——

the first ancient——without mother——where *Ve* had nothing to do: the second, begotten of *Jup* and *Dione*—

——Pray, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, what a man who believes in God to do with this? N father could not stop to answer, for fear of breaking thread of his discourse——

This latter, continued he, partakes wholly of nature of *Venus*.

The first, which is the golden chain let down fr heaven, excites to love heroic, which comprehends it, and excites to the desire of philosophy and truth— the second, excites to *desire*, simply——

——I think the procreation of children as be ficial to the world, said *Yorick*, as the finding out longitude——

——To be sure, said my mother, *love* keeps pe in the world——

——In the *house*—my dear, I own—

——It replenishes the earth; said my mother—— But it keeps heaven empty—my dear; replied my father. Shandean contradictoriness

——'Tis Virginity, cried *Slop*, triumphantly, which fills paradise.

Well push'd, nun! quoth my father.

Chapter XXXIV

MY father had such a skirmishing, cutting kind of a slashing way with him in his disputations, thrusting and ripping, and giving every one a stroke to remember him by in his turn—that if there were twenty people in company—in less than half an hour he was sure to have every one of 'em against him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without an ally, was, that if there was any one post more untenable than the rest, he would be sure to throw himself into it; and to do him justice, when he was once there, he would defend it so gallantly, that 'twould have been a concern, either to a brave man or a good-natured one, to have seen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reason, though he would often attack him—yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor *Slop's* Virginity, in the close of the last chapter, had got him for once on the right side of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the convents in *Christendom* about *Slop's* ears, when corporal *Trim* came into the parlour to inform my uncle *Toby*, that his thin scarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs. *Wadman*, would not do; for that the taylor, in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found they had been turn'd before—— Then turn them again, brother, said my father, rapidly,

Sentiment and Situation

for there will be many a turning of 'em yet before all done in the affair——They are as rotten as dirt, sai the corporal——Then by all means, said my fathe bespeak a new pair, brother——for though I knov continued my father, turning himself to the compan that widow *Wadman* has been deeply in love with m brother *Toby* for many years, and has used every art an circumvention of woman to outwit him into the sam passion, yet now that she has caught him——her fev will be pass'd its height——

——She has gain'd her point.

In this case, continued my father, which *Plato*, I a persuaded, never thought of——Love, you see, is n so much a SENTIMENT as a SITUATION, into which a ma enters, as my brother *Toby* would do, into a *corps*— no matter whether he loves the service or no——bei once in it—he acts as if he did; and takes every st to shew himself a man of prowesse.

The hypothesis, like the rest of my father's, w plausible enough, and my uncle *Toby* had but a sing word to object to it—in which *Trim* stood ready second him——but my father had not drawn his co clusion——

For this reason, continued my father (stating t case over again)—notwithstanding all the world know that Mrs. *Wadman affects* my brother *Toby*—and n brother *Toby* contrariwise *affects* Mrs. *Wadman*, and obstacle in nature to forbid the music striking up th very night, yet will I answer for it, that this self-sam tune will not be play'd this twelvemonth.

We have taken our measures badly, quoth my unc *Toby*, looking up interrogatively in *Trim's* face.

I would lay my *Montero*-cap, said *Trim*——No *Trim's Montero*-cap, as I once told you, was his co stant wager; and having furbish'd it up that ve

ght, in order to go upon the attack—it made the lds look more considerable——I would lay, an' please our honour, my *Montero*-cap to a shilling—was it roper, continued *Trim* (making a bow), to offer a ager before your honours——

Trim creates a diversion

——There is nothing improper in it, said my father —'tis a mode of expression; for in saying thou would'st y thy *Montero*-cap to a shilling—all thou meanest is is—that thou believest——

——Now, What do'st thou believe?

That widow *Wadman*, an' please your worship, annot hold it out ten days——

And whence, cried *Slop*, jeeringly, hast thou all this nowledge of woman, friend?

By falling in love with a popish clergywoman; said *rim.*

'Twas a *Beguine*, said my uncle *Toby*.

Doctor *Slop* was too much in wrath to listen to the istinction; and my father taking that very crisis to ll in helter-skelter upon the whole order of Nuns and *eguines*, a set of silly, fusty, baggages——*Slop* could ot stand it——and my uncle *Toby* having some measures o take about his breeches—and *Yorick* about his fourth eneral division—in order for their several attacks next ay—the company broke up: and my father being left one, and having half an hour upon his hands betwixt at and bed-time; he called for pen, ink, and paper, and rote my uncle *Toby* the following letter of instructions:

My dear brother *Toby*,

WHAT I am going to say to thee is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to em; and perhaps it is as well for thee—tho' not

Walter Shandy counsels his brother

so well for me—that thou hast occasion for a le of instructions upon that head, and that I am able write it to thee.

Had it been the good pleasure of him who dispo of our lots—and thou no sufferer by the knowledg had been well content that thou should'st have dip the pen this moment into the ink, instead of myse but that not being the case————Mrs. *Sha* being now close beside me, preparing for bed—— have thrown together without order, and just as t have come into my mind, such hints and docume as I deem may be of use to thee; intending, in this give thee a token of my love; not doubting, my c *Toby*, of the manner in which it will be accepted.

In the first place, with regard to all which conce religion in the affair——though I perceive from a g in my cheek, that I blush as I begin to speak to t upon the subject, as well knowing, notwithstand thy unaffected secrecy, how few of its offices t neglectest—yet I would remind thee of one (during continuance of thy courtship) in a particular man which I would not have omitted; and that is, n to go forth upon the enterprize, whether it be in morning or the afternoon, without first recommend thyself to the protection of Almighty God, that may defend thee from the evil one.

Shave the whole top of thy crown clean onc least every four or five days, but oftener if convenie lest in taking off thy wig before her, thro' absenc mind, she should be able to discover how much been cut away by Time——how much by *Trim*.

—'Twere better to keep ideas of baldness ou her fancy.

Always carry it in thy mind, and act upon it sure maxim, *Toby*——

on his manner of courting

"*That women are timid:*" And 'tis well they are ——else there would be no dealing with them.

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too loose out thy thighs, like the trunk-hose of our ancestors.

——A just medium prevents all conclusions.

Whatever thou hast to say, be it more or less, forget ot to utter it in a low soft tone of voice. Silence, nd whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight ecrecy into the brain: For this cause, if thou canst elp it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

Avoid all kinds of pleasantry and facetiousness in ny discourse with her, and do whatever lies in thy ower at the same time, to keep from her all books nd writings which tend thereto: there are some evotional tracts, which if thou canst entice her to ead over—it will be well: but suffer her not to look to *Rabelais*, or *Scarron*, or *Don Quixote*——

——They are all books which excite laughter; nd thou knowest, dear *Toby*, that there is no passion o serious as lust.

Stick a pin in the bosom of thy shirt, before thou nterest her parlour.

And if thou art permitted to sit upon the same sopha ith her, and she gives thee occasion to lay thy hand pon hers—beware of taking it——thou canst not lay ny hand on hers, but she will feel the temper of thine. eave that and as many other things as thou canst, uite undetermined; by so doing, thou wilt have her uriosity on thy side; and if she is not conquered by at, and thy Asse continues still kicking, which there great reason to suppose——Thou must begin, with rst losing a few ounces of blood below the ears, cording to the practice of the ancient *Scythians*, who ured the most intemperate fits of the appetite by that eans.

Toby and Trim are ready

Avicenna, after this, is for having the part anoint with the syrup of hellebore, using proper evacuatio and purges——and I believe rightly. But thou mu eat little or no goat's flesh, nor red deer——nor ev foal's flesh by any means; and carefully abstain—— that is, as much as thou canst, from peacocks, cran coots, didappers, and water-hens——

As for thy drink—I need not tell thee, it must the infusion of VERVAIN and the herb HANEA, of whi *Ælian* relates such effects—but if thy stomach pa with it—discontinue it from time to time, taki cucumbers, melons, purslane, water-lillies, woodbi and lettice, in the stead of them.

There is nothing further for thee, which occurs me at present——

——Unless the breaking out of a fresh war—— wishing every thing, dear *Toby*, for the best,

I rest thy affectionate brother,

WALTER SHANDY.

CHAPTER XXXV

WHILST my father was writing his letter instructions, my uncle *Toby* and the corpo were busy in preparing every thing for the attac As the turning of the thin scarlet breeches was l aside (at least for the present), there was nothi which should put it off beyond the next morning; accordingly it was resolv'd upon, for eleven o'clock.

Come, my dear, said my father to my mother 'twill be but like a brother and sister, if you and take a walk down to my brother *Toby's*——to cou tenance him in this attack of his.

My uncle *Toby* and the corporal had been accoutr

th some time, when my father and mother enter'd, Curiosity, or——
d the clock striking eleven, were that moment in
otion to sally forth—but the account of this is worth
ore than to be wove into the fag end of the eighth
lume of such a work as this.——My father had no
ne but to put the letter of instructions into my uncle
by's coat-pocket——and join with my mother in
shing his attack prosperous.

I could like, said my mother, to look through the
y-hole out of *curiosity*——Call it by its right name,
y dear, quoth my father—

And look through the key-hole as long as you will.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

The ninth Book

Non enim excursus hic ejus, sed opus ipsum est.

PLIN. Lib. v. Epist. 6.

Si quid urbaniusculè lusum a nobis, per Musas et Charitas et omnium poëtarum Numina, Oro te, ne me malè capias.

A DEDICATION

TO

A GREAT MAN

HAVING, a priori, *intended to dedicate* The Amours of my Uncle Toby *to Mr. * * *——I see more reasons*, a posteriori, *for doing it to Lord * * * * * * *.*

A priori and a posteriori

I should lament from my soul, if this exposed me to the jealousy of their Reverences; because a posteriori, *in court-latin, signifies the kissing hands for preferment—or any thing else—in order to get it.*

*My opinion of Lord * * * * * * * is neither better nor worse, than it was of Mr. * * *. Honours, like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal; but Gold and Silver will pass all the world over without any other recommendation than their own weight.*

*The same good-will that made me think of offering up half an hour's amusement to Mr. * * * when out of place —operates more forcibly at present, as half an hour's*

Proper diversion

amusement will be more serviceable and refreshing afte labour and sorrow, than after a philosophical repast.

Nothing is so perfectly amusement *as a total chang of ideas; no ideas are so totally different as those Ministers, and innocent Lovers: for which reaso when I come to talk of Statesmen and Patriots, and s such marks upon them as will prevent confusion an mistakes concerning them for the future—I propose dedicate that Volume to some gentle Shepherd,*

Whose thoughts proud Science never taught to stray,
Far as the Statesman's walk or Patriot-way;
Yet simple Nature *to his hopes had given*
Out of a cloud-capp'd head a humbler heaven:
Some untam'd *World in depths of wood embraced—*
Some happier Island in the watry-waste—
And where admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful Dog *should bear him company.*

In a word, by thus introducing an entire new set objects to his Imagination, I shall unavoidably give Diversion *to his passionate and love-sick Contemplation In the mean time,*

I am,

THE AUTHOR.

BOOK IX

Chapter I

I CALL all the powers of time and chance, which severely check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witness, that I could never yet get fairly to my uncle *Toby's* amours, till this very moment, that my mother's *curiosity*, as she stated the affair,——or a different impulse in her, as my father would have it ——wished her to take a peep at them through the key-hole. My mother's wish

"Call it, my dear, by its right name, quoth my father, and look through the key-hole as long as you will."

Nothing but the fermentation of that little subacid humour, which I have often spoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented such an insinuation——he was however frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; so that he had scarce got to the last word of this ungracious retort, when his conscience smote him.

My mother was then conjugally swinging with her left arm twisted under his right, in such wise, that the inside of her hand rested upon the back of his—she raised her fingers, and let them fall—it could scarce be call'd a tap; or if it was a tap——'twould have

misinterpreted by my father

puzzled a casuist to say, whether 'twas a tap of remonstrance, or a tap of confession: my father, who was all sensibilities from head to foot, class'd it right—Conscience redoubled her blow—he turn'd his face suddenly the other way, and my mother supposing his body was about to turn with it in order to move homewards, by a cross movement of her right leg, keeping her left as its centre, brought herself so far in front, that as he turned his head, he met her eye———Confusion again! he saw a thousand reasons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himself——a thin, blue, chill, pellucid chrystal with all its humours so at rest, the least mote or speck of desire might have been seen, at the bottom of it, had it existed——it did not——and how I happen to be so lewd myself, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes——Heaven above knows——My mother——madam——was so at no time, either by nature, by institution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike; nor did she superinduce the least heat into her humours from the manual effervescencies of devotional tracts, which having little or no meaning in them, nature is oft-times obliged to find one——And as for my father's example, 'twas so far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole business of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head——Nature had done her part, to have spared him this trouble; and what was not a little inconsistent, my father knew it——And here am I sitting, this 12th day of *August* 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of slippers without either wig or cap on, a most tragicomical completion of his prediction, "That I should neither

hink, nor act like any other man's child, upon that very account."

Renovating the ramallie-wig

The mistake in my father, was in attacking my mother's motive, instead of the act itself; for certainly key-holes were made for other purposes; and considering the act, as an act which interfered with a true proposition, and denied a key-hole to be what it was ——it became a violation of nature; and was so far, you see, criminal.

It is for this reason, an' please your Reverences, That key-holes are the occasions of more sin and wickedness, than all other holes in this world put together.

——which leads me to my uncle *Toby's* amours.

Chapter II

THOUGH the corporal had been as good as his word in putting my uncle *Toby's* great ramallie-wig into pipes, yet the time was too short to produce any great effects from it: it had lain many years squeezed up in the corner of his old campaign trunk; and as bad forms are not so easy to be got the better of, and the use of candle-ends not so well understood, it was not so pliable a business as one would have wished. The corporal with cheary eye and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a score times, to inspire it, if possible, with a better air ——had SPLEEN given a look at it, 'twould have cost her ladyship a smile——it curl'd every where but where the corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as soon have raised the dead.

Uncle Toby dressed for the attack

Such it was——or rather such would it have seem'd upon any other brow; but the sweet look of goodness which sat upon my uncle *Toby's*, assimilated every thing around it so sovereignly to itself, and Nature had moreover wrote GENTLEMAN with so fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarnish'd gold-laced hat and huge cockade of flimsy taffeta became him; and though not worth a button in themselves, yet the moment my uncle *Toby* put them on, they became serious objects, and altogether seem'd to have been picked up by the hand of Science to set him off to advantage.

Nothing in this world could have co-operated more powerfully towards this, than my uncle *Toby's* blue and gold——*had not Quantity in some measure been necessary to Grace:* in a period of fifteen or sixteen years since they had been made, by a total inactivity in my uncle *Toby's* life, for he seldom went further than the bowling-green—his blue and gold had become so miserably too strait for him, that it was with the utmost difficulty the corporal was able to get him into them; the taking them up at the sleeves, was of no advantage.—— They were laced however down the back, and at the seams of the sides, &c., in the mode of King *William's* reign; and to shorten all description, they shone so bright against the sun that morning, and had so metallick and doughty an air with them, that had my uncle *Toby* thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have so well imposed upon his imagination.

As for the thin scarlet breeches, they had been unripp'd by the taylor between the legs, and left at *sixes and sevens*——

—— Yes, Madam, —— but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable

the night before, and as there was no alternative in my uncle *Toby's* wardrobe, he sallied forth in the red plush. and they set out

The corporal had array'd himself in poor *Le Fever's* regimental coat; and with his hair tuck'd up under his *Montero*-cap, which he had furbish'd up for the occasion, march'd three paces distant from his master: a whiff of military pride had puff'd out his shirt at the wrist; and upon that in a black leather thong clipp'd into a tassel beyond the knot, hung the corporal's stick——My uncle *Toby* carried his cane like a pike.

——It looks well at least; quoth my father to himself.

Chapter III

MY uncle *Toby* turn'd his head more than once behind him, to see how he was supported by the corporal; and the corporal as oft as he did it, gave a slight flourish with his stick—but not vapouringly; and with the sweetest accent of most respectful encouragement, bid his honour "never fear."

Now my uncle *Toby* did fear; and grievously too; he knew not (as my father had reproach'd him) so much as the right end of a Woman from the wrong, and therefore was never altogether at his ease near any one of them——unless in sorrow or distress; then infinite was his pity; nor would the most courteous knight of romance have gone further, at least upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye; and yet excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs. *Wadman*, he had never looked stedfastly into one;

Trim's brother Tom again

and would often tell my father in the simplicity of his heart, that it was almost (if not about) as bad as talking bawdy.——

——And suppose it is? my father would say.

Chapter IV

SHE cannot, quoth my uncle *Toby*, halting, when they had march'd up to within twenty paces of Mrs. *Wadman's* door—she cannot, corporal, take it amiss.——

——She will take it, an' please your honour, said the corporal, just as the *Jew's* widow at *Lisbon* took it of my brother *Tom*.——

——And how was that? quoth my uncle *Toby*, facing quite about to the corporal.

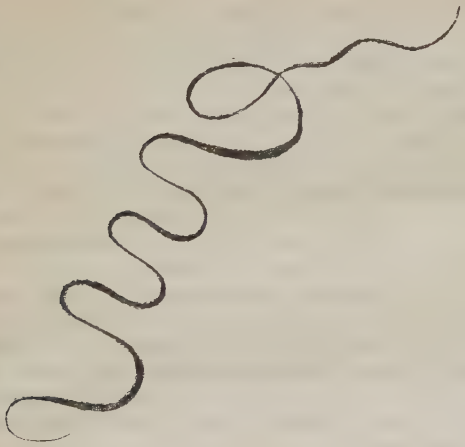
Your honour, replied the corporal, knows of *Tom's* misfortunes; but this affair has nothing to do with them any further than this, That if *Tom* had not married the widow——or had it pleased God after their marriage, that they had but put pork into their sausages, the honest soul had never been taken out of his warm bed, and dragg'd to the inquisition——'Tis a cursed place—added the corporal, shaking his head, —when once a poor creature is in, he is in, an' please your honour, for ever.

'Tis very true; said my uncle *Toby*, looking gravely at Mrs. *Wadman's* house, as he spoke.

Nothing, continued the corporal, can be so sad as confinement for life—or so sweet, an' please your honour, as liberty.

Nothing, *Trim*——said my uncle *Toby*, musing——

Whilst a man is free,—cried the corporal, giving a flourish with his stick thus—— An eloquent flourish



A thousand of my father's most subtle syllogisms could not have said more for celibacy.

My uncle *Toby* look'd earnestly towards his cottage and his bowling-green.

The corporal had unwarily conjured up the Spirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do, but to conjure him down again with his story, and in this form of Exorcism, most un-ecclesiastically did the corporal do it.

Chapter V

An unconventional introduction

AS *Tom's* place, an' please your honour, was easy —and the weather warm—it put him upon thinking seriously of settling himself in the world; and as it fell out about that time, that a *Jew* who kept a sausage shop in the same street, had the ill luck to die of a strangury, and leave his widow in possession of a rousing trade——*Tom* thought (as every body in *Lisbon* was doing the best he could devise for himself) there could be no harm in offering her his service to carry it on: so without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of sausages at her shop—*Tom* set out—counting the matter thus within himself, as he walk'd along; that let the worst come of it that could, he should at least get a pound of sausages for their worth —but, if things went well, he should be set up; inasmuch as he should get not only a pound of sausages—but a wife and—a sausage shop, an' please your honour, into the bargain.

Every servant in the family, from high to low, wish'd *Tom* success; and I can fancy, an' please your honour, I see him this moment with his white dimity waistcoat and breeches, and hat a little o' one side, passing jollily along the street, swinging his stick, with a smile and a chearful word for every body he met: ——But alas! *Tom!* thou smilest no more, cried the corporal, looking on one side of him upon the ground, as if he apostrophised him in his dungeon.

Poor fellow! said my uncle *Toby*, feelingly.

He was an honest, light-hearted lad, an' please your honour, as ever blood warm'd——

——Then he resembled thee, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, rapidly.

The corporal blushed down to his fingers ends—a tear of sentimental bashfulness—another of gratitude to my uncle *Toby*—and a tear of sorrow for his brother's misfortunes, started into his eye, and ran sweetly down his cheek together; my uncle *Toby's* kindled as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breast of *Trim's* coat (which had been that of *Le Fever's*) as if to ease his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling——he stood silent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the corporal making a bow, went on with the story of his brother and the *Jew's* widow. 'Tis a pretty picture

Chapter VI

WHEN *Tom*, an' please your honour, got to the shop, there was nobody in it, but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies — not killing them.——'Tis a pretty picture! said my uncle *Toby*—she had suffered persecution, *Trim*, and had earnt mercy——

——She was good, an' please your honour, from nature, as well as from hardships; and there are circumstances in the story of that poor friendless slut, that would melt a heart of stone, said *Trim;* and some dismal winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they shall be told you with the rest of *Tom's* story, for it makes a part of it——

Then do not forget, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.

A negro has a soul? an' please your honour, said the corporal (doubtingly).

I am not much versed, corporal, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in things of that kind; but I suppose, God

The colour-line in souls

would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me——

——It would be putting one sadly over the head of another, quoth the corporal.

It would so; said my uncle *Toby*. Why then, an please your honour, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?

I can give no reason, said my uncle *Toby*———

——Only, cried the corporal, shaking his head because she has no one to stand up for her——

——'Tis that very thing, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,——which recommends her to protection——and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands *now*——where it may be hereafter, heaven knows!——but be it where it will, the brave, *Trim!* will not use it unkindly.

——God forbid, said the corporal.

Amen, responded my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon his heart.

The corporal returned to his story, and went on——but with an embarrassment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend; for by the many sudden transitions all along from one kind and cordial passion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had lost the sportable key of his voice, which gave sense and spirit to his tale: he attempted twice to resume it, but could not please himself; so giving a stout hem! to rally back the retreating spirits, and aiding nature at the same time with his left arm a-kimbo on one side, and with his right a little extended, supporting her on the other—the corporal got as near the note as he could; and in that attitude continued his story.

Chapter VII

Unconventional courtship

AS *Tom*, an' please your honour, had no business at that time with the *Moorish* girl, he passed on into the room beyond, to talk to the *Jew's* widow about love——and this pound of sausages; and being, as I have told your honour, an open cheary-hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the same time, placed it close to her at the table, and sat down.

There is nothing so awkward, as courting a woman, an' please your honour, whilst she is making sausages ——So *Tom* began a discourse upon them; first, gravely,——"as how they were made——with what meats, herbs, and spices"—Then a little gayly,—as, 'With what skins——and if they never burst—— Whether the largest were not the best?"——and so on —taking care only as he went along, to season what he had to say upon sausages, rather under than over;—— that he might have room to act in——

It was owing to the neglect of that very precaution, said my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon *Trim's* shoulder, that Count *De la Motte* lost the battle of *Wynendale:* he pressed too speedily into the wood; which if he had not done, *Lisle* had not fallen into our hands, nor *Ghent* and *Bruges*, which both followed her example; it was so late in the year, continued my uncle *Toby*, and so terrible a season came on, that if things had not fallen out as they did, our troops must have perish'd in the open field.——

——Why, therefore, may not battles, an' please your honour, as well as marriages, be made in heaven?—My uncle *Toby* mused——

All womankind love jokes

Religion inclined him to say one thing, and his hig idea of military skill tempted him to say another; s not being able to frame a reply exactly to his mind—— my uncle *Toby* said nothing at all; and the corpora finished his story.

As *Tom* perceived, an' please your honour, that h gained ground, and that all he had said upon the subjec of sausages was kindly taken, he went on to help her little in making them.——First, by taking hold of th ring of the sausage whilst she stroked the forced mea down with her hand——then by cutting the strings int proper lengths, and holding them in his hand, whil she took them out one by one——then, by putting the across her mouth, that she might take them out as sh wanted them——and so on from little to more, till last he adventured to tie the sausage himself, whilst sh held the snout.——

——Now a widow, an' please your honour, alway chuses a second husband as unlike the first as she can so the affair was more than half settled in her min before *Tom* mentioned it.

She made a feint however of defending herself, b snatching up a sausage:——*Tom* instantly laid hold another———

But seeing *Tom's* had more gristle in it———

She signed the capitulation——and *Tom* sealed i and there was an end of the matter.

Chapter VIII

ALL womankind, continued *Trim*, (commenti upon his story) from the highest to the lowes an' please your honour, love jokes; the difficul is to know how they chuse to have them cut; a

"there is no knowing that, but by trying, as we do with our artillery in the field, by raising or letting down their breeches, till we hit the mark.——

Arms necessary to peace

——I like the comparison, said my uncle *Toby*, better than the thing itself——

——Because your honour, quoth the corporal, loves glory, more than pleasure.

I hope, *Trim*, answered my uncle *Toby*, I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends so apparently to the good and quiet of the world ——and particularly that branch of it which we have practised together in our bowling-green, has no object but to shorten the strides of AMBITION, and intrench the lives and fortunes of the *few*, from the plunderings of the *many*——whenever that drum beats in our ears, I trust, corporal, we shall neither of us want so much humanity and fellow-feeling, as to face about and march.

In pronouncing this, my uncle *Toby* faced about, and march'd firmly as at the head of his company——and the faithful corporal, shouldering his stick, and striking his hand upon his coat-skirt as he took his first step ——march'd close behind him down the avenue.

——Now what can their two noddles be about? cried my father to my mother——by all that's strange, they are besieging Mrs. *Wadman* in form, and are marching round her house to mark out the lines of circumvallation.

I dare say, quoth my mother————But stop, dear Sir——for what my mother dared to say upon the occasion——and what my father did say upon it ——with her replies and his rejoinders, shall be read, perused, paraphrased, commented, and descanted upon ——or to say it all in a word, shall be thumb'd over by Posterity in a chapter apart——I say, by Posterity—

Old Time is still a-flying

and care not, if I repeat the word again—for what has this book done more than the Legation of *Moses*, or the Tale of a Tub, that it may not swim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: Time wastes too fast: every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity Life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear *Jenny!* than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more——every thing presses on——whilst thou art twisting that lock,——see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.——

——Heaven have mercy upon us both!

Chapter IX

NOW, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation ——I would not give a groat.

Chapter X

MY mother had gone with her left arm twisted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden wall, where Doctor *Slop* was overthrown by *Obadiah* on the coach-horse: as this was directly opposite to the front of Mrs. *Wadman's* house, when my father came to it, he gave a look across; and seeing my uncle *Toby* and the corporal within ten paces of the door, he turn'd about——"Let us just stop a moment, quoth my father, and see with what ceremonies my brother *Toby* and his man *Trim*

nake their first entry——it will not detain us, added my father, a single minute:"——No matter, if it be en minutes, quoth my mother. Principles of expectation

——It will not detain us half one; said my father.

The corporal was just then setting in with the story of his brother *Tom* and the *Jew's* widow: the story went on—and on——it had episodes in it——it came back, and went on——and on again; there was no end of it——the reader found it very long——

——G— help my father! he pish'd fifty times at every new attitude, and gave the corporal's stick, with all its flourishings and danglings, to as many devils as those to accept of them.

When issues of events like these my father is waiting for, are hanging in the scales of fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to see it out.

Curiosity governs the *first moment;* and the second moment is all œconomy to justify the expence of the first——and for the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth moments, and so on to the day of judgment—'tis a point of Honour.

I need not be told, that the ethic writers have assigned this all to Patience; but that Virtue, methinks, has extent of dominion sufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few dismantled castles which Honour has left him upon the earth.

My father stood it out as well as he could with these three auxiliaries to the end of *Trim's* story; and from thence to the end of my uncle *Toby's* panegyrick upon arms, in the chapter following it; when seeing, that instead of marching up to Mrs. *Wadman's* door, they both faced about and march'd down the avenue dia-

My mother's way

metrically opposite to his expectation—he broke out a once with that little subacid soreness of humour which in certain situations, distinguished his character from that of all other men.

Chapter XI

——"NOW what can their two noddles be about?" cried my father - - &c. - - - -

I dare say, said my mother, they are makin fortifications——

———Not on Mrs. *Wadman's* premises! cried m father, stepping back——

I suppose not: quoth my mother.

I wish, said my father, raising his voice, the whol science of fortification at the devil, with all i trumpery of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, fausse-bray and cuvetts———

——They are foolish things——said my mother.

Now she had a way, which, by the bye, I woul this moment give away my purple jerkin, and my yello slippers into the bargain, if some of your reverence would imitate—and that was, never to refuse her asse and consent to any proposition my father laid befo her, merely because she did not understand it, or ha no ideas of the principal word or term of art, upo which the tenet or proposition rolled. She contente herself with doing all that her godfathers and goo mothers promised for her—but no more; and so woul go on using a hard word twenty years together—an replying to it too, if it was a verb, in all its moods an tenses, without giving herself any trouble to enqui about it.

This was an eternal source of misery to my fathe

and broke the neck, at the first setting out, of more good dialogues between them, than could have done the most petulant contradiction——the few which survived were the better for the *cuvetts*——

as echo to my father

——"They are foolish things;" said my mother.

——Particularly the *cuvetts;* replied my father.

'Tis enough—he tasted the sweet of triumph—and went on.

—Not that they are, properly speaking, Mrs. *Wadman's* premises, said my father, partly correcting himself—because she is but tenant for life——

——That makes a great difference—said my mother——

—In a fool's head, replied my father——

Unless she should happen to have a child—said my mother——

——But she must persuade my brother *Toby* first to get her one—

——To be sure, Mr. *Shandy*, quoth my mother.

——Though if it comes to persuasion—said my father—Lord have mercy upon them.

Amen: said my mother, *piano.*

Amen: cried my father, *fortissimè.*

Amen: said my mother again——but with such a sighing cadence of personal pity at the end of it, as discomfited every fibre about my father—he instantly took out his almanack; but before he could untie it, *Yorick's* congregation coming out of church, became a full answer to one half of his business with it—and my mother telling him it was a sacrament day—left him as little in doubt, as to the other part—He put his almanack into his pocket.

The first Lord of the Treasury thinking of *ways and means*, could not have returned home with a more embarrassed look.

Chapter XII

Fancy, Wit, and Pleasantry

UPON looking back from the end of the las chapter, and surveying the texture of what ha been wrote, it is necessary, that upon this page and th three following, a good quantity of heterogeneous matte be inserted to keep up that just balance betwixt wisdor and folly, without which a book would not hold to gether a single year: nor is it a poor creeping digres sion (which but for the name of, a man might continu as well going on in the king's highway) which wil do the business——no; if it is to be a digression, i must be a good frisky one, and upon a frisky subjec too, where neither the horse or his rider are to b caught, but by rebound.

The only difficulty, is raising powers suitable to th nature of the service: Fancy is capricious—Wit mus not be searched for—and Pleasantry (good-nature slut as she is) will not come in at a call, was an empir to be laid at her feet.

——The best way for a man, is to say h prayers——

Only if it puts him in mind of his infirmities an defects as well ghostly as bodily—for that purpose, h will find himself rather worse after he has said thei than before—for other purposes, better.

For my own part, there is not a way either mor or mechanical under heaven that I could think o which I have not taken with myself in this case: some times by addressing myself directly to the soul hersel and arguing the point over and over again with h upon the extent of her own faculties——

——I never could make them an inch the wider——

Then by changing my system, and trying what cou

be made of it upon the body, by temperance, soberness, and chastity: These are good, quoth I, in themselves —they are good, absolutely;—they are good, relatively; —they are good for health—they are good for happiness in this world—they are good for happiness in the next——

Thinking and writing

In short, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the soul just as heaven made it: as for the theological virtues of faith and hope, they give it courage; but then that snivelling virtue of Meekness (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again, so you are exactly where you started.

Now in all common and ordinary cases, there is nothing which I have found to answer so well as this——

——Certainly, if there is any dependence upon Logic, and that I am not blinded by self-love, there must be something of true genius about me, merely upon this symptom of it, that I do not know what envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I instantly make it public; willing that all mankind should write as well as myself.

——Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

Chapter XIII

NOW in ordinary cases, that is, when I am only stupid, and the thoughts rise heavily and pass gummous through my pen——

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot

Beneficial effects of shaving

take a plumb-lift out of it *for my soul;* so must I obliged to go on writing like a *Dutch* commentato to the end of the chapter, unless something b done——

——I never stand conferring with pen and ink or moment; for if a pinch of snuff, or a stride or tw across the room will not do the business for me— take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of upon the palm of my hand, without further ceremon except that of first lathering my beard, I shave off; taking care only if I do leave a hair, that it b not a grey one: this done, I change my shirt—put o a better coat—send for my last wig—put my topa ring upon my finger; and in a word, dress myse from one end to the other of me, after my be fashion.

Now the devil in hell must be in it, if this do not do: for consider, Sir, as every man chuses t be present at the shaving of his own beard (thoug there is no rule without an exception), and unavoid ably sits over-against himself the whole time it doing, in case he has a hand in it—the Situatio like all others, has notions of her own to put in the brain.——

——I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearde man, are seven years more terse and juvenile for o single operation; and if they did not run a risk of bei quite shaved away, might be carried up by continu shavings, to the highest pitch of sublimity—Ho *Homer* could write with so long a beard, I don't kno ——and as it makes against my hypothesis, I as litt care——But let us return to the Toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonensis makes this entirely an affair the body (ἐξωτερικὴ πρᾶξις) as he calls it——but is deceived: the soul and body are joint-sharers

every thing they get: A man cannot dress, but his ideas get cloath'd at the same time; and if he dresses like a gentleman, every one of them stands presented to his imagination, genteelized along with him—so that he has nothing to do, but take his pen, and write like himself. and of dressing

For this cause, when your honours and reverences would know whether I writ clean and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my Laundress's bill, as my book: there was one single month in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied one and thirty shirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abus'd, cursed, criticis'd, and confounded, and had more mystic heads shaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than in all the other months of that year put together.

——But their honours and reverences had not seen my bills.

Chapter XIV

AS I never had any intention of beginning the Digression I am making all this preparation for, till I come to the 15th chapter——I have this chapter to put to whatever use I think proper——I have twenty this moment ready for it——I could write my chapter of Button-holes in it——

Or my chapter of *Pishes*, which should follow them——

Or my chapter of *Knots*, in case their reverences have done with them——they might lead me into mischief: the safest way is to follow the track of the learned, and raise objections against what I have been writing, tho' I declare beforehand, I know no more than my heels how to answer them.

The remedy wants universality

And first, it may be said, there is a pelting kind *thersitical* satire, as black as the very ink 'tis wro with——(and by the bye, whoever says so, is indebte to the muster-master general of the *Grecian* army, f suffering the name of so ugly and foul-mouth'd a ma as *Thersites* to continue upon his roll——for it h furnish'd him with an epithet)——in these productio he will urge, all the personal washings and scrubbin upon earth do a sinking genius no sort of good——b just the contrary, inasmuch as the dirtier the fellow i the better generally he succeeds in it.

To this, I have no other answer——at least reac ——but that the Archbishop of *Benevento* wrote h *nasty* Romance of the *Galatea*, as all the world know in a purple coat, waistcoat, and purple pair of breeche and that the penance set him of writing a commenta upon the book of the *Revelations*, as severe as it w look'd upon by one part of the world, was far fro being deem'd so, by the other, upon the single accou of that *Investment*.

Another objection, to all this remedy, is its want universality; forasmuch as the shaving part of it, up which so much stress is laid, by an unalterable law nature excludes one half of the species entirely fro its use: all I can say is, that female writers, wheth of *England*, or of *France*, must e'en go witho it———

As for the *Spanish* ladies——I am in no sort distress——

Chapter XV

THE fifteenth chapter is come at last; and brings nothing with it but a sad signature of 'How our pleasures slip from under us in this world!" Uncle Toby's attack resumed

For in talking of my digression——I declare before heaven I have made it! What a strange creature is mortal man! said she.

'Tis very true, said I——but 'twere better to get all these things out of our heads, and return to my uncle *Toby*.

Chapter XVI

WHEN my uncle *Toby* and the corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their business lay the other way; so they faced about and marched up straight to Mrs. *Wadman's* door.

I warrant your honour; said the corporal, touching his *Montero*-cap with his hand, as he passed him in order to give a knock at the door——My uncle *Toby*, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful servant, said nothing good or bad: the truth was, he had not altogether marshal'd his ideas; he wish'd for another conference, and as the corporal was mounting up the three steps before the door—he hem'd twice—a portion of my uncle *Toby's* most modest spirits fled, at each expulsion, towards the corporal; he stood with the rapper of the door suspended for a full minute in his hand, he scarce knew why. *Bridget* stood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumb'd with expectation; and Mrs. *Wadman*, with

A cursed thing to be in debt

an eye ready to be deflowered again, sat breat behind the window-curtain of her bed-chamber, wa ing their approach.

Trim! said my uncle *Toby*——but as he articu the word, the minute expired, and *Trim* let fall the ra

My uncle *Toby* perceiving that all hopes of a ference were knock'd on the head by it———whi Lillabullero.

Chapter XVII

AS Mrs. *Bridget's* finger and thumb were upo latch, the corporal did not knock as often as chance your honour's taylor——I might have t my example something nearer home; for I owe some five and twenty pounds at least, and wonder man's patience——

——But this is nothing at all to the world: 'tis a cursed thing to be in debt; and there seer be a fatality in the exchequers of some poor pri particularly those of our house, which no Eco can bind down in irons: for my own part, I'm suaded there is not any one prince, prelate, po potentate, great or small upon earth, more desiro his heart of keeping straight with the world than ——or who takes more likely means for it. I give above half a guinea——or walk with boots or cheapen tooth-picks——or lay out a shilling a band-box the year round; and for the six m I'm in the country, I'm upon so small a scale with all the good temper in the world, I outdo *Rou* a bar length———for I keep neither man or bo horse, or cow, or dog, or cat, or any thing that c or drink, except a thin poor piece of a Vestal (to

ny fire in), and who has generally as bad an appetite as myself——but if you think this makes a philosopher of me——I would not, my good people! give a rush for your judgments. Let us enter

True philosophy——but there is no treating the subject whilst my uncle is whistling Lillabullero.

——Let us go into the house.

Chapter XVIII

My Uncle Toby visits the widow Wadman

Chapter XIX

"There were no reporters present"

Chapter XX

Trim sent on an errand

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* * *.———

——You shall see the very place, Madam; said uncle *Toby*.

Mrs. *Wadman* blush'd——look'd towards the do——turn'd pale——blush'd slightly again——cover'd her natural colour——blush'd worse than eve which, for the sake of the unlearned reader, I transl thus——

"*L—d! I cannot look at it——*
What would the world say if I look'd at it?
I should drop down if I look'd at it—
I wish I could look at it——
There can be no sin in looking at it.
——I will look at it.

Whilst all this was running through Mrs. *Wadma* imagination, my uncle *Toby* had risen from the sop and got to the other side of the parlour door, to g *Trim* an order about it in the passage——

* * * * * * * *

* *——I believe it is in the garret, said my un *Toby*——I saw it there, an' please your honour, t morning, answered *Trim*——Then prithee, step direc for it, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, and bring it into parlour.

The corporal did not approve of the orders, most chearfully obeyed them. The first was not

act of his will—the second was; so he put on his *Montero*-cap, and went as fast as his lame knee would let him. My uncle *Toby* returned into the parlour, and sat himself down again upon the sopha.

A woman's choice of a husband

——You shall lay your finger upon the place—said my uncle *Toby*.——I will not touch it, however, quoth Mrs. *Wadman* to herself.

This requires a second translation:—it shews what little knowledge is got by mere words—we must go up to the first springs.

Now in order to clear up the mist which hangs upon these three pages, I must endeavour to be as clear as possible myself.

Rub your hands thrice across your foreheads—blow your noses—cleanse your emunctories—sneeze, my good people!——God bless you——

Now give me all the help you can.

Chapter XXI

As there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in——as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a husband, she first sets about and carefully weighs, then separates and distinguishes in her mind, which of all that number of ends is hers: then by discourse, enquiry, argumentation, and inference, she investigates and finds out whether she has got hold of the right one——and if she has——then, by pulling it gently this way and that way, she further forms a judgment, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which *Slawkenbergius* impresses this upon the reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decad, is so ludicrous, that the honour I bear

Beset with mysteries and riddles

the sex, will not suffer me to quote it——otherwise is not destitute of humour.

"She first, saith *Slawkenbergius*, stops the asse, a holding his halter in her left hand (lest he should away) she thrusts her right hand into the very bott of his pannier to search for it—For what?—you'll know the sooner, quoth *Slawkenbergius*, for interrupt me——

"I have nothing, good Lady, but empty bottles says the asse.

"I'm loaded with tripes;" says the second.

——And thou art little better, quoth she to third; for nothing is there in thy panniers but trun hose and pantofles—and so to the fourth and fifth, go on one by one through the whole string, till com to the asse which carries it, she turns the pann upside down, looks at it—considers it—samples it measures it—stretches it—wets it—dries it—t takes her teeth both to the warp and weft of it.

——Of what? for the love of Christ!

I am determined, answered *Slawkenbergius*, that the powers upon earth shall never wring that secret fr my breast.

Chapter XXII

WE live in a world beset on all sides w mysteries and riddles—and so 'tis no ma ——else it seems strange, that Nature, who ma every thing so well to answer its destination, seldom or never errs, unless for pastime, in giv such forms and aptitudes to whatever passes thro her hands, that whether she designs for the plou the caravan, the cart—or whatever other creature models, be it but an asse's foal, you are sure to h

the thing you wanted; and yet at the same time should so eternally bungle it as she does, in making so simple a thing as a married man. Formed of the kindliest clay

Whether it is in the choice of the clay——or that it is frequently spoiled in the baking; by an excess of which a husband may turn out too crusty (you know) on one hand——or not enough so, through defect of heat, on the other——or whether this great Artificer is not so attentive to the little Platonic exigences *of that part* of the species, for whose use she is fabricating *this*——or that her Ladyship sometimes scarce knows what sort of a husband will do——I know not: we will discourse about it after supper.

It is enough, that neither the observation itself, or the reasoning upon it, are at all to the purpose——but rather against it; since with regard to my uncle *Toby's* fitness for the marriage state, nothing was ever better: she had formed him of the best and kindliest clay——had temper'd it with her own milk, and breathed into it the sweetest spirit——she had made him all gentle, generous, and humane——she had filled his heart with trust and confidence, and disposed every passage which led to it, for the communication of the tenderest offices ——she had moreover considered the other causes for which matrimony was ordained——

And accordingly * * * * * *
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* * * * * * * * * *
* * * *.

The DONATION was not defeated by my uncle *Toby's* wound.

Now this last article was somewhat apocryphal; and the Devil, who is the great disturber of our faiths in this world, had raised scruples in Mrs. *Wadman's* brain about it; and like a true devil as he was, had done his

Friendship's two garments

own work at the same time, by turning my uncle *Toby*'s Virtue thereupon into nothing but *empty bottles*, *tripe*, *trunk-hose*, and *pantofles*.

Chapter XXIII

MRS. *Bridget* had pawn'd all the little stock of honour a poor chambermaid was worth in the world, that she would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon one of the most concessible *postulata* in nature: namely, that while my uncle *Toby* was making love to her mistress, the corporal could find nothing better to do, than make love to her——"*And I'll let him as much as he will*," said *Bridget*, *to get it out of him*."

Friendship has two garments; an outer and an under one. *Bridget* was serving her mistress's interests in the one—and doing the thing which most pleased herself in the other: so had as many stakes depending upon my uncle *Toby*'s wound, as the Devil himself——Mrs. *Wadman* had but one—and as it possibly might be his last (without discouraging Mrs. *Bridget*, or discrediting her talents) was determined to play her cards herself.

She wanted not encouragement: a child might have look'd into his hand——there was such a plainness and simplicity in his playing out what trumps he had——with such an unmistrusting ignorance of the *ten-ace*——and so naked and defenceless did he sit upon the same sopha with widow *Wadman*, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game of him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

Chapter XXIV

Invoking the Cervantic spirit

——AND the story too—if you please: for though I have all along been hastening towards this part of it, with so much earnest desire, as well knowing it to be the choicest morsel of what I had to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen, and go on with the story for me that will—I see the difficulties of the descriptions I'm going to give—and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort at least to me, that I lost some fourscore ounces of blood this week in a most uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; so that I have still some hopes remaining, it may be more in the serous or globular parts of the blood, than in the subtile *aura* of the brain——be it which it will—an Invocation can do no hurt——and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inspire or to inject me according as he sees good.

THE INVOCATION

GENTLE Spirit of sweetest humour, who erst did sit upon the easy pen of my beloved Cervantes; Thou who glided'st daily through his lattice, and turned'st the twilight of his prison into noon-day brightness by thy presence——tinged'st his little urn of water with heaven-sent nectar, and all the time he wrote of *Sancho* and his master, didst cast thy mystic mantle o'er his wither'd stump,[1] and wide extended it to all the evils of his life——

[1] He lost his hand at the battle of *Lepanto*.

Trifles to travellers

——Turn in hither, I beseech thee!——behol these breeches!——they are all I have in the wor ——that piteous rent was given them at *Lyons*——

My shirts! see what a deadly schism has happen amongst 'em—for the laps are in *Lombardy*, and t rest of 'em here—I never had but six, and a cunni gypsey of a laundress at *Milan* cut me off the *fore*-la of five—To do her justice, she did it with some co sideration—for I was returning out of *Italy*.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, and a pistol tinde box which was moreover filch'd from me at *Sienn* and twice that I pay'd five Pauls for two hard egg once at *Raddicoffini*, and a second time at *Capua*—I c not think a journey through *France* and *Italy*, provide a man keeps his temper all the way, so bad a thing some people would make you believe: there must *ups* and *downs*, or how the duce should we get in vallies where Nature spreads so many tables of ente tainment.—'Tis nonsense to imagine they will lend y their voitures to be shaken to pieces for nothing; a unless you pay twelve sous for greasing your wheel how should the poor peasant get butter to his bread?- We really expect too much—and for the livre or tw above par for your suppers and bed—at the most th are but one shilling and ninepence halfpenny——wh would embroil their philosophy for it? for heaven and for your own sake, pay it——pay it with bo hands open, rather than leave *Disappointment* sitti drooping upon the eye of your fair Hostess and h Damsels in the gate-way, at your departure——a besides, my dear Sir, you get a sisterly kiss of each 'em worth a pound——at least I did——

——For my uncle *Toby's* amours running all t way in my head, they had the same effect upon me if they had been my own——I was in the most perfe

state of bounty and good-will; and felt the kindliest harmony vibrating within me, with every oscillation of the chaise alike; so that whether the roads were rough or smooth, it made no difference; every thing I saw or had to do with, touch'd upon some secret spring either of sentiment or rapture. Poor Maria

——They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly——'Tis *Maria;* said the postillion, observing I was listening————Poor *Maria,* continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us), is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow utter'd this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I got to *Moulins*——

————And who is *poor Maria?* said I.

The love and piety of all the villages around us; said the postillion——it is but three years ago that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did *Maria* deserve, than to have her Banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them——

He was going on, when *Maria,* who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again——they were the same notes;——yet were ten times sweeter: It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man——but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation——she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *service* upon it almost night and day.

An honest heart-ache

The postillion delivered this with so much discretio and natural eloquence, that I could not help decypherin something in his face above his condition, and shou have sifted out his history, had not poor *Maria* take such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank whe *Maria* was sitting: she was in a thin white jacke with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a sil net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastical on one side——she was beautiful; and if ever I fe the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was t moment I saw her——

——God help her! poor damsel! above a hundr masses, said the postillion, have been said in the seve parish churches and convents around, for her,——b without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensib for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will resto her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, a hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lo for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a caden so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I spru out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitti betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from r enthusiasm.

Maria look'd wistfully for some time at me, a then at her goat——and then at me——and then her goat again, and so on, alternately——

——Well, *Maria*, said I softly——What resem blance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that was from the humblest conviction of what a *Beast* m is,——that I asked the question; and that I wou not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in t venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all t

wit that ever *Rabelais* scatter'd——and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for Wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days——and never ——never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live. Worse things than nothing

As for writing nonsense to them——I believe, there was a reserve——but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, *Maria!*—adieu, poor hapless damsel!—— some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips——but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walk'd softly to my chaise.

———What an excellent inn at *Moulins!*

Chapter XXV

WHEN we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before) we must all turn back to the two blank chapters, on the account of which my honour has lain bleeding this half hour——I stop it, by pulling off one of my yellow slippers and throwing it with all my violence to the opposite side of my room, with a declaration at the heel of it——

——That whatever resemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world, or for aught I know may be now writing in it—that it was as casual as the foam of *Zeuxis* his horse; besides, I look upon a chapter which has *only nothing in it*, with respect; and considering what worse things there are in the world——That it is no way a proper subject for satire———

——Why then was it left so? And here without

Uncle Toby's plain statement

staying for my reply, shall I be called as many bloc heads, numsculs, doddypoles, dunderheads, ninn hammers, goosecaps, joltheads, nincompoops, a sh- -t-a-beds——and other unsavoury appellations, ever the cake-bakers of *Lernè* cast in the teeth of Ki *Garangantan's* shepherds——And I'll let them do as *Bridget* said, as much as they please; for how v it possible they should foresee the necessity I was und of writing the 25th chapter of my book, before t 18th, &c.?

———So I don't take it amiss——All I wish that it may be a lesson to the world, "*to let people their stories their own way.*"

The Eighteenth Chapter

As Mrs. *Bridget* opened the door before the corpo had well given the rap, the interval betwixt t and my uncle *Toby's* introduction into the parlour, v so short, that Mrs. *Wadman* had but just time to from behind the curtain——lay a Bible upon the tab and advance a step or two towards the door to rece him.

My uncle *Toby* saluted Mrs. *Wadman*, after manner in which women were saluted by men in year of our Lord God one thousand seven hund and thirteen——then facing about, he march'd abreast with her to the sopha, and in three plain wo ——though not before he was sat down——nor a he was sat down———but as he was sitting do told her, "*he was in love*"——so that my uncle T strained himself more in the declaration than needed.

Mrs. *Wadman* naturally looked down, upon a slit

had been darning up in her apron, in expectation every moment, that my uncle *Toby* would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and Love moreover of all others being a subject of which he was the least a master——When he had told Mrs. *Wadman* once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after its own way.

Marriage state full of cares

My father was always in raptures with this system of my uncle *Toby's*, as he falsely called it, and would often say, that could his brother *Toby* to his process have added but a pipe of tobacco——he had wherewithal to have found his way, if there was faith in a *Spanish* proverb, towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My uncle *Toby* never understood what my father meant; nor will I presume to extract more from it, than a condemnation of an error which the bulk of the world lie under——but the *French*, every one of 'em to a man, who believe in it, almost as much as the REAL PRESENCE, "*That talking of love, is making it.*"

———I would as soon set about making a black-pudding by the same receipt.

Let us go on: Mrs. *Wadman* sat in expectation my uncle *Toby* would do so, to almost the first pulsation of that minute, wherein silence on one side or the other, generally becomes indecent: so edging herself a little more towards him, and raising up her eyes, sub-blushing, as she did it——she took up the gauntlet——or the discourse (if you like it better) and communed with my uncle *Toby* thus:

The cares and disquietudes of the marriage state, quoth Mrs. *Wadman*, are very great. I suppose so—said my uncle *Toby:* and therefore when a person, continued Mrs. *Wadman*, is so much at his ease as you are—so happy, captain *Shandy*, in yourself, your friends

Fiddle-stick ! and your amusements—I wonder, what reasons can cline you to the state———

——They are written, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in Common-Prayer Book.

Thus far my uncle *Toby* went on warily, and k within his depth, leaving Mrs. *Wadman* to sail upon gulph as she pleased.

——As for children—said Mrs. *Wadman*—thou a principal end perhaps of the institution, and natural wish, I suppose, of every parent—yet do we all find, they are certain sorrows, and very certain comforts? and what is there, dear sir, to one for the heart-achs—what compensation for many tender and disquieting apprehensions of a suff ing and defenceless mother who brings them into li I declare, said my uncle *Toby*, smit with pity, I kn of none; unless it be the pleasure which it has plea God——

A fiddlestick! quoth she.

Chapter the Nineteenth

NOW there are such an infinitude of notes, tu cants, chants, airs, looks, and accents w which the word *fiddlestick* may be pronounced in such causes as this, every one of 'em impressin sense and meaning as different from the other, as from *cleanliness*—That Casuists (for it is an affai conscience on that score) reckon up no less than fo teen thousand in which you may do either right wrong.

Mrs. *Wadman* hit upon the *fiddlestick*, which su moned up all my uncle *Toby's* modest blood into cheeks—so feeling within himself that he had so

now or other got beyond his depth, he stopt short; and without entering further either into the pains or pleasures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and share them along with her. Uncle Toby's plain proposal

When my uncle *Toby* had said this, he did not care to say it again; so casting his eye upon the Bible which Mrs. *Wadman* had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear soul! upon a passage in it, of all others the most interesting to him—which was the siege of *Jericho*—he set himself to read it over—leaving his proposal of marriage, as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after its own way. Now it wrought neither as an astringent or a loosener; nor like opium, or bark, or mercury, or buckthorn, or any one drug which nature had bestowed upon the world—in short, it work'd not at all in her; and the cause of that was, that there was something working there before——Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times; but there is fire still in the subject——allons.

Chapter XXVI

IT is natural for a perfect stranger who is going from *London* to *Edinburgh*, to enquire before he sets out, how many miles to *York*; which is about the half way——nor does any body wonder, if he goes on and asks about the corporation, &c. - -

It was just as natural for Mrs. *Wadman*, whose first husband was all his time afflicted with a Sciatica, to wish to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far she was likely to suffer more or less in her feelings, in the one case than in the other.

An accent of humanity

She had accordingly read *Drake's* anatomy from end to the other. She had peeped into *Wharton* the brain, and borrowed [1] *Graaf* upon the bones muscles; but could make nothing of it.

She had reason'd likewise from her own powers— laid down theorems——drawn consequences, and c to no conclusion.

To clear up all, she had twice asked Doctor "if poor captain *Shandy* was ever likely to recov his wound——?"

——He is recovered, Doctor *Slop* would say—

What! quite?

Quite: madam——

But what do you mean by a recovery? Mrs. *W man* would say.

Doctor *Slop* was the worst man alive at definiti and so Mrs. *Wadman* could get no knowledge short, there was no way to extract it, but from uncle *Toby* himself.

There is an accent of humanity in an enquir this kind which lulls SUSPICION to rest——and half persuaded the serpent got pretty near it, i discourse with Eve; for the propensity in the se be deceived could not be so great, that she sh have boldness to hold chat with the devil, wit it——But there is an accent of humanity—— shall I describe it?—'tis an accent which c the part with a garment, and gives the enquir right to be as particular with it, as your b surgeon.

"——Was it without remission?—

"——Was it more tolerable in bed?

"——Could he lie on both sides alike with it

[1] This must be a mistake in Mr. *Shandy;* for *Graaf* upon the pancreatick juice, and the parts of generation

Uncle Toby misunderstands Mrs. Wadman

"—Was he able to mount a horse?

"—Was motion bad for it?" *et cætera*, were so nderly spoke to, and so directed towards my uncle *oby's* heart, that every item of them sunk ten times eeper into it than the evils themselves——but when Irs. *Wadman* went round about by *Namur* to get at y uncle *Toby's* groin; and engaged him to attack the oint of the advanced counterscarp, and *pêle mêle* with ie *Dutch* to take the counterguard of St. *Roch* sword hand—and then with tender notes playing upon his ar, led him all bleeding by the hand out of the trench, iping her eye, as he was carried to his tent—— Heaven! Earth! Sea!—all was lifted up—the springs f nature rose above their levels—an angel of mercy sat esides him on the sopha—his heart glow'd with fire—— nd had he been worth a thousand, he had lost every eart of them to Mrs. *Wadman*.

—And whereabouts, dear Sir, quoth Mrs. *Wadman*, little categorically, did you receive this sad blow? ——In asking this question, Mrs. *Wadman* gave a ight glance towards the waistband of my uncle *Toby's* ed plush breeches, expecting naturally, as the shortest eply to it, that my uncle *Toby* would lay his fore- nger upon the place——It fell out otherwise——for y uncle *Toby* having got his wound before the gate f St. *Nicolas*, in one of the traverses of the trench pposite to the salient angle of the demibastion of St. *Roch;* he could at any time stick a pin upon the iden- cal spot of ground where he was standing when the one struck him: this struck instantly upon my uncle *Toby's* sensorium——and with it, struck his large map f the town and citadel of *Namur* and its environs, hich he had purchased and pasted down upon a oard, by the corporal's aid, during his long illness ——it had lain with other military lumber in the

The Corporal explains

garret ever since, and accordingly the corporal detached into the garret to fetch it.

My uncle *Toby* measured off thirty toises, v Mrs. *Wadman's* scissars, from the returning angle be the gate of St. *Nicolas;* and with such a vi modesty laid her finger upon the place, that the g dess of Decency, if then in being—if not, 'twas shade—shook her head, and with a finger wave across her eyes—forbid her to explain the mistake.

Unhappy Mrs. *Wadman!*

——For nothing can make this chapter go with spirit but an apostrophe to thee——but my h tells me, that in such a crisis an apostrophe is bu insult in disguise, and ere I would offer one t woman in distress—let the chapter go to the de provided any damn'd critic *in keeping* will be bu the trouble to take it with him.

Chapter XXVII

MY uncle *Toby's* Map is carried down into kitchen.

Chapter XXVIII

——AND here is the *Maes*—and this is *Sambre;* said the corporal, pointing his right hand extended a little towards the map his left upon Mrs. *Bridget's* shoulder——but not shoulder next him—and this, said he, is the tow *Namur*—and this the citadel—and there lay the *F* —and here lay his honour and myself——and in cursed trench, Mrs. *Bridget*, quoth the corporal, t

ner by the hand, did he receive the wound which matters to
rrush'd him so miserably *here*.——In pronouncing Bridget
which, he slightly press'd the back of her hand towards the part he felt for——and let it fall.

We thought, Mr. *Trim*, it had been more in the middle,——said Mrs. *Bridget*——

That would have undone us for ever—said the corporal.

——And left my poor mistress undone too, said *Bridget*.

The corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs. *Bridget* a kiss.

Come—come—said *Bridget*—holding the palm of her left hand parallel to the plane of the horizon, and sliding the fingers of the other over it, in a way which could not have been done, had there been the least wart or protuberance——'Tis every syllable of it false, cried the corporal, before she had half finished the sentence——

—I know it to be fact, said *Bridget*, from credible witnesses.

———Upon my honour, said the corporal, laying his hand upon his heart, and blushing, as he spoke, with honest resentment—'tis a story, Mrs. *Bridget*, as false as hell——Not, said *Bridget*, interrupting him, that either I or my mistress care a halfpenny about it, whether 'tis so or no———only that when one is married, one would chuse to have such a thing by one at least——

It was somewhat unfortunate for Mrs. *Bridget*, that she had begun the attack with her manual exercise; for the corporal instantly * * *

Chapter XXIX

Trim and Bridget

IT was like the momentary contest in the m eye-lids of an *April* morning, "Whether *Bri* should laugh or cry."

She snatched up a rolling-pin——'twas ten to she had laugh'd——

She laid it down——she cried; and had single tear of 'em but tasted of bitterness, full sorro would the corporal's heart have been that he had the argument; but the corporal understood the a *quart major to a terce* at least, better than my u *Toby*, and accordingly he assailed Mrs. *Bridget* this manner.

I know, Mrs. *Bridget*, said the corporal, gi her a most respectful kiss, that thou art good modest by nature, and art withal so generous a gi thyself, that, if I know thee rightly, thou woul not wound an insect, much less the honour of gallant and worthy a soul as my master, wast t sure to be made a countess of——but thou been set on, and deluded, dear *Bridget*, as is ofte woman's case, "to please others more than th selves——"

Bridget's eyes poured down at the sensations corporal excited.

——Tell me——tell me, then, my dear *Bri* continued the corporal, taking hold of her h which hung down dead by her side,——and givi second kiss——whose suspicion has misled thee?

Bridget sobb'd a sob or two——then open'd eyes——the corporal wiped 'em with the botto her apron——she then open'd her heart and him all.

Chapter XXX

MY uncle *Toby* and the corporal had gone on separately with their operations the greatest part of the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had been doing, as if they had been separated from each other by the *Maes* or the *Sambre*. Best of servants

My uncle *Toby*, on his side, had presented himself every afternoon in his red and silver, and blue and gold alternately, and sustained an infinity of attacks in them, without knowing them to be attacks—and so had nothing to communicate——

The corporal, on his side, in taking *Bridget*, by it had gain'd considerable advantages——and consequently had much to communicate——but what were the advantages——as well as what was the manner by which he had seiz'd them, required so nice an historian, that the corporal durst not venture upon it; and as sensible as he was of glory, would rather have been contented to have gone bareheaded and without laurels for ever, than torture his master's modesty for a single moment——

——Best of honest and gallant servants!——But I have apostrophiz'd thee, *Trim!* once before——and could I apotheosize thee also (that is to say) with good company——I would do it *without ceremony* in the very next page.

Chapter XXXI

NOW my uncle *Toby* had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himself upon his finger ends (beginning at his

The widow's virtues to be catalogued

thumb) all Mrs. *Wadman's* perfections one by on and happening two or three times together, either omitting some, or counting others twice over, to puz himself sadly before he could get beyond his mid finger——Prithee, *Trim!* said he, taking up his pi again,——bring me a pen and ink: *Trim* brou paper also.

Take a full sheet——*Trim!* said my uncle *To* making a sign with his pipe at the same time to tak chair and sit down close by him at the table. T corporal obeyed——placed the paper directly bef him——took a pen, and dipp'd it in the ink.

—She has a thousand virtues, *Trim!* said my un *Toby*———

Am I to set them down, an' please your honou quoth the corporal.

——But they must be taken in their ranks, repli my uncle *Toby;* for of them all, *Trim*, that whi wins me most, and which is a security for all the re is the compassionate turn and singular humanity her character—I protest, added my uncle *Toby*, loo ing up, as he protested it, towards the top of t cieling——That was I her brother, *Trim*, a thousa fold, she could not make more constant or m tender enquiries after my sufferings——though n no more.

The corporal made no reply to my uncle *Tob* protestation, but by a short cough—he dipp'd the p a second time into the inkhorn; and my uncle *To* pointing with the end of his pipe as close to the t of the sheet at the left hand corner of it, as he co get it——the corporal wrote down the word

HUMANITY - - - - thus

Prithee, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*, as soon *Trim* had done it———how often does Mrs. *Brid*

enquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou received'st at the battle of *Landen?*

Uncle Toby is enlightened

She never, an' please your honour, enquires after it at all.

That, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*, with all the triumph the goodness of his nature would permit——That shews the difference in the character of the mistress and maid——had the fortune of war allotted the same mischance to me, Mrs. *Wadman* would have enquired into every circumstance relating to it a hundred times——She would have enquired, an' please your honour, ten times as often about your honour's groin ——The pain, *Trim*, is equally excruciating,——and Compassion has as much to do with the one as the other——

——God bless your honour! cried the corporal——what has a woman's compassion to do with a wound upon the cap of a man's knee? had your honour's been shot into ten thousand splinters at the affair of *Landen*, Mrs. *Wadman* would have troubled her head as little about it as *Bridget;* because, added the corporal, lowering his voice, and speaking very distinctly, as he assigned his reason——

"The knee is such a distance from the main body ——whereas the groin, your honour knows, is upon the very *curtain* of the *place.*"

My uncle *Toby* gave a long whistle——but in a note which could scarce be heard across the table.

The corporal had advanced too far to retire——in three words he told the rest——

My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender, as if it had been spun from the unravellings of a spider's web——

———Let us go to my brother *Shandy's*, said he.

Chapter XXXII

A circulating secret

THERE will be just time, whilst my uncle *Tob* and *Trim* are walking to my father's, to inform you that Mrs. *Wadman* had, some moons before this made a confident of my mother; and that Mrs. *Bridget* who had the burden of her own, as well as her mistress's secret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to *Susannah* behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, she saw nothing at all in it to make the least bustle about——but *Susannah* was sufficient by herself for all the ends and purposes you could possibly have, in exporting a family secret; for she instantly imparted it by signs to *Jonathan*——and *Jonathan* by tokens to the cook as she was basting a loin of mutton; the cook sold it with some kitchen-fat to the postillion for a groat, who truck'd it with the dairy maid for something of about the same value——and though whisper'd in the hay-loft, Fame caught the notes with her brazen trumpet, and sounded them upon the house-top—In a word, not an old woman in the village or five miles round, who did not understand the difficulties of my uncle *Toby's* siege, and what were the secret articles which had delayed the surrender.——

My father, whose way was to force every event of nature into an hypothesis, by which means never man crucified Truth at the rate he did——had but just heard of the report as my uncle *Toby* set out; and catching fire suddenly at the trespass done his brother by it, was demonstrating to *Yorick*, notwithstanding my mother was sitting by——not only, "That the devil was in women, and that the whole of the affair was lust;" but that every evil and disorder in the

world, of what kind or nature soever, from the first fall of *Adam*, down to my uncle *Toby's* (inclusive), was owing one way or other to the same unruly appetite. Nor good nor bad

Yorick was just bringing my father's hypothesis to some temper, when my uncle *Toby* entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveness in his looks, my father's eloquence rekindled against the passion——and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth——as soon as my uncle *Toby* was seated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner.

Chapter XXXIII

——THAT provision should be made for continuing the race of so great, so exalted and godlike a Being as man——I am far from denying——but philosophy speaks freely of every thing; and therefore I still think and do maintain it to be a pity, that it should be done by means of a passion which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wisdom, contemplations, and operations of the soul backwards ——a passion, my dear, continued my father, addressing himself to my mother, which couples and equals wise men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hiding-places more like satyrs and four-footed beasts than men.

I know it will be said, continued my father (availing himself of the *Prolepsis*), that in itself, and simply taken——like hunger, or thirst, or sleep——'tis an affair neither good or bad——or shameful or otherwise. ——Why then did the delicacy of *Diogenes* and *Plato* so recalcitrate against it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the

Obadiah interrupts

candle? and for what reason is it, that all the par thereof—the congredients—the preparations—the in struments, and whatever serves thereto, are so held to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no languag translation, or periphrasis whatever?

——The act of killing and destroying a man, co tinued my father, raising his voice—and turning to m uncle *Toby*—you see, is glorious—and the weapons b which we do it are honourable——We march wit them upon our shoulders——We strut with them b our sides——We gild them——We carve them—— We in-lay them——We enrich them——Nay, if be but a *scoundrèl* cannon, we cast an ornament upo the breach of it.—

——My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe to interce for a better epithet——and *Yorick* was rising up batter the whole hypothesis to pieces——

——When *Obadiah* broke into the middle of t room with a complaint, which cried out for an imm diate hearing.

The case was this:

My father, whether by ancient custom of the manc or as impropriator of the great tythes, was obliged keep a Bull for the service of the Parish, and *Obadi* had led his cow upon a *pop-visit* to him one day other the preceding summer——I say, one day other—because as chance would have it, it was t day on which he was married to my father's hous maid —— so one was a reckoning to the othe Therefore when *Obadiah's* wife was brought to bed *Obadiah* thanked God——

——Now, said *Obadiah*, I shall have a calf: *Obadiah* went daily to visit his cow.

She'll calve on *Monday*—on *Tuesday*—on *Wedne day* at the farthest——

The cow did not calve——no—she'll not calve till next week——the cow put it off terribly——till at the end of the sixth week *Obadiah's* suspicions (like a good man's) fell upon the Bull. with the parish bull

Now the parish being very large, my father's Bull, to speak the truth of him, was no way equal to the department; he had, however, got himself, somehow or other, thrust into employment—and as he went through the business with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

——Most of the townsmen, an' please your worship, quoth *Obadiah*, believe that 'tis all the Bull's fault——

——But may not a cow be barren? replied my father, turning to Doctor *Slop*.

It never happens: said Dr. *Slop*, but the man's wife may have come before her time naturally enough—— Prithee has the child hair upon his head?—added Dr. *Slop*———

——It is as hairy as I am; said *Obadiah*.—— *Obadiah* had not been shaved for three weeks—— Wheu - - u - - - - u - - - - - - - - - cried my father; beginning the sentence with an exclamatory whistle ——and so, brother *Toby*, this poor Bull of mine, who is as good a Bull as ever p—ss'd, and might have done for *Europa* herself in purer times——had he but two legs less, might have been driven into Doctors Commons and lost his character——which to a Town Bull, brother *Toby*, is the very same thing as his life———

L—d! said my mother, what is all this story about?——

A cock and a bull, said *Yorick*——And one of the best of its kind, I ever heard.

This issue of "Tristram Shandy," *based on the text of the* 1781 *edition of* Sterne's *works, has been edited by* Mr. Walter Jerrold, *who has added the Marginalia and the accompanying Notes.*

I. G.

Feb. 10, 1899.

NOTES

Portrait.—The frontispiece to this volume is after the painting by Sir Thomas Gainsborough, which belongs to the Salford Museum.

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vii. *These two volumes, i.e.* vols. v. and vi. of the original issue.

2. *To Prudes and Tartufs, etc.* A Tartuf signifies a hypocrite; the name being taken from the hero of Molière's comedy *Tartuffe*.

9. *A map of Sanson's.* Nicolas Sanson (1600–1607), a celebrated French cartographer, sometimes referred to as the father of French geography.

18. *As Rapin does those of the church.* Paul de Rapin (1661–1725), French historian. His great work—which is that referred to—was *L'Histoire d'Angleterre*, from the Roman invasion to the time of Charles I.

32. *I had rather play a Caprichio to Calliope herself.* Calliope was the muse of epic poetry, and the mother of Orpheus.

33. *After the example of Xenophon.* Xenophon's *Cyropædia* gives the Greek historian's ideas of training and education as derived from the teaching of Socrates and from his favourite Spartan institutions.

34. *Drew his whole knowledge of projectiles from Nicholas Tartaglia.* Nicholas Tartaglia (? 1500–1557), a self-taught mathematician, was the first Italian writer on fortifications.

34. *As was used by John de la Casse, etc.* The work in question, *Il Galatheo*, was first published at Milan in 1559. It was translated into English several times.

34. *Of a* Rider's *Almanack.* This was an old publication, copies of which for various years from 1655 to 1840 may be seen in the British Museum.

46. *Spenser de Legibus and Maimonides, etc.* *De Legibus Heb. Rit.*, was written by John Spenser, Dean of Ely, and published at Cambridge in 1727. Maimonides (1135–1204), a great Jewish writer and physician.

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49. Chapter xxix. Yorick read his account of the battle b tween Gymnast and Tripet—with very slight verb changes—from Rabelais, Book I., chap. xxxv.

52. *What Politian tells us.* Angelo Ambrozini (1454-149 known to literature as A. Poliziano or Politiano, wa celebrated and many-sided Italian scholar and writer. S also, for the same subject, note to p. 48, vol. i.

59. *As Van Helmont, the famous chymist, etc.* Jean Baptiste V Helmont (1577-1644), a scientist whose "speculatio present a curious mixture of mystical philosophy a acute chemical research."

61. *At the time the siege of Limerick was raised.* Autumn 1690.

66. *Was not the great Julius Scaliger, etc.* Julius Cæsar Scalig (1484–1558), one of the greatest scholars of his ag Pierre Damien or Damiani (988–1072), an Italian ca dinal. Baldus (1327-1400) scarcely bears out M Shandy's contention, for his biographers inform us th he was admitted a doctor of civil law at the age seventeen.

67. *So that except Raymond Lullius and the elder Pelegrini.* Ra mond Lully (1235–1315), who came of a distinguish Catalonian family, was the inventor of a system of log by which Mohammedans should be converted to Chr tianity. Camille Pellegrini (1598–1663), Italian h torian.

71. *That the famous Vincent Quirino, etc.* Vincenzo Quirino, Italian verse writer of the early sixteenth century; Pie Bembo (1470–1547), a distinguished Italian writer ce brated for the purity of his style.

71. *What is told us of Alphonsus Tostatus, etc.* Alfonso Tostado Madrigal, Bishop of Avila, a Spanish writer of the s teenth century.

75 *Marcus Antoninus provided fourteen governors.* Marcus An ninus is better known as Marcus Aurelius. His c was but poorly rewarded, for his son, Commodus, v one of the most notorious of the Roman emperors.

75. *Gregory of Nazianzum.* Gregory of Nazianzum, one of four great fathers of the Eastern Church, was a fello student of the Emperor Julian.

77. *That year in which Dendermond was taken.* In 1706 Dend mond was besieged and captured by General Churc (Duke of Marlborough).

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90. *As one may gather from Altieri's Italian Dictionary.* Ferdinando Altieri published the two parts of his *Dizionario Italiano et Inglese* in London in 1726–27.

95. *The defeat of the Turks before Belgrade.* In 1717 Belgrade surrendered to Prince Eugene.

98. *The learned Cluverius is positive, etc.* Philip Cluver (1580–1623), author of a number of geographical works.

103. *He consulted Albertus Rubenius upon it.* Albert Rubens (1614–1657), a Belgian antiquarian, was a son of the great painter; he published his *De re Vestiaria Veterum* at Antwerp in 1665.

106. *Truest of all the Pococurantes of her sex.* Pococurante, an easy, careless, inaccurate person.

121. *Basely patched up the peace of Utrecht.* March 31, 1713.

125. *When Guy, Earl of Warwick, etc.* These are all tities of old romances, once very popular, and mostly familiar—at least by name—to-day. For *Parismus and Parismenus*, see note to p. 57, vol. i.

127. *Sayeth Cardan.* Girolamo Cardan (1501–1576), Italian mathematician, physician, and astrologer.

131. *As Plotinus will have it.* Plotinus (205–270), the greatest of the Neoplatonist philosophers.

131. *To determine with Ficinus.* Marsilio Ficino (1433–1499), a Platonist and writer on philosophy, translated Plotinus into Latin. At the age of forty he took orders, and led the life of a sincere Christian and a real sage.

132. *Embroil myself with Rhasis and Dioscorides.* Rhazes was a distinguished Arabian physician of the tenth century; Dioscorides, an early Greek writer on medicine.

132. *That of Gordonius.* Bernard Gordon, a Scots writer on medicine, who was educated and practised abroad. He flourished during the early part of the fourteenth century.

144. *From the great Addison.* Of Joseph Addison (1672–1719), Swift has recorded that when left in distress on the Continent, he became "travelling tutor to a squire." He certainly negotiated (in 1703) for the post of travelling tutor to the Duke of Somerset's son, but did not obtain the appointment.

145 *Was not Democritus, etc.* Democritus, one of the founders of the atomic theory, is known as the laughing philosopher. He was born at the Thracian colony of Abdera during the fifteenth century B.C.

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148. *The gallantry of Eustace de St. Pierre.* When Edward II took Calais, St. Pierre and other of the citizens offer their lives if he would spare the city.

153. *Were it but painted by Reynolds.* Sir Joshua Reynolds (172 1792) had made a name for himself as a fashionab portrait-painter early in the fifties.

155. *As thinketh the great Bishop Hall.* See note to p. 7 vol. i.

155. *For that would make an Ixion's wheel of it.* Ixion, f having made love to Hera (Juno), was punished being bound to a wheel which perpetually roll through the air.

156. *From which Lessius, etc.* Leonard Lessius (1554–1623), celebrated Jesuit.

194. *Had it been Dodsley or Becket.* Two well-known booksell (*i.e.* publishers) of the time.

207. *The errantest Tartuffe.* See note to p. 2.

236. *He would often say to his soldiers, etc.* The popular sayi that "every bullet has its billet" is generally ascrib to William III.

241. *A young Beguine.* The Beguins were women of vario religious communities, who, professing a life of pover and self-denial, went about in coarse clothing of undy wool, reading the Scriptures and exhorting the peop They originated in the twelfth or thirteenth centu and long flourished in Germany, France, Italy, and t Netherlands. Communities of the name still exist Belgium.

245. *In the archives of Gotham.* Gotham is supposed to be d tinguished by the foolishness of its inhabitants—"w men of Gotham" being a euphemistic way of speaki of fools.

258. *According to Ficinus's, etc.* See note to p. 131.

258. *Jupiter and Dione.* Dione is a name sometimes given Venus; it was that of the Titan, her mother.

270. *Whose thoughts proud Science, etc.* Sterne has *adapted* a famil passage from Pope's *Essay on Man*, Epistle I., lines 112.

292. *A pelting kind of thersitical satire.* Thersites was, accord to Homer, the most deformed man and the most i pudent talker among the Greeks at the siege of Tr hence Sterne's adjective.

292. *The Archbishop of Benevento.* See note to p. 34.

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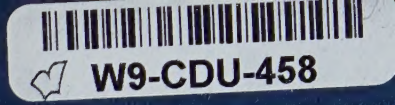
303. *He lost his hand, etc.* At the battle of Lepanto, Cervantes had his hand "maimed and mangled," but he did not lose it. He may, his biographers admit, have partially lost the use of it; but the fact that he continued his military service after the battle of Lepanto is sufficient *prima facie* evidence that he had not lost a hand entirely.

308. *As ever the cake-bakers of Lerné, etc.* See Rabelais, Book I., chap. xxv.

THE END

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
Edinburgh & London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